MARY CLARKE NIND

A MEMORIAL

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Mary Clarke Jones

Mary Clarke Nind

And Her Work

Her Childhood, Girlhood, Married Life, Religious Experience and Activity, together with the Story of Her Labors in Behalf of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church

By Her Children

ed. by John Newton Nind

PUBLISHED FOR THE
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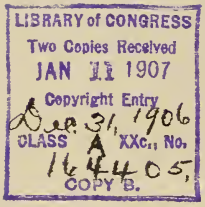

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by
J. NEWTON NIND

Princeton rec'd. Feb. 9/33.

To the Noble Women with whom she labored
and to the cause of Foreign Missions
for which with them she prayed and sacrificed,
this volume is dedicated by
The Authors

PREFACE

This volume has been prepared at the request of many in the wide circle in which our mother was known and loved. Beyond the desire to place in the hands of these friends and co-laborers a comprehensive sketch of her life, and to preserve in permanent form an account of much with which she had to do during that busy life, we trust that we are contributing something towards the perpetuation of the influence which mother exerted.

The volume has been prepared in the midst of many duties which have pressed upon the authors in the year following mother's going away, and we are conscious, now that the book is completed, that it falls far short of being what it should have been. This is a composite work, and as its preparation proceeded we found it possible to include within its pages much which had come from mother's own busy pen during her many years of activity. Her contribution to its pages, it will be found, is greater than that of any of the accredited authors, and through what she herself has written is reflected more clearly than anything which we may have contributed, her spirit and her every day life.

We desire to acknowledge the assistance and the encouragement which has been given to us by the noble women with whom she worked and prayed in behalf of the cause for which this book is published, and to which the proceeds of its sale have been dedicated.

It is not only our hope that the volume will perpetuate the memory of our mother but that its sale will contribute materially to the cause she loved so much and for which she labored during so many years of her life.

In this hope, this labor of love is respectfully submitted by

THE AUTHORS.

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MARY CLARKE NIND

A MEMORIAL

CHAPTER I

EARLY FAMILY HISTORY

In the course of the world's history eighty years is but a short period, but when we consider the beginnings of an individual life just ended eighty years seems a long time.

Old and large as London was then, it was without many of those features which make it such a wonderful city today. Those were the days before the use of steam and electricity as motive power, before the invention of the sewing machine, the telegraph and the telephone, when even the modern postal system was still in its infancy.

About six miles in a northeasterly direction from that part of London known as "The City" is the town of Walthamstow, the birthplace of Mary Clarke. Mary had four brothers and one sister, all of whom except one brother, Alfred Clarke, have passed away. Upon him we must depend for much of the information concerning their ancestry and her early life, and this may possibly best be told in his own language:

"The ancestry of Mary Clarke on her father's side were Huguenots, and came over to England from France about the year 1685, when the edict of Nantes, which granted them their personal and religious liberty, was revoked. This was about a century ago. Mary's paternal grandfather was quite an old Puritan, and lived to the age of 93. At family worship, at night, he would pray so long extemporaneously that the younger members of the circle would be

left so fast asleep on their knees they would not awaken till they heard the clatter of knives and forks at the supper which followed.

"The maternal grandfather was a brass founder and an expert in the manufacture of bells. He was also a lover of music.

"Mary's father was a good man of business, a staunch Non-Conformist, a thoughtful, argumentative platform speaker by no means excitable, an associate of Cobden, Bright, Edward Miall, and took a great interest in the repeal of the Corn Laws and kindred subjects. He was one of the first successful advocates and agitators who accomplished the abolition of church rates in his own neighborhood and helped much in that cause till it was successful throughout the British Empire. He early allied himself with the advocates of teetotalism and was for many years active in promoting the cause of temperance in England. His philanthropies included the building of model houses for the working classes, and the latter years of his business life were devoted to the management of these properties—for what was designed to be a contribution to the comfort of the working people was based on business principles and proved to be a profitable investment.

"Mary's mother was a clever, energetic, vivacious woman, an entertaining conversationalist. She was fond of music and was a splendid housewife. She was endowed with indomitable perseverance and was a fond mother, but a good disciplinarian. Mary was the fourth child, and from the fact that our mother was not considered sufficiently well to stand the strain of business responsibilities and the care of the two younger brothers, they were nursed away from home until they were about six years of age. They therefore saw little of the childhood of Mary, for when they returned to the parental roof Mary was at a boarding school, to which they sent her when she returned home to take her share of responsibility in the business at Snare's Brook.

"One of my first recollections of going out with her was in 1838, on the occasion of the illuminations on the evening of the day when Queen Victoria was crowned. We drove to the west end of London in an open vehicle, the better to get a view of the effect,

MR *and* MRS. EBENEZER CLARKE

Parents of Mary Clarke Nind

and Mary was so engrossed with the sight that she allowed a shawl, which in those days were worn, to be stolen from her back without noticing its disappearance. We looked upon Mary as a good-natured, vivacious, happy-go-lucky girl, fond of Sunday School work and of religious gatherings, but often getting into trouble for not mending her stockings and keeping her clothes in repair. She was fond of vocal music, a fondness which she inherited from her mother, as did three other members of the family. But two of her brothers, the eldest and the youngest, were not good at that art. Neither was the father.

"Of the grandmothers on either side no information can be gleaned as they died before the only living member of the family was born.

"Mary had a bosom friend in the person of Miss Mary Moffat, daughter of Robert Moffat, the missionary, and who afterwards became the wife of David Livingstone, the African explorer. Miss Moffat was educated at the school for missionaries' daughters which has been established in Walthamstow, a portion of which is shown in one of the illustrations which I am able to furnish. A part of the building has been converted into shops and the building shown is a truant school, the mission school having been removed to a more appropriate district."

Walthamstow, in which Mary Clarke was born, on October 9, 1825, had in those days all the characteristics of a country town. The houses for the most part stood within ample grounds with open fields between. Now, however, rows of working men's cottages have filled up almost all available space. But the house in which Mary Clarke was born, in a locality known as Snare's Brook, being within the borders of Epping Forest, a national preserve, has not lost its rural aspect. It faces a pretty sheet of water called "Eagle Pond."

The house itself is slightly altered, being now exclusively a residence, altho when Mary Clarke was born it was both a residence and a place of business. Ebenezer Clarke, the father, had a flourishing business in groceries, dry goods and millinery as well as a

livery. His clerks rode about the country for miles in many directions taking orders and delivering goods. In those days, too, when the stage coach was the only public conveyance, there was great demand for horses and vehicles to go up to London and elsewhere so that his livery was an important branch of his business. Mrs. Clarke superintended the dry goods and millinery departments.

CHAPTER II

EARLY LIFE

It was into a Christian home, already blessed with one daughter and two sons, that Mary Clarke was born. Two more sons following made up a happy half dozen children. The piety of the home and the regular and reverent attendance upon the services at the Congregational Church, to which the parents belonged, were early productive in Mary's life. At five years of age, quite alone she gave her heart to the Lord, whom she loved and served throughout her long life. At twelve years old she was a Sabbath School teacher. At fourteen, the youngest age at which it was customary to receive into church fellowship, she united with the church on profession of faith.

Long before this she had often wished she were a boy that she might become a preacher. As sermons were often reviewed in the home, Mary was always able to give the outline and to repeat many parts of the sermon which was being considered. Often she was allowed to play church, herself being the preacher, when she would repeat as much as she could of the sermon she had recently heard. Her first original sermon was preached in all seriousness when she was twelve years old, during the intermission at day school, to her schoolmaster, whom she was about to leave to enter a boarding school. The text was "Repent ye." The subject was treated under three heads—"The meaning of repentance," "Why we should repent," "When we should repent." Her little hearers were affected to tears.

With her strong religious nature, it is not surprising that the cause of missions in its modern aspect, then in its infancy, should appeal to her. There were several influences that aroused and maintained her interest in missions.

Her first pastor, the Rev. John Joseph Freeman, was secretary

of the London Missionary Society, and as such he had been on a tour of inspection to Madagascar; but the persecutions instituted by the Queen at that time drove him, with the missionaries and some of the native converts, from the island. Six of the native refugees were living in Walthamstow, and they were often invited to Mary's home. She never wearied listening to the recital of their persecutions. Just opposite the church Mary attended was a boarding school for missionaries' children. Several of the children became Mary's intimate friends, among them Mary Moffat, already referred to. Ere Mary was six years old, Exeter Hall was formally opened for the great meetings of religious and charitable organizations. Thither Mary's mother often took her to missionary meetings, and there, as she heard Moffat, Morrison, Williams, Campbell, James and others, her enthusiasm for missions rose higher and higher. But who would have divined that the little girl sitting by her mother's side would one day, when she had become a mother of missionaries, be making missionary addresses in that same Exeter Hall? But her missionary training and ardor did not stop with attending missionary meetings. Rags and bones were saved and sold to add to the contributions to the missionary box. Pins were picked up, sold to the mother, and the pennies received for them were given the same destination. Self-denial from indulgence in the little things which every child so loves to spend money for was practiced for the sake of having more to give to missions. At times Mary and her sister went out with a little basket to collect penny offerings for missions.

It was not long before Mary resolved to become a missionary. The conditions in Madagascar again becoming favorable for the continuance of missionary work, there was a call for more missionaries. Mary's heart responded, "Here am I; send me." But great was Mary's surprise and disappointment to find that her mother, who entered so heartily into the missionary movement, had trained and encouraged her children along missionary lines, would not consent to her becoming a missionary. By making another resolution she was perhaps more easily resigned to her disappointment. She

BIRTHPLACE OF MARY CLARKE, SNARES BROOK, WATHAMSTOW, ENGLAND

The building, somewhat altered, is shown in the accompanying illustration

resolved that if she ever became a mother, and all her children should want to become missionaries, she would give her consent to every one.

But this disappointment did not lessen her interest in other religious work. Her father had built a mission room to take the place of an older one in Wood street, Walthamstow, and here she taught in the Sunday school and attended religious services whenever occasion offered. This building still stands, and is the subject of one of the illustrations. This room proved to be the nursery of a very flourishing cause, a union of the Congregationalists and the Baptists of the immediate vicinity.

Her experience in the store, over which her father and mother presided, gave her valuable experience, and she found a position in a dry goods store in Deptford, southeast of London, and several miles from her home. She boarded with her employer's family in rooms over the store. Her's was the experience of most young girls under similar circumstances, and in later years she still recalled the dreadful homesickness from which she suffered at first. But she went to work in the ragged Sunday school in the vicinity—a locality where it was necessary for her to be escorted to and from the school by a London bobby, and where the protection of the police was often necessarily invoked to restore order. The work appealed to her and her homesickness soon vanished. The mission with which she was identified was at Tanner's Hill, about four miles from the south side of the Thames, and near Greenwich. It is interesting in this connection to note that out of this mission has grown one of the most important church organizations in that portion of the suburbs of London—the Lewishon High Road Congregational Church, Brockley. Originally established in a tent in the sand pits close to Tanner's Hill, the mission had achieved to the ownership of a chapel which was built during 1840-41; and soon after this the subject of this sketch became identified with the work of the mission. In a historical sketch printed in 1905 this statement appears:

"On Sunday afternoon nearly seventy years ago some earnest Christian workers might have been seen conducting a religious serv-

ice beneath a tent. They experienced great opposition and much annoyance from the rough element which congregated around. On more than one occasion the services were hindred by some malicious individuals cutting the ropes of the tent, or in some other way producing confusion and breaking up the meeting. Nevertheless, the friends persevered with the good work."

These annoyances continued after removal to the more permanent structure. The church which grew out of this small beginning now supports four missions, one of which is still at Tanner's Hill, and although the building in which Mary Clarke had this experience has been replaced by another, the mission is still continued on the premises.

It was amid experiences such as these that the interest of Mary Clarke in church work grew and was nurtured, albeit that she was busily engaged throughout each week day in the store in which she was employed. The work in the dry goods store was not new to her, for she had learned much about it in the department of the store which her mother superintended. With her thoroughness and diligence, she soon became a valuable saleswoman, gaining thereby from time to time an increase in wages. While in this employ she had an attack of cholera from which she did not expect to recover. She selected as a funeral text, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work." In her last will and testament, which was drawn up in mature womanhood, when she was at the height of her power and usefulness, this same text, of which her whole life was an exponent, was designated for her funeral sermon.

SNARES BROOK, WATHAMSTOW, ENGLAND

Birthplace of Mary C. Nind. The building shown has been somewhat changed, but otherwise the picture is as it was in her childhood and as it still remains

CHAPTER III

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

While still in his teens, James Gardiner Nind, already in love with Mary Clarke, sailed to the United States with his parents, sisters and brother. His mind was made up. Mary Clarke had consented to correspond with him, with the understanding that the correspondence was of no significance except friendship. As they were really half-cousins, their mothers being sisters, and the two families were intimate, such correspondence might very naturally have taken place. The Nind family settled on a farm west of Chicago. Transatlantic mails in those days were slow and irregular. Railroads from the east had not yet reached Chicago. At best the exchange of letters could not be very frequent, and, moreover, the expense was considerable, the postage at first being about fifty cents on a letter. But as time went on postal facilities improved. James Nind attained his majority. His letters became more frequent and more to the point. At last he sought a definite return to his declaration of love. Mary's parents favored her acceptance of the offer he had made, but for a whole month Mary weighed the matter in her own heart and before God. Then she wrote to Mr. Nind, admitting for the first time her love for him. He proposed that she come out to America to be married there. To this plan her parents would not consent. So the journey from Chicago to London, much longer in time, more expensive, and less comfortable in those days than now, was taken by Mr. Nind.

But before we come to the wedding, one circumstance which may have had its influence in Mary Clarke's after-life, particularly in her religious experience and church relations, should be mentioned. While Mary was still in her teens, her brother, next older, had become a Wesleyan and been made a local preacher. As such he frequently preached at Knott's Green Wesleyan chapel, about

half a mile from the Clarke home. Although Mrs. Clarke had no leaning towards the Wesleyans, she had a certain motherly pride in having her son preaching, and, as he was gifted as a preacher, she often went to hear him. Mary was glad of opportunities to accompany her, as she too enjoyed her brother's preaching, and the heartiness and freedom of the service touched a responsive chord in her religious nature. Long before Mary's engagement to Mr. Nind this brother had married and gone to Illinois, where for many years he preached every Sunday as a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church.

James Nind reached England about the first of March, 1850, and on the 16th of that month his marriage to Miss Mary Clarke took place at the Marsh Street chapel, the Rev. Thomas Davis, pastor, officiating. The chapel in which the ceremony occurred forms the subject of one of the accompanying illustrations, furnished by the bride's surviving brother. In sending it to the authors of this volume, he says: "Her youngest brother was at the wedding, and subsequently married one of her bridesmaids," which would go to show that Mary was not then unmindful of the elaborateness of detail in wedding events common to a later day. The bride and groom spent a portion of their honeymoon at Sanbridgeworth, in Hertfordshire, but left England shortly after for America, sailing on a Cunard line steamer from Liverpool. The journey was a long one, by steamer to New York, and thence up the Hudson, and by rail and canal to Buffalo, by lake to Detroit, and thence by stage across the state of Michigan, and by steamer to Chicago, and by stage to the new home, just west of this latter city, and near where the father of the groom had made himself a home. This new home was in Orangeville, Kane county, Illinois.

A few years before the wedding took place Mr. Clarke had closed out his business and retired from mercantile life, in which he had been financially successful. Having acquired some property upon the rents of which he was living at the time of this wedding, he is classed in the marriage registry as a "gentleman." His home was now in one of his own houses in the heart of Walthamstow, in

Congregational Church at Wathamstow, England, where Mary Clarke taught in the Sunday School and where she was afterward married

Wood Street Lecture Room, Wathamstow, England, where Mary Clarke first taught Sunday School. The Chapel was built by her father.

Mission School where Mary Clarke visited her friend Miss Moffit, afterwards the wife of David Livinstone, and from which she received her first inspiration in behalf of foreign missions

SCENES OF MARY CLARKE'S GIRLHOOD

Marsh street, but a short distance from the chapel where the wedding took place. When he took up his residence there he named it Voluntary House, in token of the position he held with reference to the payment of church rates.

It remains only to be added to this chapter that James Nind, who had been bred by his father to the trade of an ironmonger, as the hardware merchant of England is still called, readily found employment in the general store in the new crossroads town, and that a boarding place was secured with Mr. and Mrs. William Smith. The experience of the bride had not been very extensive in household duties. She had been reared in a home where servants were plenty, had gone to boarding school when she reached the age of twelve, and when her school days were over had taken a place in the store over which her mother presided, and later entered the dry goods store in Deptford, as already recounted. Not a very good preparation, possibly, for the duties which fall to the lot of the wife of a man in moderate means in a new country. Into these household mysteries she was inducted by Mrs. Smith—Harriet Smith, as the subject of this sketch was always wont to call her. Mrs. Smith was a New England woman, skilled, as most New England women are in housewifery, and she instructed the young bride in general household management, initiated her into the mysteries of breadmaking, the fine points of good cooking, the niceties in washing and ironing, and the many other things that many brides learn only by experience after sad failures. As teacher and pupil Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Nind worked together like sisters, and the affection and intimacy which sprang up between them was lifelong. Mrs. Smith, though feeble, still survives. Her home is in Wheaton, Ill.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

For much of that which is contained in this and the immediately succeeding chapters the authors are compelled to depend largely upon personal diaries which were kept by Mary C. Nind uninterruptedly during almost all of her married life, some of her own writings, and such faint recollection as the elder of her children still retains of the events which are here recorded.

In the midst of this study of household accomplishments time was found for church work, in which husband and wife entered with equal zeal. But the village of Orangeville evidently did not offer opportunities large enough for the ambition of the husband. He had spent nearly four years in America prior to his marriage, knew something of the resources of the vicinity, and believed that a greater future awaited the town of St. Charles, in the Fox River valley, where a water-power was giving birth to numerous manufacturing enterprises, offered greater opportunities. A brother and a sister had already settled there, and to that place the young couple removed in the spring of 1851, and with such capital as he could command James Nind engaged in the hardware business.

The diaries which have been preserved of the first year of the married life of Mary C. Nind developed that she was homesick, but homesick only for opportunities. Orangeville did not afford the opportunities for her activities in religious work which she had enjoyed during all her girlhood. Apparently the chief expression of her desire to do something for the uplifting of men and women in the community in which she had become a resident found a vent in her warm advocacy of her temperance principles. Her father and her elder brother had early allied themselves with the cause of teetotalism in England, where total abstinence principles were little practiced and little taught. Naturally Mary imbibed much of their

JAMES G. *and* MARY C. NIND

This picture is reproduced from an old daguerreotype made soon after the marriage of Mr. *and* Mrs. Nind and is the earliest known picture of Mary C. Nind

devotion to this cause. When, however, the new home was made in St. Charles, which was then a growing and promising manufacturing city in the center of a rich farming country, and which had a population of about three thousand, wider opportunity was given for the exercise of her religious and philanthropic activities. James G. Nind and his wife had no sooner removed to St. Charles than they promptly allied themselves with the Congregational church, of which both he and his wife were members until a later date. James G. Nind was active in church work. He was the superintendent of the Sabbath school for many years, the leader of the choir, and a deacon in the church. At this early date little opportunity was offered, especially in the Congregational church, for activity in the real work of the women. Particularly was it enjoined that women should keep silent.

It should be remembered, however, that the period between 1850 and 1860 was one of intense feeling. The slavery question had begun to be prominent. All the western country was undergoing what we now denominate a "boom." Everything was done in an intense way, and these elemental conditions were not changed when, in 1857, the country was swept by a financial crash, and the slavery question became more and more prominent, resulting in the outbreak of the war soon after the beginning of 1860. James G. Nind prospered for the first six or seven years after he embarked in business in St. Charles, but failed in the winter of 1858-59. It is one of the rich legacies which he left to his children, and which has been a guiding star to them ever since, that he refused to take advantage of the bankruptcy law, and declared that he would pay dollar for dollar of all his indebtedness, a result which he accomplished before called to the service of his country, as is related further along in this narrative.

In the meantime a humble home had been established in St. Charles, in which all the children were born. They were Louisa Mary Nind, born October 18, 1851; John Newton Nind, born March 11, 1854; Emma Nind, born December 21, 1857; George Benjamin Nind, born February 23, 1860, and Henry Stevens Nind,

born May 8, 1862. All of the children survive at the date of this narrative except Henry Stevens Nind, whose death occurred in 1864. They will ever remember this humble home as a place in which love reigned supreme, where the principles of the Christian religion were inculcated, and where the family altar was early established.

Both James G. and Mary C. Nind were outspoken advocates of the cause of anti-slavery, and it is revealed in some of the writings of the subject of this narrative that the little house in St. Charles (shown in one of the illustrations) was not infrequently used as a station of the "underground railway" for fugitive slaves on their way from the south to Canada. The present narrators were yet unborn, or too young to remember episodes of this character.

When the war broke out in 1861 James G. Nind felt the call of duty, but was still engaged in an attempt to rehabilitate his fortunes, to the extent, at least, of providing for his family and paying his debts. He felt that the care of a young wife and four children, all under the age of nine years, was his first duty. However, when the second call of President Lincoln for "a hundred thousand more" was issued, he found that he could no longer resist the claim upon his services by his country, and enlisted as a private in Company E, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Illinois Infantry. In a brief sketch written by Mary C. Nind in 1896 she gives this account of the events which played so important a part in the life of the young couple: "The call reached the ear and heart of the patriotic husband, and one morning he startled his wife by saying, 'I believe that the Lord is calling me into the army, but how can I leave you and the children?' The reply was, 'It will be very hard to let you go, but if the Lord calls you you must obey, and He will give me grace and strength to care for the children and be father and mother both.' And so," she continues, "after consultation with his godly parents, who, after prayer, had the conviction that he ought to answer the call, he enlisted as a private soldier." The pay of a private soldier was $13 a month, which certainly offered but scant assurance of bounteous support for a family which then consisted of father, mother, and the five children. But the wife and mother

set heroically at work to make the family income provide for the wants of herself and her growing children. How it was accomplished none can realize who did not encounter a similar experience during the time of the war of the rebellion, with its restricted food supplies and the high prices which prevailed. The author of this chapter recalls that his contribution, and that of his elder sister, to the income of the family began when he was a boy of little more than ten years of age, and that it was derived from the sale of pies and hard-boiled eggs, prepared by his mother and peddled in the camps of the two regiments of soldiers which at different intervals were encamped in St. Charles. He was also called upon to supply the necessary fuel, a result he accomplished by cutting from the tree, into firewood, the winter's supply of wood. These incidents are offered here only as a sidelight upon the strenuous conditions under which the wife and mother labored during war times. Many other brave women had similar experience. Some outstanding debts, due to the husband and father, had been left at the time of his failure in business, and as many of these as could be were collected from time to time, so that the home was supplied with enough of creature comforts to make it possible for the authors of this book to have nothing but the happiest remembrance of this home and of their childhood days.

Within a few months after the enlistment of James G. Nind he was promoted to the position of orderly sergeant, which carried with it an increase of pay to $20, and when Sherman's army marched into Vicksburg he was made provost clerk at a salary of $60 a month, a position which he filled for about a year. During the time he was stationed in Vicksburg he was the organist in one of the churches and was active in the spiritual affairs of the church. The writer remembers many incidents of this period which were related very fully in the voluminous letters which came to the little home regularly from his father. Among these was the one recounting that he not infrequently played "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle," with variations, to slow time, as an offertory in this southern church, his love of the flag tempting him to this

indulgence. Sergeant Nind, after having been stationed in Vicksburg for about a year, was recalled to his regiment and made adjutant, with the rank of first lieutenant, which position he filled until he was mustered out of the service in 1865 at the close of the war.

Meantime important changes were being brought about in the religious life of Mary C. Nind. Active and devoted as she was during the latter years of her life to all good works, to which she gave so freely of her time and thought, she sacrificed for these very often the companionship of her husband, to whom she was devotedly attached, and the home life which she enjoyed. During these first years of her married life she was, first of all, a mother to her children, and a homemaker. But it should be remembered that the period was one in which spiritual and political feeling ran high. The intensity of the time even found expression in the churches. There was a constant revision of sentiment, even in the churches of the north, upon the issues of the war. Mary C. Nind participated in all the feeling of that period. She knew no such thing as any compromise upon the principles which she held—social, political, or religious. Her training had taught her to be a part and parcel of every good work. She felt intensely, and she expressed herself forcibly. Even in these younger days these characteristics were most pronounced. In St. Charles there had arisen a schism within the Methodist church, and within less than a block of her home there had been established a Free Methodist church, in which emotionalism in religion had full sway. The Congregational church, to which she still belonged, and a communicant in which her husband continued until the time of his death, in May, 1885, was on the west side of the river, nearly a mile distant from the home. It is not strange that the subject of this narrative, always intensely religious, and tied to her home duties by the demands made upon her time and attention by her children, should have sought opportunity for the expression of her religious feeling, and should have found her way not infrequently to the church which had been established by the Free Methodists, which was so near at hand. The Congre-

THE FIRST HOME

In this house in St. Charles, Illinois, James G. *and* Mary C. Nind made their first home in 1852. Here all their children were born. The house still stands on the original site, and has been only slightly changed

gational church was then, as now, conservative; but the pastor of the Congregational church of St. Charles, the Rev. William LaDue, together with his wife, shared somewhat in the intenser religious feeling which seems to have siezed upon Mary C. Nind. Both the pastor and the subject of this narrative did not hesitate to express their desire for a higher religious life, and to voice some of the doctrines which had been made prominent by the Free Methodists, and to plead for more spirituality and a closer walk with God than they believed prevailed within the Congregational church. These expressions were regarded as particularly heretical and objectionable upon the part of a woman. Be it said that Mary C. Nind began her first public speaking then, a procedure which led to much feeling within the church, and a threat of trial for some infraction of the rules and doctrines prevailing in the Congregational church at that time. Before the issues were joined she withdrew from the Congregational denomination and sought a new home in the Methodist Episcopal church. More detailed account of this period of her religious life has been given by a narrative from her own pen, entitled "Into the Light," which may very properly be given a place as supplemental to this chapter, revealing as it does the growth and expansion of her religious view and the early development of her special activity in church work. It should be added that the Methodist Episcopal church in St. Charles, with which she first united, was located very near to her home, and that the transition from the Congregational to the Methodist denomination occurred during the time when her husband was still in the service of his country.

But here is the story of this important change in her church relationship as told by Mary C. Nind herself.

CHAPTER V

INTO THE LIGHT—MY EXPERIENCE

By MARY C. NIND

I was born six miles from London, England, the child of pious parents, who led their six children to the Savior, converted before five years of age. The memory of my conversion is still fresh and delightful.

At twelve years I taught in the Sabbath school, seeking to lead my class to the lover of children, who said in the days of his flesh, "Suffer little children to come unto me." At fourteen united with a Congregational—or, as it was called in England, an Independent church—as early as children usually united there. A regular attendant at prayer meeting and on all the means of grace, a busy worker in the Master's vineyard, seeking to lead my friends to Jesus. And yet, though for the most part a happy, useful Christian, delighting in the work of the Lord, I had my easily besetting sins—pride, impatience, an irritable temper, tendency to levity, "with foolish talking and jesting" which often caused me sorrow, and led me again and again in penitence to the mercy seat for forgiveness and a restoration of the joys of salvation. While listening to the deacons and pillars of the church in the weekly prayer meeting, bewailing their many sins of omission and commission—speaking of their coldness and worldliness, their want of love and zeal, etc.—to my young heart there came often the question, "How can these things be?" These Christians, old in years, have the same troubles that I have. Must I go on to thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years, and still have to fight against my easily besetting sins, and every now and then be conquered? Is there no hope of victory all the time? Cannot Jesus, the physician of soul and body, heal my soul as quickly and as perfectly as he healed the sick while on earth, saying to the leper, "I will, be thou clean, and immediately his leprosy was cleansed."

Thus I reasoned and soliloquized, then went to a good old deacon for a solution, and told him all, and he answered me: "Mary, you want too much; you must expect to fight, and struggle, and to be overcome by sin and Satan sometimes through your life; but ere you die, before you go to heaven, Jesus will take all your sins away and make you holy." My heart was heavy as I turned away, not believing the theology given, and feeling an earnest desire to die suddenly and soon if I must go on battling for three-score years and ten. But I lived on, passed through childhood, early womanhood, into the relations of wife and mother, growing in grace, still at work for Jesus, having a good amount of joy in the service of the Lord, and yet, as thousands do, sinning and repenting, gaining a victory, then losing a battle, struggling, fasting, resolving, praying, hoping, longing to be free. For nearly forty years I was "in the wilderness," so near the goodly Canaan, and yet not entering in; for I had no Joshua to tell me "I was well able to go up and possess the land;" nor did I know how to enter.

But God, who is rich in mercy, having seen my tears, heard my sighs, sobs, and prayers, saw me beating against my cage, trying to be free. He sent a man of God from the Theological Seminary in Chicago, who preached the doctrine of the "Higher Life," and he enjoyed the experience he preached. I listened eagerly. I longed for Sunday to come, that I might know more. How clear and well defined the way!—the narrow way—how much consecration included and involved! How the light of the Spirit did shine upon the truth! How the Lord did discover to me that there was much to be surrendered—love of applause and honor, some worldly ambitions, love of dress, desire to be rich, and many other things! After some conflicts sharp and strong I resolved to be and do all the Lord would have me be and do, cost what it would. I laid aside my jewelry after hearing an excellent sermon upon the text, "Let your women adorn themselves in modest apparel," and, as on my knees I told the Lord I did it for his sake, the blessed baptism fell on me as the seal of the divine approval. The little act cost me some bitter opposition, but I steadily adhered, and rejoiced in my freedom.

God's word was studied from cover to cover to learn his will. With earnest prayer I sought to know the mind of the Spirit. Meetings were attended, conversation with the pastor, the reading of the books which would throw light on the doctrine and experience, and after many, many months I came to the conviction: The Bible teaches we may "be holy," we may "be cleansed," we may have "rest" even here, we may "be sanctified wholly," we may be "saved to the uttermost." Judgment, intellect, conscience, say yes to it all; but inbred sin yet remained. The church was advancing spiritually; not a few were enjoying, and growing on, this "strong meat;" others were "opposing themselves" and God's ministers. It was when the Free Methodist movement was in its infancy, but at its height, and our pastor, not (in our view) wise in his tactics, allied himself to them and sought their aid in some of the work in the Congregational church. Trouble came, a meeting was called, and he was dismissed; and about forty left the church and went with him to the Free Methodist church. The sweet, Christlike spirit in which he bore his trial will never be forgotten. "When he was reviled he reviled not again, and when he suffered he threatened not." As the Master, so the servant. Those of us who remained were benefited, but conscientiously we staid in the church where we had been members so long. Another pastor came, not to help, but oppose us, and when any of us spoke of our desire for the experience of the higher life, or sanctification, some adverse criticism cut keenly, and we were called Methodists, or Free Methodists, or Pharisees. The sisters were effectually silenced, and only the brethren spoke and prayed in the social meetings.

All this, and much more which cannot be written, crushed my spirit, tried my soul, irritated my temper; for I had not yet "entered into rest." The pastor was determined this disturbing element should cease. So, as I was at this time about the only one left who still spoke of the doctrine and still persisted in going to Methodist meetings, seeking for light, I was put under discipline and waited on by one of the deacons, charged with schism—holding Methodist doctrines in a Congregational church. At the next church meeting

I appeared and tried to demonstrate that sanctification was a doctrine of the Bible, not distinctively of the Methodist church, and that I confessed to holding the doctrine. But alas! I had not the experience; but meant to have it, cost what it would. A year passed on—a year of conflict, trial, sorrow, and of almost silence in the church—"the word of God was as fire shut up in my bones." Every now and then I would "steal awhile away" to a Methodist prayer meeting and get blessed, but "I was a stranger and a guest, not like a child at home." I was often in heaviness through manifold temptations. Another crisis came, which formed a link in the chain of providences. The collector of pew rent called on Saturday morning to know whether I would need the same pew the coming year. At this time my husband was in the army, and all the cares of family and church duties were borne without his loving aid. I replied, "I do not know whether I shall want that or any other; I will let you know positively on Monday," and I gave myself to earnest prayer from that hour to know whether I should remain in the Congregational church or go into the Methodist Episcopal. What a dark day was that Saturday and part of Sunday! I talked and prayed with the children. I called in a dear friend, to consult her and have her pray with me, though only a few months before I had led her to Jesus. Must I leave the church of my fathers; the church of my choice; the church of my husband; the church in which all my children had been baptized, and where I had been so happy and blessed and honored of God in the salvation of souls? Did God call me out? These and many other questions were crowding for replies all day Sunday. It was hard work to teach in the Sunday school and to hear the word. Coming home from church "in great heaviness," having no light, I overtook a precious saint who had passed through deep waters and many furnaces of affliction, and to her I opened my heart. Full well do I remember the spot where I overtook her, and the expression of her countenance as she said: "Mrs. Nind, we shall all miss you if you decide to leave the Congregational church; but if I were you I would go into the Methodist

church. You will be more happy and more useful there, for there is more liberty for women to exercise their gifts."

I took it as a word from the Lord. The burden lifted; the light dawned; the decision was made; and when the collector came on Monday morning I said: "I shall not want another pew in your church: I am going to be a Methodist."

I sent for my letter. It was not very cordial; did not recommend me very well. The dear, good pastor read it and re-read it. This was its text: "Mrs. Mary C. Nind, who has not walked in harmony with our church for a year, requests a letter to the Methodist Episcopal church, and is hereby dismissed to you." Then, handing it back to me, and looking kindly though grieved, he said, "We cannot receive that letter." "Well," I replied, "what shall I do? Out of that church, and cannot enter yours?" "Oh, yes," he answered. "That letter is not good enough for you; we can do without it." Then, taking the Methodist Discipline, he read the clause: "Nevertheless, if a member in good standing in any orthodox church shall desire to unite with us, such applicant may, by giving satisfactory answers to the usual inquiries, be received at once into full fellowship." I returned the letter with a kind and frank accompaniment, answered the usual inquiries satisfactorily, and on Sunday, the 18th of September, 1864, was safely housed in the Methodist Episcopal church.

I raised a new Ebenezer of gratitude, "for hitherto the Lord had helped me." Anew I consecrated myself to the Lord and his service, and with new consecrations came new joy. Two years and eight months passed on, the Lord all the while setting his seal to the step taken. The children all converted, and many of my Sunday school scholars; the consecration, so far as I had light, complete; but the blessing of a clean heart not obtained. In the year 1866, May 13, I united with the Methodist Episcopal church in Winona, Minn., and in the first year of Brother William McKindley's pastorate (1867) was led by a dear sister, a busy mother like myself, to trust the Lord for salvation from inbred sin, the cleansing of my heart, which should bring to me what I had so long desired—"the

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, ST. CHARLES, ILL.

First church home in America of Mary Clarke Nind

rest of faith." In my own room, on Thursday evening, just before going to prayer meeting, the work was done, and the baptism of melting love, and the gentle hush of tenderness, and rest of soul was mine. And I said again and again, " Can it be, after all these years of weary waiting and hard struggle, that I have rest?" I went to prayer meeting and tried to tell it, but it was the rest unspeakable. All night long I was too happy to speak, and a hundred times or more I said: "Blessed Jesus! I have rest, sweet rest. Emptied of self—filled with God. Mary C. Nind had rest!" Hallelujah! The morning came—the best morning of my life then—the power of God had prostrated my body. Physically weak; but, oh, such rest! My face, my voice, my step, my bearing, was changed! My children noticed it. I told them I had rest. I cannot say it has been, from that time until now, unbroken rest; but I can say that through grace it has been the habit of my soul, and whenever I have lost it I have by faith pursued till I regained it. I cannot live or work for Jesus successfully without it. It cost me much to seek it, and to find it—too much to ever lose it. It has been to me "the pearl of great price." These years since I have been in this valley of blessing have been years in "Beulah land," years of rest, victory, peace, joy, and glad, continued service; and as I go I sing:

"O come to this valley of blessing so sweet
Where Jesus will fullness bestow,
O believe and receive and confess him,
That all his salvation may know."

Yours,
Saved by Jesus—the "Mighty to Save."
MARY C. NIND.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEW HOME IN MINNESOTA

The chapter which has already been quoted is almost the only thing which we find among the documents of our mother covering the period between 1860 and 1865. During all her life, before the war and after, she kept, with reasonable regularity, a diary in which the important events in her busy life were briefly recorded. Singularly enough, these records, if any were kept during the period referred to, are missing. It is possible to believe that the cares of motherhood, the necessity of contributing, directly and indirectly, to the support of her children during the period that her husband was in the army, and the more momentous events, particularly in her religious life, crowded so swiftly upon her that she did not find the time to keep her modest diary.

We are compelled, therefore, to depend very largely upon our recollection of some things which had an important bearing upon her life during this period. The husband and father wrote voluminous letters concerning his experiences in the army. Newspapers in 1860-1865 were less numerous than they are at the present time, and neither the railroad nor the telegraph facilities enabled the publishers to get even the meager information which they had of events at the front promptly to the public. Our home in St. Charles was a center for the dissemination of such news as Sergeant Nind was enabled to communicate to his wife. It was the practice, therefore, for mother, upon the receipt of one of his letters, to run to the top of a mast a flag, which was a signal that a letter had been received, and which promptly gathered to our house those interested to know of the welfare of the boys in the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh infantry. Very distinctly were all the details of Sherman's march to the sea, and particularly the siege of Vicksburg, impressed upon the mind of the writer of this. These frequent letters from father

kept alive the patriotic spirit which had so large a place in our home.

During the absence of her husband in the service of his country, the first great sorrow fell to the lot of Mary C. Nind in the loss of her infant son. This event undoubtedly had much to do with her desire to be closer to God. During the period between 1859 and the events particularly herein recorded, Henry Stevens, who was a prominent merchant, a man of some means, and of broad humanities and great common sense, had frequently rendered assistance to our parents. The Stevens family were near neighbors, and when in 1862 an infant son was born he was named Henry Stevens Nind, in recognition of the many kindnesses of Henry Stevens. Mr. Stevens was not at this time a professing Christian. Soon after mother became connected with the Methodist Episcopal church, the pastor of which was Rev. S. N. Griffith, a revival of religion was conducted in the Methodist church. The writer of this remembers with great distinctness the impression which was made upon the community when Henry Stevens rose for prayers, largely through the influences which had been brought to bear upon him by our mother, and the great uplift which the movement received when he became a professor of the Christian religion. This made Henry Stevens more than ever a friend of the family, and during all the "war widowhood," and up to the time when he removed to Winona, Minn., he was continually helpful. It is not strange, therefore, that when Adjutant Nind was mustered out of service at the close of the war, and confronted the necessity of making a new place for himself in the world of endeavor, he should turn to Henry Stevens, who had already made a new home in a new country, for advice and counsel. Mr. Stevens, although converted under influences within the Methodist Episcopal church, had become a member of the Congregational church, upon which he had previously been an attendant. He had already taken a place in the First Congregational church, of Winona, when father wrote him asking if there was any opening for the returned soldier in the great northwest. A place was promptly found in a large wholesale hardware establishment in

Winona, and only a short time after his return from the war father was called upon to accept this new position. There was no through rail communication at that time between St. Charles and the points in Minnesota. The only way of reaching Winona was by boat up the Mississippi from Dubuque, in the summer, or by tedious stage ride during the winter. It was not therefore until spring that the family removed from St. Charles to Winona, Minn. The home of our childhood was sold and in May, 1866, we took our departure for the new northwest. Father had already become an active influence in the affairs of the First Congregational church. He was made the superintendent of the Sunday school and during all the period of his residence in Winona was a deacon in the church and active in its affairs. During the six or eight months, between the time of his arrival in Winona and that of his family, he already had become a part of the church organization in which Henry Stevens had been accorded a place. Naturally it was both the desire of Mr. Stevens, and of father, that mother should resume her former relationship with the Congregational church. Evidently this proposition had a large place in the thoughts and prayers of mother during the first weeks of her residence in Winona, for in one of her diaries we find this statement:

"In May, 1866, we settled here. For two weeks I was very homesick, very discontented, and I regret to say very unreconciled to this dispensation of providence that had removed me from so many loved ones, and set me down well nigh among strangers. I lost sight of Christ, faith was weak, almost gone, and like a plant transplanted from its native soil, I withered, wilted and was sickly. God forgive me the sins of those two weeks. At the expiration of this time, after carefully considering the matter, I determined to go into the Methodist Episcopal church. The first prayer meeting I attended I felt better and resolved to forget my trial of moving and go to work for Jesus. Two Sabbaths afterwards, on May 20th, I was appointed class leader of the Young People's Class. Prayerfully I went to my work. The class was small. I was aided from on high and we had a blessed meeting." Under date of June, 1866,

METHODIST CHURCH, ST. CHARLES, ILL.

This is the first Methodist church with which Mary Clarke Nind was connected after leaving the Congregational Church

she says: "I was called to work in the Sunday school. A very interesting class was given me and I went to my work cheerfully, relying on the Master's help." It may be added here that she continued as the teacher of the class referred to until her removal from Winona, completing thirty-five years of consecutive work as a Sunday school teacher.

Reverend Chauncy Hobart, long the oldest preacher in the Winona Conference, was the pastor of the Methodist church at this time and a year later was succeeded by Rev. Wm. McKinley. Under date of July, 1866, this entry appears in the diary:

"This date found me at work with my dear friend Mrs. Simpson for the poor and sick of the church and I felt happy working for the poor and afflicted of God's dear people. The church here kindly set me to work. Bless God for the heart to labor, the opportunity to labor and for precious Christian friends with whom to labor." The close friendship formed at this time with Mrs. Thomas Simpson was continuous until the death of Mrs. Simpson, in 1885.

These entries, and a few others which follow, disclose how active was the participation of mother in the affairs of the church with which she was so long connected, and how necessary to her happiness was usefulness. She loved her work and gloried in its results. This work evidently brought her a great spiritual comfort. Under date of August, 1866, she says: "Our class in the morning is increasing in interest and in numbers. Many refreshing seasons have we had this month." A month later she writes: "This month has been full of labor, crowded with duties and salvation of souls has laid very near my heart. With Sister Simpson I have been privileged to labor much in Central church work. The Lord seemed to have baptized me for this special work, and as we pleaded with the people we prayed in faith an astonishing success crowned our effort. I feel very confident that the windows of heaven will be open now that God's people have brought their tithes into the storehouse. I see indications of a coming revival in our class meetings and prayer meetings."

The diary from which these quotations are made is full of similar expressions.

Meantime a new home had been established and the children of this almost unbroken family had begun their education in the schools of Winona. Zealous as was our mother in all good works, and devoted as she was to the duties which were freely imposed upon her, she still was first of all a mother and had a pride in the home, to which she was also devoted. It was not until 1870 that she became interested in the work of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, with which her public career was destined to be thereafter chiefly connected. In this field of endeavor she established an acquaintance which extended around the world. Of this work more may be said in succeeding chapters.

In April, 1876, her father, Ebenezer Clark, Sr., died, leaving a modest patrimony to all of his children. This enabled mother in later years to give freely of what she possessed to the cause to which she was devoted and which she loved so much, as well as to other good works which commended themselves to her appreciation and endorsement. It made possible also generous provision for the education of her children, and enabled her to give more freely of her time to the cause of foreign missions than otherwise would have been the case.

Soon after the death of her father, accompanied by her husband, she sailed for England, returning in June of the same year. This was the first visit of James G. and Mary C. Nind to the scenes of their childhood since their marriage. The writer recalls that the thing which most impressed his father was the apparent growth of the drink habit in England in the quarter of a century which had intervened, and that nothing interested him more than a brochure written by Ebenezer Clarke, Jr., on the temperance question, which had enjoyed wide circulation in England and was not without its influence upon a question which had grown in importance in that country. In later years it was mother's good fortune to spend many happy days with her brothers and sisters in old England.

THE NEW HOME IN WINONA, MINN.

CHAPTER VII

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

April 4, 1870, the western branch of the Woman's Missionary Society was formed with Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott as its corresponding secretary and Miss Isabella Leonard its assistant corresponding secretary, and entered upon her work of organizing in Minnesota. During this visit to Minnesota a strong society was organized and Mrs. Mary C. Nind was first enlisted in the work. Mrs. Nind had from her childhood been interested in missions and, as already stated, had in her early girlhood days desired to give her life to that work. When, therefore, this new call to work for women came to her, she was glad and willing to pay her two cents a week and accompany it with a prayer. She did not at that time see how a busy wife and mother, a Sunday school teacher with a class of twenty young women, a leader of a Sabbath morning class and of a young people's prayer meeting, with sixty young people to be instructed and visited, could be expected to take any further responsibility. Of how she was led into the work, Mrs. Nind gave the following account in a little pamphlet published by the western branch after ten years of its existence:

In June, 1870, one Saturday afternoon, when laid aside with a distressing headache, my pastor's wife, Mrs. Chauncey Hobart, and Miss Leonard called to talk over the new work, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, I sent word, "I am too sick to be seen," but the persistent Miss Leonard insisted and wearily and unwillingly I granted her request. Seeing my suffering the sisters opened up their plan a little, and then left, promising to call again. Toward night Miss Leonard returned. In the morning, with very little energy and interest, I listened to her plans. Sunday afternoon Miss Leonard presented the subject to the Sunday school and my class became interested. In the evening, standing in the altar resting on a chair, she very tremblingly presented the claims of heathen women, while many wondered that so timid and delicate a woman should even attempt to speak in public. A good list of names was secured as members and the meeting adjourned.

Monday morning came and despite the pressing cares of washday Miss

Leonard must have the busy housekeeper accompany her to see some of the prominent women of the church. The question which had so often been put: "What will *you do* in this work?" was repeated as we walked and again the answer given: "I do not see how I can take hold of it, with my household cares, sixty young people under my charge in the Sunday school class and young people's meeting and looking after the strangers and the sick, my *hands are full;* let others who have less to do take the responsibility; I shall pay my two cents a week and pray, but *cannot* do more."

The afternoon came with the meeting for organization. Soon Miss Leonard asked, "Whom will you have for your president?" I was nominated. Remonstrance followed remonstrance, but the response came, "No one will take it if you do not." So, with tearful eyes and a burdened heart, consent was given. For some years the office was held and the work enjoyed. After a time calls came to organize in neighboring towns and villages. Very hesitatingly I went out to tell the simple story and plead for the salvation of heathen women. In each place societies were organized. The work grew dearer and Christ was nearer; the energies of brain, body and soul were thrown into it till it has become incorporated with my very life.

I expect to live and die in the work, with a heart full of praise for the call from God to his handmaid and grace to obey and for all the blessed experience connected with the work from that day to this.

About this same time Dr. Edward Eggleston, a former pastor of the Winona church, while visiting in the city, attended Mrs. Nind's morning class and Sunday school class which embraced sixty young people. He also heard her speak at a Sunday school convention. Of this visit mother writes: "Whether this inspired an article which appeared in the Independent under the caption 'Women's Work in the Church' I knew not, but I was startled by his suggesting in that article that 'Jennie F. Willing and Mary C. Nind should be licensed to preach.' I may also add that I was somewhat annoyed, but my annoyance gave way to thoughtfulness and inquiry. While very young I had such an intense desire to be a preacher that I shed many tears because I was not a boy so that I could be a preacher when a man. At the age of twelve, leaving day school for boarding school, I had a longing desire to lead my school-mates to Jesus and during recess preached to them with tearful earnestness from the text, 'Repent,' and as I pleaded with them my congregation were all in tears, the Holy Spirit was upon

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WINONA, MINN.

This was the edifice which the society occupied when Mary C. Nind first removed to Winona. It has long since been replaced by a larger and handsomer structure in another location.

us. From that time, frequently, when a girl in my teens, after hearing a sermon that stirred me, I wanted to exhort, but in the Congregational church 'women must keep silence.' As a Sabbath school teacher and superintendent I found delight and often the desire to preach came to me. As I thought of the article in the Independent, the thought came, after all these years is God about to honor me to preach the gospel? Is it possible that my youthful aspirations are to be realized? I talked with the Lord and waited to hear what he would say to me. Having been called into the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, it proved to be the open door for the preaching of the gospel. One morning after having delivered a missionary address, the pastor said: 'Mrs. Nind, you ought to preach.' She responded: 'Preach; I have no sermon.' He replied: 'Make one and come and preach in my church.' Some weeks afterwards I preached my first sermon for this pastor and he encouraged and kindly criticised. The Lord helped me and blessed me with another service on this circuit. Other pastors called for help in revival meetings, camp meetings, district meetings, etc., etc. I recognized the Divine call. How could I doubt it?"

In order to be able to answer all these calls, it was necessary to provide the best of care for the home and the children, and as the father's business necessitated his being much away from home the eldest daughter filled in a large part her mother's place. In all her travels and busy active missionary and evangelistic life the sight of home and the dear ones there was constantly before mother, the weekly letters never failed to come and it was always with the greatest joy that she came back to "Home, Sweet Home." The days at home were filled with work and plans for the comfort of the dear ones while she should be away. It was always a trial and a sacrifice for her to leave home, but father, devoted as he was to his Mary, made as great if not a greater sacrifice in giving up the idol of his heart for the work of Christ. When after a few years his travels ceased and he was at home alone much of the time, the sacrifice was still greater, for no man ever enjoyed home and wife

and children more than he, and yet he counted it an honor to give mother up for this work. Proud of her abilities, joying in her joy, rejoicing in her successes and doing all in his power to make the work and the way easy for her, arranging her itineraries and always watching and waiting for her return with the greatest longing, for as mother once wrote: "How we do enjoy the days when we can be together in our dear home where my James and I can be all and in all to each other and recount the Lord's dealings with us during our separation. Will the time ever come when these partings will be over?"

Methinks now of the happy times they are having in the land where partings are unknown and where the dear husband watched and waited so many years for the coming of his Mary.

In 1872 the call came to deliver the annual address for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at St. Louis, and here she met Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott, with whom for years she traveled and labored both in evangelistic and missionary work. The souls of Mary and Lucy were knit together as the souls of Jonathan and David. It was a great comfort to our father that mother was not alone when away from home, for in those early days there were many hardships to be encountered and our mother was subject to frequent attacks of severe headache and also acute tonsilitis. Together these women conducted many most successful revival meetings in the Northern and Western states and visited in their missionary work most of the states and territories of the Northwest.

They were always most zealous, not only in their work, but eager to make every cent count for the missionary society, and so they traveled without Pullman or dining cars, and often sat up a good part of the night in some cold or dingy depot, waiting for their trains or traveled in freight or accommodation cars. In the early seventies there were few wealthy people in the West, and while friends were most hospitable and kind, these good women "endured much hardness as good soldiers." Cyclones and railway wrecks were not infrequent and yet, as mother often wrote in her diary, "Out of all these disasters the Lord has mercifully delivered

LUCY E. PRESCOTT (Vane) MARY CLARKE NIND

These pictures were taken about the time they began their labors together in behalf of Foreign Missions in 1872

us." Mrs. Prescott was most successful in leading children's and young people's meetings, and in all their evangelistic efforts they were made glad by seeing people of all ages and of every condition in society brought to the foot of the cross, and believers strengthened and built up in the faith. Over and over again in her diaries and in her letters to her children mother expresses her joy at the salvation of those for whom she labored in such words as these: "No joy like seeing souls saved and the work of God moving forward. How can we rest satisfied with anything less? Very weary tonight, but so happy in seeing souls saved. Oh, what a privilege, what a joy to be able to lead souls to Christ. Nothing like it." Mrs. Vane (nee Mrs. Prescott) writes of her association of work with Mrs. Nind as follows:

The western branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, called also the St. Louis Branch, was organized in St. Louis April 4, 1870, by Mrs. Jennie F. Willing. I was elected corresponding secretary of the Branch, with Miss Isabella S. Leonard assistant secretary. It was during that year that Miss Leonard went to Winona, Minn., and enlisted Mrs. Nind in the work. An account is given herewith, written by your mother in June, 1871.

At the close of the first year of the work a speaker for the Branch Anniversary must be found. The committee on program thought of Mrs. Willing, but as she had given the address at the time of the organization, another was desired for this occasion.

I was in correspondence with Mrs. Dr. Frances A. Seymour, of Jeffersonville, Ind. She suggested Mrs. Mary C. Nind, of Winona, Minn., saying that she had heard that "Mrs. Nind was a very acceptable speaker at Sunday school conventions."

I immediately wrote to Mrs. Nind, asking if she would come to St. Louis and deliver the address if the committee which would soon meet invited her. She replied that she "could never say no to God's call." When the committee met I suggested Mrs. Nind's name. Strong opposition was made to inviting a lady to speak before a St. Louis audience whom none of us had seen nor heard. We adjourned to meet again. I was instructed to make every effort to find a suitable person. We met again and I had no one to nominate except Mrs. Nind. Still they did not consent to asking her to come. The last meeting of the committee was close to the time of the annual meeting and still I nominated Mrs. Nind. As the ladies had no one to nominate, asking me if I would "take the responsibility of the meeting being a failure" and having secured assurance from the Lord that He was responsible, I said

"yes." The committee directed me to send for Mrs. Nind. I telegraphed her to come. Mrs. Nind arrived in St. Louis after 10 p. m. Not having waited for instructions for entertainment at one of our most beautiful homes, she came at once to me.

The annual meeting was very largely attended. Mrs. Nind's address was most excellent and so powerfully accompanied by the Holy Spirit that all hearts were won for the new enterprise, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Subscriptions were taken and the sister who was so fearful that bringing a "stranger whom we had never seen nor heard before a St. Louis audience" said, "I thank you so much for getting Mrs. Nind for this occasion," and together with her family subscribed $250.

This was my introduction to your blessed mother. During that visit we planned for her to go into Kansas to organize auxiliaries and interest the churches in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

At the close of her itinerary she returned to St. Louis and after much prayer together we decided that the Lord would open the way for us to work together, which He did shortly after.

When I arrived in Winona I found that she had appointments made for us for two months. This was the beginning of our work together, which lasted without interruption until the Western Branch became, by addition of territory and prosperity, so large that it was deemed necessary for the good of the cause to make three branches out of the one—the Topeka, Minnesota and Des Moines.

Soon after we became associated in this close relation in the work, Miss Leonard felt called to give her time exclusively to evangelistic work, and Mrs. Nind was selected Branch assistant secretary.

When the Branch was divided your mother was elected an officer in the Minnesota Branch and I of the Des Moines Branch. Thus we became separated after about thirteen years of most precious fellowship in work for God and women and girls across the seas.

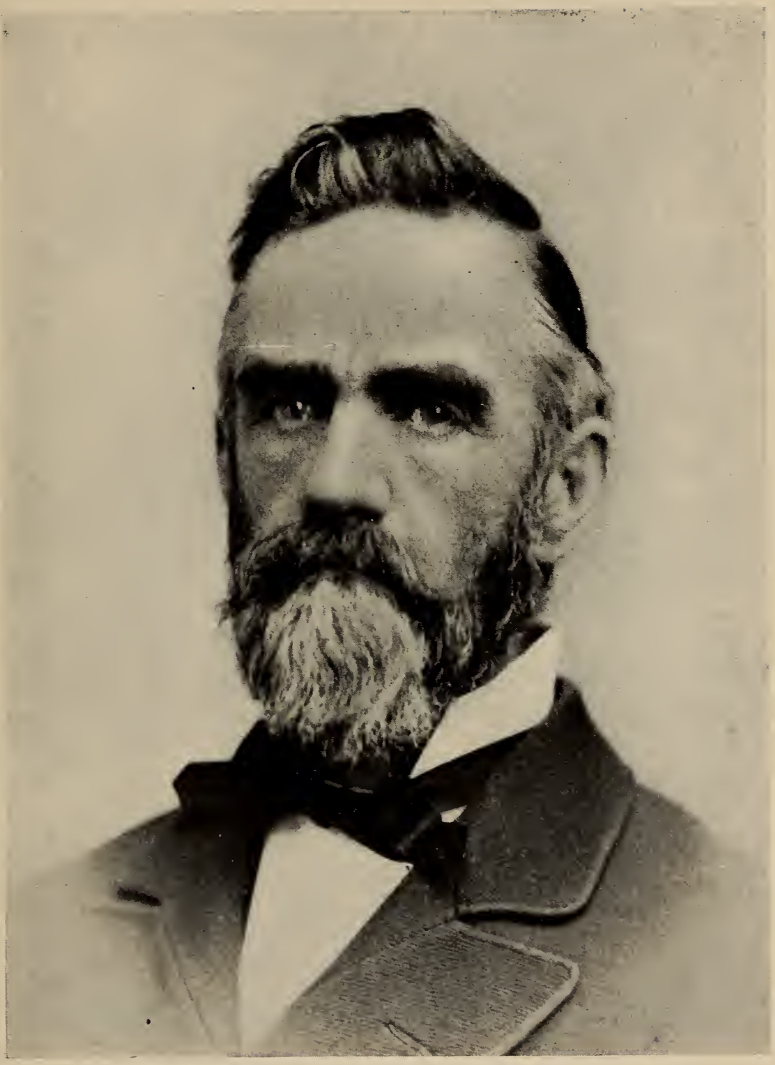
May I add a testimony to the beauty and *rarity* of Mrs. Nind's character. I knew her most intimately in her home life, with a devoted Christian husband, who gave her to the work because he believed her called of God to it; with converted children who loved and honored their mother; in social life where she was the center of influence; in public life where not only almost whole churches were moved to interest in saving the unsaved in dark lands, but where many souls were saved and sanctified in the length and breadth of our large Branch. She was such a joyous, well poised soul that I often said of her, "almost faultless."

Now, after the years have passed, I write that she was one of the most perfect witnesses of the doctrine of "perfect love," which she not only professed but preached, I ever knew.

At the close of the year 1874 mother wrote in her diary: "Farewell, old year, you have brought multiplied labors, duties, responsibilities, trials, losses, disappointments, joys, successes. The whole is summed up with a grateful heart and I write it up the best and happiest year of my life." The following year she writes: "This year has been one of much mercy. I have traveled 6,120 miles and seen wonderful displays of God's power to save in Michigan and Iowa, and as this year closes I praise the Lord for all his wonderful works."

As the children grew up and were settled in business or school mother was able to devote more time, and although they were scattered and father was traveling much of the time, yet the weekly letters never failed to come with promptness to each and every one, and as often as possible she visited her loved ones in their various homes for longer or shorter periods. No place was quite so dear to her as the home where she could meet her beloved and devoted husband, and no joy greater than when the members of the family were home and all together for a few weeks or days at a time. In 1877 she says: "This year I have traveled 6,592 miles by rail or stage and walked the balance, making about 7,000 miles at least, and was at home fifteen weeks altogether."

In 1878, the oldest son having married and settled in Minneapolis, and father having decided to give up traveling, a great longing to be near the dear son and for business reasons, it was decided to remove to Minneapolis, and here a new home and church life began with added responsibilities in the missionary work. Early in 1879 new associations were formed, many of which became among the dearest of her life.



JAMES G. NIND

This is one of the last pictures taken of him. It was taken a short time preceeding his death on May 7, 1885

MARY CLARKE NIND

This is a picture taken of her about the time of her greatect activity and soon after the death of her husband

CHAPTER VIII

LATER LABORS

As added responsibilities and new work were given for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society less time could be given to evangelistic labor and yet, whenever time and opportunity offered, it gave her greatest joy, and was considered a higher privilege to assist in all evangelistic efforts. At the close of the year 1879, mother wrote in her diary: "The year has ended and as I review the year I am full of praise, for all the way the dear Lord has led me. It has been an eventful year. We have moved to Minneapolis and are most happily located. I have been able to spend only ten weeks in the city, five weeks in the old home at Winona and the balance in working for Christ. We have visited Nebraska and have traveled 650 or 700 miles in it and have been greatly blessed in our work. I have traveled 9,000 miles this year and have greatly enjoyed my work for Christ in connection with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. We have attended the annual meeting at Atchison, Kansas, and the executive meeting in Chicago. I have not been able to do much special evangelistic work because of the pressure of the missionary work, but at Spring Valley the Lord gave us a blessed work. Many souls were saved and all along the line the Word preached has been blessed to some souls." In 1880, 500 miles were traveled in Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri and Ohio. In all of these travels, she was constantly meeting friends of earlier days, old Sabbath school scholars and those who had been led to Christ through her instrumentality. Often she remarks that there is no greater joy than meeting her friends of earlier days, and especially those to whom God has helped her to be a blessing. In 1881, she writes, "A year of signal mercies. I have traveled over 10,000 miles and been very near a wreck. Our coach was thrown off the track and we on an embankment between 30 and 40 feet high, but

we were spared when within a few inches of going over. It has been a year of the most constant work for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. I have been absent from home eight months out of the twelve in labors abundant and in places, east, west, north and south. I have never had more joy in the work and more delight in sacrificing for it." In 1881 she was made president of the Western Branch and filled an office from which she shrank. The work of the branch greatly prospered, and in a few years it became so large that she secured a division and assisted in the organization of the three branches—the Des Moines, Minneapolis and Topeka. Of this division she writes: "One of my greatest trials this year has been the division of the Western branch, which separates me from my beloved Lucy, and all the dear officers of the dear Western Branch, but the Lord and his work are dearer to me and to us than the workers and I seek grace for the trial and for the new responsibilities imposed upon me as corresponding secretary of the Minneapolis Branch. Very lonely I feel up here without the old standard bearers, but Jesus says, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'" The year previous to the division, she experienced a trial and yet a joy in giving her youngest son to the work of a foreign missionary in South America. A few years later a daughter went to China. Although it rent her mother heart to be so far separated from her dear children, yet she bade them a hearty God-speed and followed them constantly with her prayers and sympathies, ever taking a loving interest in all their work.

In the fall of 1884, while on her way to attend the General Executive committee, mother was badly injured in a railroad wreck. From this injury she never fully recovered. And yet she always counted it a great mercy that her life was spared. In writing of this accident to her children she remarked that Saturday had been an eventful day in her life. She says: "I was born on Saturday, I was married on Saturday, sailed for America on Saturday, and reached Father Nind's on Saturday. All of my children except one were born on Saturday. I have been in two severe cyclones and three serious railway wrecks, all of which occurred on Saturday. I

sometimes wonder if I shall go to glory on Saturday." Strange as it may seem her spirit left this world on Saturday night.

The following year brought to her the greatest trial of her life for in May the Lord took from her him whom she called "The dearest and best and kindest of husbands." Writing to her children at the end of the year she says: "The year 1885 is gone and its record is on our hearts and lives and with the Master who knows and weighs all. To me it has been the most eventful year of my life. Personal disability and sickness, financial losses and the greatest loss of all, my precious husband, your honored and now glorified father. As I review the year and realize how much the Lord has brought me through, how heavy have been my responsibilities, how arduous my duties with my own business and the heavy work of the Branch, and how much of love, care and help I have lost, and then realize how graciously the Lord has helped, prospered, sustained, comforted and helped me to triumph, yea, to glory in tribulation and therefore to grow in grace and have an inmost consciousness of the ever-abiding Christ and Comforter, my soul exults and gratefully and humbly I declare it to be the best and happiest year of my life. Not happy because of sickness, infirmity, losses and sore bereavement but happy in the Lord and his gracious dealings."

THE FIRST WOMEN TO BE ELECTED TO THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Mary C. Nind

Elizabeth D. Van Kirk

Francis E. Willard

Amanda C. Rippey

Angie F. Newman

CHAPTER IX

ELECTED TO THE M. E. GENERAL CONFERENCE

Early in the year 1887 the question of the admission of women to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church was taken up by the ladies of St. Paul's church in Lincoln, Neb., and a definite movement started to secure the election of a woman delegate to represent the Nebraska conference at the next session of the General Conference. A systematic correspondence was instituted among the Methodist women of the state, and special stress was laid on the importance of sending women as delegates to the lay electoral conference. When this conference assembled in Lincoln it was found that about twenty women were among the accredited delegates. The night before the conference met, a delegation of ladies waited upon Mrs. Angie F. Newman of that city, and requested the privilege of presenting her name in nomination as the woman to be elected. Mrs. Newman had been active throughout the state as superintendent of prison work for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and in organizing the work of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, and it was believed she would be a popular candidate and a worthy representative should she be elected. Mrs. Newman was in sympathy with the movement and consented to the nomination, although her expectations were suggested in her reply to the delegation, that if they desired some one as a subject of martyrdom she supposed she might as well serve as any one else. She proved a popular candidate and her election was made unanimous and the conference was greatly elated.

The movement so well inaugurated in Nebraska took hold of other conferences. The lay electoral conference of Minnesota was held in the Centenary Methodist church, in the city of Minneapolis, Friday, October 14, 1887. The minutes of that conference

give the following record: "An informal ballot was taken for delegates to the General Conference, which resulted in giving Mrs. Mary C. Nind 70, Geo. H. Hazzard 65, Hon. H. R. Brill 47, and the rest scattering. A formal ballot was taken which resulted as follows: Whole number of votes cast 121, necessary for choice 61. Mrs. Mary C. Nind received 89, Geo. H. Hazzard 70, Judge Brill 47, Hon. F. W. Hoyt 19, and the balance scattering. The president announced Mrs. Mary C. Nind and Geo. H. Hazzard elected, and on motion their election was made unanimous."

It was an interesting fact that neither Mrs. Newman nor Mrs. Nind were present at the electoral conferences which selected them from among the women of their states as material worthy of a great experiment in the history of the Methodist Church. Three other women were thus honored: Frances E. Willard of Rock River Conference, Amanda C. Rippey of the Kansas Conference and Lizzie D. Vankirk of the Pittsburg Conference. Besides the five delegates above mentioned there were seventeen women elected as reserve delegates, making a total of twenty-two women as possible delegates to the General Conference of 1888.

Before the General Conference convened the church enjoyed a thorough discussion of the question whether women were eligible as lay delegates, and interest was at its height when the conference assembled in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, May 1, 1888. In view of the prominence which this question assumed in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the next sixteen years—a period of successive struggles, advancing sentiment and progressive legislation, culminating in the admission of women into the General Conference at Los Angeles in 1904, it may not be out of place to give somewhat in detail, as gathered from the *Conference Journal* and the *Daily Advocate,* an account of this first attempt to give woman a place in the highest legislative and judicial body of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Before the roll of the conference was called Bishop Bowman presented a paper giving a statement from the Board of Bishops as to the eligibility of certain delegates-elect against the seating of

whom protests had been lodged in their hands. The paper was as follows:

"The Bishops find names proposed for a place on the roll of the General Conference which belong to a class of persons never heretofore admitted to membership in that body, and whose right to be admitted has never been determined, nor even considered by the supreme authority of the Church, so that neither the Church nor the highest tribunal known to her laws, has ever expressed a judgment in relation to their eligibility. We also find some names of persons certified as elected by electoral conferences, in the bounds of which they neither reside nor hold membership. And, furthermore, we find that against the admission of all these persons protests, responsibly signed, and taking the form of challenges of their right to be admitted, have been prepared and are lodged in our hands, to be presented when the question of their admission comes before the conference.

"In view of these facts the bishops, fully sensible of the gravity of the issues involved, and feeling anxious that the subject be presented to the General Conference for action without prejudice to the rights of any party in the case, have agreed, after mature deliberation, first, that they have no jurisdiction in the matter of the eligibility of the classes of persons in question; and, second, that the General Conference, which must pronounce upon the issues in the case, can only exercise its jurisdiction when duly organized.

"Therefore in the nature of the case, there must be a General Conference, with a quorum of unchallenged delegates, before the claims of the parties thus challenged can be presented. Then, inasmuch as no right is put in jeopardy by the omission from the preliminary roll call of the names of persons whose eligibility is disputed, and no prejudice is created for or against their claims, and in order to the utmost fairness and impartiality in the issues to be presented to the General Conference, it has been decided by the bishops—the authorized interpreters of the law till the General Conference is organized—that the names of the parties whose eligibility is challenged upon constitutional grounds shall not be called

till after a constitutional quorum of unchallenged delegates shall have been ascertained to be present, and the body is duly organized for business. It will then be competent for the Conference to act upon the cases in question in such way as its sense of justice and right shall dictate as lawful and expedient.

"In the meantime, dear brethren, aware as we all are that we stand in the presence of several questions of grave importance and great delicacy, concerning which there are differences of opinion, we suggest the exercise of patience and moderation, and urge upon you the duty of prayer for the presence and help of the divine Master, whose servants we are and whose Church we love. May the God of peace and love himself preside over and illuminate and tranquillize our minds for the duties before us."

The presiding bishop then announced: "The secretary of the last General Conference will now call the roll prepared in conformity to the principles enunciated, and so soon as the Conference shall have elected a secretary to make record of its proceedings we will present the names requiring your deliberation."

After the conference was organized and Rules of Order for its government adopted, J. W. Hamilton presented the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That two committees be appointed, each consisting of one delegate from each of the General Conference Districts, and four delegates at large, to whom shall be referred respectively the eligibility of the delegates to this conference who are women, and all others whose right to membership has been challenged. And that the committee on the eligibility of the women be instructed to report to the conference at ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

Bishop Bowman announced the names of all persons against whose admission protests had been presented, as follows: Amanda C. Rippey, Kansas Conference; Mary C. Nind, Minnesota Conference; Angie F. Newman, Nebraska Conference; Lizzie D. Vankirk, Pittsburg Conference; Frances E. Willard, Rock River Conference; John E. Richards, Montana Conference; Robert E. Pattison, North India Conference; John M. Phillips, Mexico Confer-

ence. The names of the committee on the eligibility of women were presented by Bishop Andrews.

Wednesday morning at ten o'clock the order of the day was taken up and Amos Shinkle presented the report of the Committee on the Eligibility of Women as Delegates to the Conference, and it was made the order of the day for the next morning immediately following the reading of the journal. This report was as follows:

The special committee of seventeen, to which was referred the eligibility of women as lay delegates to the General Conference respectfully submit the following report: *Whereas*, after serious consideration and a free discussion for several hours they are convinced that, under the Second Restrictive Rule, which was altered by the constitutional process, the church contemplated the admission of men only as lay representatives; and that as it has never been consulted or expressed its desire upon the admission of women to the General Conference, they are compelled to report for adoption the following resolutions:

1. That under the constitution and laws of the church as they now are women are not eligible as lay delegates to the General Conference.

2. That the protest referred to this committee against the seating of Amanda C. Rippey, Mary C. Nind, Angie F. Newman, Lizzie D. Vankirk and Frances E. Willard is sustained by the Discipline; and, therefore, they cannot legally be admitted to seats.

3. That the secretary of the General Conference shall notify the legally elected reserve delegates from these conferences that the seats herein referred to are vacant.

Thursday morning a resolution was presented to the effect that all persons whose seats are held in question be invited to seats upon the Conference floor pending the discussion of their rights, but before action was taken the order of the day was called.

The secretary read the report above recorded, but in view of its great importance the Conference decided to postpone its discussion until the next day, and made it the order of the day immediately following the reading of the journal.

Friday morning the order of the day was taken up. T. B. Neely moved to amend the report by the following:

But since there is great interest in this question, and since the church

generally should be consulted in regard to such an important matter, therefore be it

Resolved, That we submit to the Annual Conferences to amend the second Restrictive Rule by adding the words "and said delegates may be men or women" after the words "two Lay Delegates for an Annual Conference," so that it will read "nor of more than two Lay Delegates from an Annual Conference, and said delegates may be men or women."

The debate on the subject before the Conference was participated in by many of the most prominent delegates, and a battle royal raged for the greater part of the sessions of Friday, Saturday and Monday mornings. The crucial point in the discussion was on the constitutionality of admitting the women elected—largely a question of interpretation of the term "laymen" as used in the legislation of 1872, as to whether it legally included lay women as well as lay men. J. M. Buckley, who for many months had been making a heroic defense of the constitution of the church against the admission of women, argued that the intent of the lawmakers determined the meaning of the law, and believed lay men would never have been admitted to the General Conference in 1872 if the Church had understood the term lay men to include women. He favored the submission of the question to the Church at large, clinching his argument with the characteristic remark: "'He that cometh in by the door' the same hath a right to come in, but he that cometh in another way, is not as respectable as in the other case."

A series of resolutions presented by D. H. Moore, a valiant defender of the claims of the women-elect, providing for the seating of the women now knocking for admission, and for a reference of the question of constitutionality to the annual conferences and lay membership of the Church, was not generally acceptable. Prominent members of the Conference believed that a good majority of the delegates would gladly vote for the admission of the women if this vote could be given without a cloud of illegality hanging over the action. Many friends of the admission of women preferred delay rather than immediate action

granting their admission, in order that a more abundant entrance might be given women by a vote of the entire Church on this momentous question.

The great debate, one of the greatest in the history of the development of the constitution of the Methodist Church, was brought to an end near the close of Monday morning's session by John Lanahan moving the previous question on the entire subject. A motion to accept the substitute presented by D. H. Moore did not prevail. The amendment offered by T. B. Neely was adopted by a count vote of 249 for, 173 against. A call for vote by orders on the report as amended was not sustained, but a call for the ayes and noes was sustained and the vote so ordered. An analysis of the vote shows the following: Ayes, ministerial, 159; lay, 78; noes, ministerial, 122; lay, 76; a total of ayes, 237; noes, 198.

Of the five women delegates-elect, only four appeared at the Conference. Frances E. Willard was called home by the very serious illness of her mother at the inception of the discussion. Angie F. Newman, Amanda C. Rippey and Mary C. Nind remained through the debate ready to take their seats if the Conference should declare their admission constitutional. During this historic debate Mrs. Nind enjoyed a seat in the gallery. The simple record on the subject in her diary covering these days of intense excitement and momentous interest, is as follows: "Wednesday, May 2, Bishops' address and report on eligibility of women all against us, but if the Lord be for us, what matters? Friday, May 4. Another day of sharp debate, but no conclusions reached. Saturday, May 5. Still another day. Monday, May 7. Today we were ejected from our seats by a majority of 37 clerical and 2 lay votes, and the great debate is over, to come up again in 1892. All is serene in my soul."

Mrs. Nind remained through the greater part of the Conference an interested spectator, meeting many old friends and participating in various missionary gatherings. May 25, with her elder daughter, she sailed for London to attend the General Conference of Missions, a body of 1,500 delegates, to which she had

been elected as a representative of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

During these meetings Mrs. Nind was particularly successful in presenting the cause of "Woman's Work in the Far Away Fields," and at the close of its sessions, she once more revisited the home of her childhood and former friends and acquaintances. Returning to America she settled in Detroit which remained her home until called to the glory-land. During the last eight years of Mrs. Nind's residence in Minneapolis she had served the Minneapolis Branch as corresponding secretary and ever afterwards her name stood at the head of its list of officers as President Emeritus.

Mrs. Winchell, in writing of her, says: "Beloved as she has been the world over and potent as has been her love and influence throughout Methodism, it seems to us that she was dearer to the Minneapolis Branch than to any other. To us she stood in the relation of mother to child. She was indeed practically the founder of the Branch, and she labored for years in this new territory, laying broad and firm the foundations upon which to build it. She gave to the Branch freely, gladly, of time, thought, prayer, love, and money, and although after eight years of service as its chief, she left us to reside in Detroit, Mich., yet she never for a moment lost her interest in us any more than can a mother forget her child."

In 1891 she visited Ontario in Canada and was successful in raising large sums of money for the cause of missions.

The winter of 1892-3 was spent in California. The climate and scenery were greatly enjoyed, the old friendships renewed and the new friendships formed were most delightful. The work done for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was, as she herself expressed it, "the hardest I have ever done in my life." She was successful, however, in arousing a foreign missionary spirit all along the Pacific coast, which has constantly increased from that time to this. It was while spending these months on the shores of the Pacific that a greater desire than ever came to her to cross the

great waters and visit the foreign fields, but after much prayer and consultation, she decided that it was not best to make the voyage at that time, and returned to her home in Detroit. Upon her return from this western journey, she writes: "Is there any place in the world so sweet as home after a long, weary trip? How sweet to behold again the dear familiar faces, feel the arms of loving embrace, surround one's own table, rest in one's own chamber and when trunk and satchel are unpacked and everything restored to its wonted place, have the sweet consciousness that the Master saith, 'Come ye apart and rest a while.' Sweet, blessed rest for body and soul."

CHAPTER X

AROUND THE WORLD—JAPAN

In order to give as short and comprehensive an account as possible of Mary C. Nind's journey around the world, it seems best to the authors, so far as possible, to give copies of her letters which were written at that time. The first is headed from "Occident to Orient":

"May 1, 1894, we left Detroit, Michigan, for the land of the rising sun. Who? *Bishop Ninde and wife, their two sons, George and Frederick, and Mary C. Nind. A goodly company of brethren and sisters, pastors and people from our churches met us at the depot and with kind words, pleasant smiles and the singing of the precious hymn, 'Blest be the tie that binds,' we bade farewell to each other. Arriving in Chicago other friends met us: Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, Mrs. Prescott Vane, Mrs. E. K. Stanley, treasurer of the Des Moines Branch, the beloved son of his mother, John Newton Nind, and other dear relatives. Just before the time to take our sleeper, Miss Florence Singer, under appointment for Hakodati, Japan, arrived and Mr. and Mrs. Meyer of the Chicago Training School, with blessed benediction, and Brother Blackstone and wife. We had a little season of prayer in the depot and rejoicing in the fellowship of the saints went to our sleeper bound for San Francisco. The weather was beautiful and the passengers pleasant. Three and a half days from Chicago, our train steamed

*Bishop William X. Ninde was a second cousin of James G. Nind. The final e was added to the name of the family of Bishop Ninde by his father. This will explain the difference in the spelling of the names. In latter life, and beginning about the time of the removal of Mary C. Nind to Detroit, a close intimacy sprang up between her and Bishop Ninde and the members of his household. It was through the influence of Bishop Ninde that the subject of this memorial was induced to accompany himself and family on the tour of the world.

into Oakland depot and taking the ferry, we were soon in San Francisco, thence to the Occidental Hotel where all missionaries stay, glad to rest a while. Scarcely had we washed the dust from our faces before the bell boy announced that Doctor A. C. Hirst and Reverend Filbee were waiting to see us. Service for the Sabbath was asked to which the bishop and the representative of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society responded. Sunday was a busy day, too busy for weary travelers, but how difficult to say 'No' when an opportunity for usefulness presents itself even at the peril of nervous force.

"Our stay in San Francisco was prolonged so that we did not sail until May 14 in the City of Rio de Janeiro. What a blessed send off those dear people gave us at the wharf. Space will not allow me to give all the names nor tell of all the floral gifts and words of cheer and pledged prayers from Bishop Goodsell and family, Dr. A. C. Hirst and family and very many others from Oakland and San Francisco.

"Our voyage was rough and stormy with the exception of two days out of the seventeen. The Pacific was often 'Tempestuous and Terrific' and so disappointed us, but, 'He who holds the winds in his fist and the waters in the hollows of his hands' brought us in safety to our desired haven on Monday, June the 4th. The Lord was very gracious to me and I was saved through all the rough weather from sea-sickness. I was able to report at the table three times a day, though I often had to make heroic efforts to do so. Not being enamored with the Japanese sampans, taking a tug, we reached the shore and very easily and quickly passed the customs. We were met by our dear missionaries, Miss Simons from the Baltimore Branch, Miss Griffiths from the Des Moines Branch, Miss Vail of the General Missionary Society, Miss Watson of the Topeka Branch, by some of the native pastors and by Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the presiding elder. Taking our first jinrikasha ride, which we all enjoyed except for the feeling that the cooly was doing the work of a horse, we arrived at the mission premises where is our training school. Miss Griffiths and Miss Simons are

missionaries devoted to their work and blessed in it. We all took tea together and several of the native pastors called and an added joy was to find Dr. Kate Bushnell and Mrs. Andrews, who have been round the world since last November, quartered here and we were just in time to have a few hours with them before taking their steamer to San Francisco. Last time we met in Evanston, now in Yokohama. These weary laborers were on their way home for a well earned rest. God bless them and their work. If these meetings are so sweet what will it be when all the laborers gather in their Father's house above? Watts writes and we sing with him:

"There on a green and flowery mountain
Our weary souls shall meet;
And with transporting joy recount
The labors of our feet."

"Last evening in our Womans' Foreign Missionary Home at Tokio we had an enjoyable time. Tokio is 18 miles from Yokohama and is reached by rail. The cars remind us of the English trains, first, second and third class. As we are missionaries and economical, we take third class and pay twenty cents. We passed rice fields where men and women knee deep in mud were working, and wheat fields where the harvesting was in progress, the heads of the wheat being cut off by a little hand instrument, laid in piles, and then carried on the shoulders of men to the places of threshing, where it is beaten by a flail in primitive style. Arriving at Tokio station, clean and neat, where polite employees wait upon you, carrying your baggage to the Kurima or jinriksha, a ride of twenty minutes brings us to our Tokio Home, where Miss Spencer, Miss Watson and Miss Locke are the hostesses and missionaries. A reception is the order of exercises for the evening. Native pastors and teachers, among them a graduate from Evanston who is a classmate of the Rev. Edward Ninde, the girls and women connected with the Home, educated, converted and now lights in the world, and the missionaries and their wives all contribute to the

joy of the occasion. About seventy sat down to the table and enjoyed social cheer while partaking of refreshments; then followed music, vocal and instrumental. The company sang in English and Japanese that precious hymn, 'How firm a foundation.' How inspiring to behold the results of the labors of our missionaries and realize we have some part in this work so honored of God!

"Bishop Ninde spoke of the joy that filled his heart as he was surrounded by so many brethren and sisters in the Lord and of the fact that twenty-five years ago there were only eight Christians in Japan, while now there is over 30,000. What might we not expect within the next twenty-five years? His entire speech was interpreted almost verbatim by one of our native preachers, who has a remarkable faculty of taking in an entire address and then giving it in Japanese. A few words from your correspondent found their way to the ears of the Japanese through the skill of this brother. The doxology was sung and at 9:30 we were preparing for rest. We shall ever be grateful to our dear Miss Spencer and Miss Watson and their assistants for providing for us such a delightful evening."

Referring to this reception in another letter, mother writes: "The reception at Tokio was very delightful, with missionaries, Japanese scholars, Bible readers and school girls. It was worth coming all the way to Japan to see and hear these redeemed converts. We are saved in receptions here from so much shaking hands. The Japanese bow almost to the ground, and all we have to do is to bow low. My gray hair awakens much reverence and to me they bow as low as to the bishop. The foreign concession is a beautiful spot on the bluff looking down into the city and on the bay. Green hedges along the road, no sidewalks. We have electric lights but all the way a jinriksha man with his bright lantern will come running along illuminating the way. This mode of conveyance is so nice for the rider, though it seems so hard for the man. It is brought right to your door when it rains, a cover like a buggy top, curtains in front so that the rain cannot enter, and so cheap—five cents for two miles, and one all to yourself. I prefer

LUCY PRESCOTT VANE

This is a later picture of Mrs. Prescott Vane, who was so long a co-worker with Mary C. Nind

them to street cars. There are very few carriages here. We have cereal food and strawberries for breakfast. We have had strawberries almost every day and such fine ones, in such large dishes. They are sold by the hundred, counted out when you buy them. Three cents for five hundred was the price today.

"On Children's Day I attended the exercises of Miss Simons' day and Sunday school, over which Mrs. Ny No Mya presided, the wife of the lay representative to General Conference. A mixed audience and a large one, but she went through the program as well as any woman. It was a long program, yet through it all the children were so orderly and quiet. They recited many portions of scripture and poems, sang and made addresses, the best of which was by a blind boy, twelve years of age. The Bible woman, one of our Yokohama graduates, led in prayer. One of the local teachers and myself made addresses, interpreted by the Bible woman. The pastor baptized six children. The exercises lasted two hours. The house was crowded, people standing around the doors. My soul was greatly stirred to see these children brought from heathen homes and many who were present, both children and adults saved by 'The mighty to save.'

"The next day Mrs. Ninde and I started for Nagoya, riding in second-hand English cars. There are long lounges the whole length and a short one at one end of the car, and a toilet room at the other end, so that you can lie down, if the car is not full, better than in a drawing-room car in the United States. As our car both ways was nearly empty, we had well nigh a private car, and with our pillows and rugs had a restful time, though slow. We were twelve and one-half hours making the trip, the distance being about the same as between Detroit and Chicago. The advantage of the slow travel is the ability to see everything along the line and it is indeed a wonderful trip, away from some of the great cities into the country. Let me give you a few points of special interest. The thatched roofs with flowers and grasses on the top, the Hakone range of mountains with the world-wide famous Fujiyama, cone shaped, rising above the clouds, mantled in snow. This mountain is visited

by all tourists but we are contented to behold it and adore its Creator. We passed through rice fields and tea fields. In the former men and women were walking ankle and knee deep in mud. We saw the wheat harvest, the tops being cut off, the straw gathered in bundles and carried on the shoulders of men, then threshed with pounding by a wooden instrument and spread on mats to dry and ground between two stones as in the days of Christ. Every now and then, we had a glimpse of the blue Pacific and saw the fishermen in the bay. We also saw many temples, some Buddhist and some Shintoist. We passed through many tunnels, showing that the road had encountered many obstacles. We saw a few horses in the field but they are very scarce. Men and women are beasts of burden. The dress of the people is varied. Some dress as we do, others with a pair of pants to the knee and a loose garment; others with a flowing garment only; some with pants only and some with nothing but a loin cloth; children naked as from the earth they came. We crossed on iron bridges, the three great rivers of this region, requiring great engineering, for they are very broad. We were delighted with their farming. Every inch of ground is utilized. There is no waste here. Gardens and farms are models of beauty and taste.

"We visited our day school among the poor and wretched heathens. Oh, the odors, the filth, by which these children are environed! How much of self sacrifice for a teacher who spends her life among them! From there we went to the kindergarten for the children of the upper tens. It is difficult to get the children to come. Right near the kindergarten school is a temple and I saw the deluded worshipers ascend the steps, ring the bells to call their gods, kneel or stand and repeat a few words, deposit a piece of money and then leave. An old woman was among the number with her earthly all tied to her back. She goes from temple to temple and from shrine to shrine to earn merit. At Nagoya, we have our best day schools, the children taking a four years' course. How marked the change. The longer the children are under these influences, the more we see the blessed results of education. We were

very much interested this morning in the calisthenic drill given by the teacher and required by government in all schools. How these children could stand in the burning sun with heads uncovered, I could not understand, but then, most of the people go bare-headed from their infancy, women always.

"June 22d, was the day of the terrible earthquake when we so narrowly escaped death, though none of us were hurt beyond a severe nervous shock. Besides the one severe shock, there were four small shocks during the night. Forty-five lives were lost but not a missionary was lost though the loss to all our mission property is immense. Saturday we all went to the great Buddhist Temple at Akasaka, popularly called Menseke, the chief religious edifice in this city, of the Monto sect of Buddhists founded in 1657. Huge, ugly idols are at the gate, thirty feet high. In an enclosure on the fence are hung the straw shoes of those going on a journey who have left them for a blessing. Inside the temple is the god of pain, whose features have been rubbed smooth by the poor, deluded victims who have first rubbed the idol, then themselves, expecting healing. A tank of holy water to be drank from and washed in! Hands washed and wiped on filthy towels which scores if not hundreds use! Every one makes an offering before they do anything, which goes to the sensual priests who watch eagerly for the money. Thousands go to this temple daily. We saw a pilgrim, dirty and ragged with his earthly all upon his back who had visited many shrines and was considered a devotee, who made long and loud prayers. The Buddhist do not believe in taking life, they eat no meat, at least one sect of them. Doves fly about the temple unmolested making everything filthy. Food is sold to feed them and it is considered an act of merit. A sacred horse is also kept the same way, a poor, dirty specimen at that. We were literally surrounded by these people whenever we stopped, and seemed to be of more interest to them than their devotions. Dirty, wretched objects, no smile of peace or joy lighting their faces after their devotions. Weary hearts finding no rest.

"We visited the Peeress School for the daughters of the nobil-

ity. The building cost about $40,000. It is very substantially but not elaborately built. We had to get permits and carry them with us when we went into the room. We visited the cooking school, for their girls are taught cooking, and when the Board of Education come to visit, they prepare a meal. We visited most of the rooms from kindergarten to the highest class. We saw some handsome girls dressed in royal purple and maroon skirts of silk and satin. We saw them at their calisthenics and were amused at their fan drill which was very pretty and graceful. Miss Tsonda, the daughter of a man of high rank, is a graduate of Vassar and has been to Bryn Mawr. She is a highly educated lady and a Christian. The Japanese Government sent six of these bright girls to America when they were quite young to be educated. The peeress is very much interested in the education of the higher classes and often visits the school. We were admitted to her room where she receives. The portraits of the emperor and peeress were there but were closed. They are only opened on special occasions. The head or superior teachers are received by the peeress, but subordinates are expected to enter the room and bow according to the rules of Japanese etiquette to the pictures; it well nigh amounts to worship.

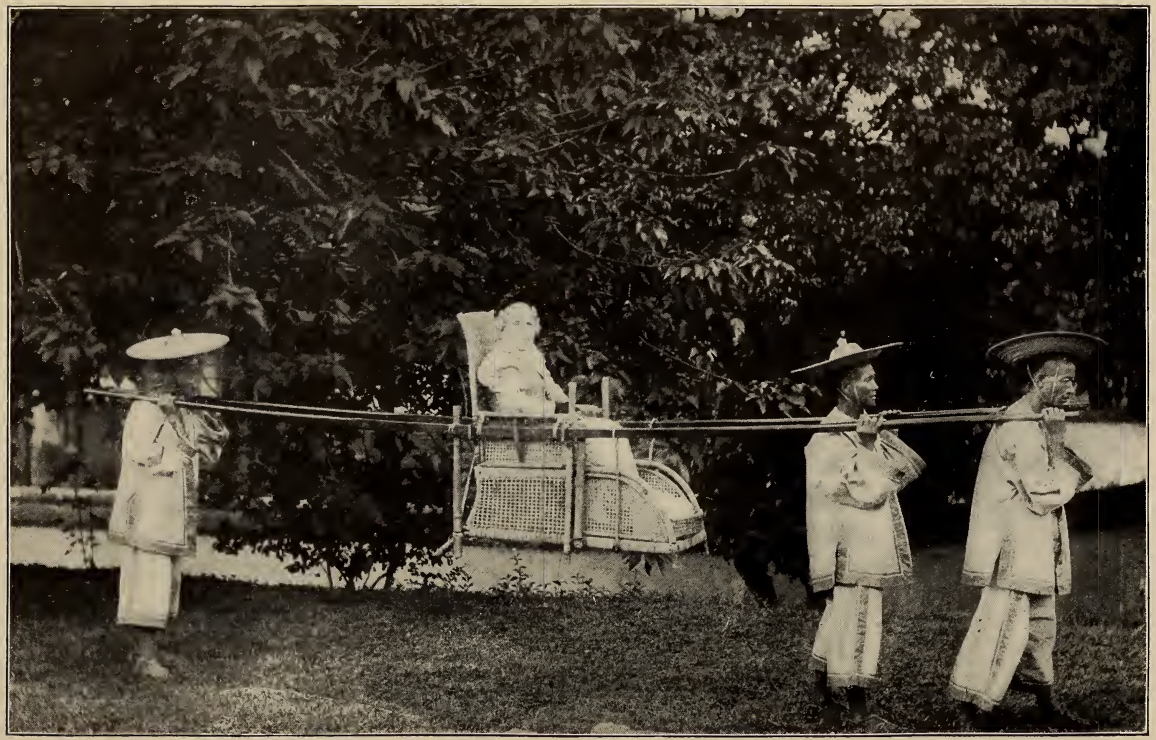
"Nikko, up among the mountains, is said to be the paradise of Japan, and for natural scenery, I suppose it is. Here are the magnificent temples, erected by aristocratic heathen, hundreds of years old, preserved as monuments of art and costing millions of money. I am in sight of the mountains about 800 feet high, all covered with rich foliage. A little way off is the park and the ancient road on either side of which are lofty pines reaching toward the clouds. I never saw trees with such a circumference even in California. The scenery is magnificent. These waterfalls, mountains, gardens, ravines, shady lanes with moss covered stone walls on either side baffle description. Nikko must be seen to be appreciated. Our Father has lavished wealth and beauty here where Buddhists and Shintoists worship in their blindness and bow down to wood and stone, gold and silver, brass and lacquer, and all that art can con-

struct and adorn. Oh, how every prospect pleases and only man is vile!

"About a mile away, the river comes rushing down from the mountains over the massive rocks and all along the river bank are gods, one hundred in number, images of Buddha, each one having a different expression. One at the end of the road is very large. It is said to be 300 years old. Returning, we went into a Japanese garden. These gardens are so beautiful and spacious. They are so much like public parks, only so artistic. The Japanese are full of art.

"I next visited Sendai with Miss Russell of Nagasaki as traveling companion. She speaks Japanese fluently. The scenery is beautiful; mountains, valleys, rice and tea fields, and gardens beautifully cultivated, the road bed good, but with only iron rails. The cars are kept very clean. We took first class English cars. Every few stations they come in and clean up, and bring in a teapot of hot or cold water, just which you prefer, and four tumblers, changing them when needed. When we reached Sendai we were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Swartz and the Bible woman. When traveling in Japan we have to produce our passports to the police. Mine was all right. It allows me to travel all over Japan for six months, but Miss Russell, who had never been north before, failed to have Sendai specified and the police told her she could not stay. She had quite an argument with them while I waited by my jinriksha. The crowd gathered as they do around any foreigner. Probably a hundred persons surrounded her and the police. At last she was allowed to go to the house while Mrs. Swartz went to find a Japanese lawyer to see to the case. In two hours, the word came that it was all right, and we sang the doxology. About 11 p. m. the bell rang and our lawyer arrived, saying they had decided unless she was too ill or too weary to go on she must take the next train at 2:45 a. m., so a doctor was summoned to whom she said she was on a health trip, ordered by her physician, having had a sunstroke. Four copies of this statement had to be made and then the chief of police and governor were aroused from their slumbers to receive the cer-

tificate and it was 6 o'clock in the morning before our lawyer got through and it was decided that she could remain. So much for Japanese passports."



IN A SEDAN CHAIR

This picture was taken in China in June, 1835, while Mrs. Nind was making her tour around the world

CHAPTER XI

TRAVELS IN JAPAN

"A few days afterwards we began our northern trip. The ascent to Hakodati Head, 1,150 feet, well repays one by the view, at the peak, of the Pacific, the shipping, the valleys below from which we had come, the city in the distance, the clouds beneath us and the bracing mountain air. Two days later, we went to the sulphur springs, four miles distant, in a *basha,* a covered wagon with narrow seats on each side, too narrow to sit comfortably and too low for six-footers. This was drawn by two skinny ponies, with very rude and poor harness, but we had a careful driver. We put up at a Japanese hotel. Some take the hot sulphur baths. The cost of a bath is five cents if it is private; when you go in with someone else it costs nothing. These Japanese are very fond of bathing, but they use water hot enough to cook us. There are public baths on the streets. Men and women bathe together indiscriminately. It is no uncommon thing to see people bathing as you walk the streets. Those of us who did not take a bath took a walk in the gardens. The Japanese gardens are so beautiful. A wealthy merchant of this city has built him a home near the springs. His grounds cover twenty-five acres, where flowers, fruit and vegetables flourish. He has been to the United States and brought home seeds so that we saw various familiar flowers interspersed with Japanese varieties.

"Sunday we attended the English church in the morning and heard a good sermon from their missionary. I preached in the evening to a large congregation of Japanese, Mr. Eito interpreting. He is a wealthy merchant and the first man converted in Hokaido, and is a very earnest temperance worker. He is president of the temperance society for the island. We had a good service, followed by an earnest prayer meeting. The following Tues-

day we accepted an invitation to call on our Japanese pastor and wife. A Japanese house has no chairs. Every one sits on their heels on the mat; but when I go, whom they call *'obaasan,'* meaning 'old woman,' they have a chair for me. After the customary tea and cake, we had prayer and went home.

August the 10th Mrs. Ninde and the boys went to Yokohama. The boys hoped to climb the Sacred Mountain of Japan, Fuji. The Gotembi Station is on the railway, three hours' ride from Yokohama, where guides, horses, quilts, etc., can be secured. Travelers have to take their own food and warm clothing, as on the summit the temperature falls below freezing at night, even during the hottest weather. The shortest time for ascending and descending is nine hours and eight minutes, of which six hours and fifty minutes is used in ascending. The better way is to rise at two in the morning, see the glorious sunrise, make the summit at mid-day and spend the night at the top, thus getting the sunset and the second sunrise.

"Hirosaki, where Miss Georgiana Baucus is a devoted missionary, is 100 miles from Hakodoti in the interior. To make this 100 miles, we first walked down town, where we secured our tickets, then, as the steamer anchored out in the bay, we took a sampan with our baggage. The bay was rough and I was glad when we reached the steamer safely. We reached Aomori in the morning, then another sampan trip across the bay which was delightful. We deposited our baggage at the hotel and went to breakfast with Miss Southern of the American Episcopal Church. She is the only missionary in this wicked little city, and has lived alone among this people, greatly blessed of God in her work, especially with young men, some of whom are now preparing for the ministry. We took a jinriksha for 30 miles, and with our hand baggage and two men, we started out tandem, one man in the shafts, the other having a rope around him by which to pull. The day was fortunately cool, the roads good, the scenery beautiful and had we not seen so many dirty, unsightly people, I should have enjoyed it greatly. We stopped at a tea house midway, and as no foreign food is to be had, we brought our lunch, secured a room with tea and light re-

freshments provided. Having asked the proprietor to shut us in from the gaze of the crowd who gathered about the door and peeped in between the screens, we ate and drank in peace, leaving five cents, the usual fee for. accommodations. Refreshed, we took up our carriages and went on. As we neared the city, at the entrance a very delightful scene met our view. The pastor and some of the leading women of the church, Bible readers, teachers and a number of the school girls had come out to welcome us, and stood on each side of the road. We alighted and walked through the street, followed by these people, the pastor and I heading the procession. We made the 30 miles with all the detentions in seven hours and the men seemed fresh and cheerful. The mail is carried between these two points by a man on foot, who with a pole over his shoulder and two bags runs along like a lamp-lighter. Miss Baucus lives in a Japanese house which is very simple and cozy. The garden is at the rear and the house front, like all small houses, stands out on the street, but we are sheltered from the gaze of outsiders by bamboo curtains and paper blinds. We take off our shoes in the vestibule, as no leather shoes are worn in Japanese houses, hence, the floors are always clean on which they sit and sleep. Hundreds of pilgrims travel great distances to pay homage to their mountain god with beating drums and other instruments of music. For ten days they were passing our home with flags, banners, bands of music, songs and shouts, on horseback, in carts, but most of them on foot, weary and dusty or soaked with rain, for the weather was variable. In vain I sought for an intelligible, beaming face. I saw not one among the thousands. On their return they dragged with ropes a huge car and men personified dragons, rats, and elephants as deities, and those who dragged the car danced their heathenish dance. Forcibly to my mind came the scene at Mount Carmel, with Elijah and the prophets of Baal. When, O, when shall these pilgrims of the night become the pilgrims of the light! Would God that they were pilgrims to Mount Zion!

"A welcome meeting was held in honor of Miss Baucus' return

and my coming. The Japanese principal is a beautiful young woman in her manner and discipline, a very earnest Christian and lives to promote the interest of the poor. This is the only Christian girls' school in this city of 35,000 population. When we arrived, the teachers stood on each side of the vestibule to receive us and escorted us to our seats while all the congregation arose and bowed. The address of the principal was very touching and tender. I responded, Miss Baucus followed, and then the children were given a little treat. The next day, I visited the poor school for the very poor children and nurses, taught by one of our earnest Christian girls, who was educated in Hakodoti. These nurse girls came to study and hear the word of God with babies, some nearly as large as they were, on their backs. I held another meeting with the Christian women here, a Bible reading with the English-speaking converts and addressed the boys' school which was not a Christian school. It was instituted 25 years ago and I am the first woman thus honored.

"A few days later I woke very early to prepare for another journey but before I was dressed at 6:15, friends were arriving to say good-bye, and they continued to come until 9 o'clock. Then we concluded to have a farewell prayer meeting. They all sat around the room on their feet on the floor. Many of them brought little tokens. Then as I took my jinriksha they stood out on the street and bowed in Oriental style, low to the ground.

"September the 13th I spent the evening at Brother Spencer's. He has a magic lantern and gave us views of the World's Fair, scenes in Japan, England and the United States. We walked home a mile enjoying the moonlight and the illuminations in honor of the emperor and his cabinet, who are in the city. We had intended leaving today, but the arrival of his Imperial Majesty is a rare opportunity for us to see him and we postponed our departure. The next morning I started at half-past six to see the sights. The weather was auspicious. The streets were perfectly clean. Everybody was in their best. The police, soldiery, both infantry and cavalry, were out. The government schools walked in orderly

procession and from the temple where the emperor came to the depot, ropes were stretched on either side of the street, and from 80,000 to 85,000 people stood more quietly than I have ever seen crowds stand in England or America. There was no noise, no loud talking, no pushing; with uncovered heads, men and women, foreigners and natives, stood there for hours, still patient and quiet. Brother Spencer had spoken to one of the policemen who belongs to our church to find us an advantageous place to stand, for no vehicles were permitted in line. Brother Spencer led the way and we foreigners, ten in number, speeding down, the people on the outer side about eight deep, gazing at us and we at them. We had a fine view of it all. At 9 o'clock came the Imperial baggage, several trunks on a cart, but each piece separately. The Imperial mail comes in a cart by itself. Some of the officers, highly decorated, had the national flower in gold or silver on the arm. Then came the cavalry, followed by the carriage, bearing the emperor and his prime minister, the coachman and footman, elegantly attired in green and gold and feathers in their cocked hats. The emperor, who is a small man, like most of the Japanese, not strikingly handsome, did not turn to right or left, and made no response at all. He was dressed in simple uniform. He is on his way to Hiroshima, moving his troops from Tokio thither and will stay among them for a while. This is considered as an aggressive movement, when you remember that before his reign, thirty years since, the emperor was never seen, and where and whenever he passed, every door and window was shut and no one permitted on the street, and now in the presence of gathered thousands he goes from the north to the south of the empire to locate the army. As soon as the royal party had passed, firing of cannon and fireworks continued for a time. I never saw such beautiful fireworks. The sky was cloudless, a perfect azure blue and they sent the national flower into the sky several times and then pieces in the shape of kites were seen flying, and balloons. It was indeed beautiful. In this city of 200,000, there are only about 350 Christians.

"Kobe is a favorable open port of Japan, owing to the purity

and dryness of the atmosphere. We left Nagoya Saturday and stopped on the way at Kioto, a city of 300,000. We wanted specially to see the new and spacious Buddhist temple costing a million dollars. This is the temple about which so much has been written and said. I will not attempt to describe its magnificent architecture, carving and ornamentation. It must be seen to be appreciated. It is a marvelous structure and demonstrates the style of these Japanese people and the strength of Buddhism. One huge fraud was discovered. Much has been said and written about the immense coils of human hair contributed by the devoted women by which the massive pillars and timbers were drawn to the temple. Well, we saw them, and carefully investigated them and discovered that the large coils were rope over which human hair was twisted—enough hair to denote sacrifice, but not the immense quantity reported. The temple will be a magnificent building when completed, not to be surpassed by any other. My expectant faith realizes it will some day be a temple consecrated to the worship of the one living and true God. At another temple, erected in the twelfth century, we saw 33,333 gods; 1,000 of these gilded images are five feet high, covered with brass and all represent the eleven-faced, thousand-handed *kwannon.* Pitiful sights, these gods many, but we thought of the promise which will surely be fulfilled, 'The idols He will utterly abolish,' and yet another promise, 'Their land also is full of idols; they worship the work of their own hands, that which their fingers have made, but in that day a man shall cast his idols of silver and his idols of gold, which they have made, each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats.' Lord help Thy church to hasten this day.

"From Kobi we go on to Nagasaki where Miss Russell has been principal eleven years. In this school are over a hundred girls who have been converted, not to say anything about those who have gone out from the school. Some of these girls are now pupil teachers. Their clean attire, bright faces, radiant with the joy of peace and salvation, their testimonies, prayers and songs make my heart leap for joy, and, the leaven here will continue to work till the

whole shall be leavened. In connection with this school are eleven Sunday schools among the very poor taught by our own girls, a dispensary and hospital for the poor sick, Bible and evangelistic works and other forms of benevolence.

"I have now traveled about 3,000 miles in Japan by steamer, railroad and jinriksha, have visited the open ports and some other places in the interior. This is indeed a beautiful land abounding in charming scenery. Wherever the eye turns you are impressed with the thought, 'Every prospect pleases.' But, O, the spiritual destitution! O, the multitudes who have never heard the story of Jesus and His love! These make my heart sick all the time and I would that I had command of the language that I might utter a few words of the gospel message."

Mrs. Nind and a helper
in India

Mrs. Nind and Japanese
Interpreter

CHAPTER XII

AROUND THE WORLD, CONTINUED — CHINA

It had been the original intention of Bishop Ninde's party upon leaving Japan to go to Corea and North China before visiting Shanghai but as the Chinese-Japanese war was raging in those places it was deemed best for the ladies and children of the party to give up this part of their tour and Bishop Ninde went on alone. We therefore give you mother's own account of the closing days in Nagasaki and the arrival in China, gleaning from her letters those things of interest which she saw and which most impressed her as she tarried for thirteen months in China.

October 8, 1894, she writes from Shanghai, China: "Another stage in the journey has been reached and another Ebenezer raised, but let me return to October the 3d. We received a telegram from Yokohama that the steamship Empress of India had arrived and that the missionaries from the United States for Foochow and various stations in Japan would be at Nagasaki on Friday morning, so that made it clear that I should lay my plans to depart with them. We had another meeting with the dear girls and another tea with the teachers and some of our Christian women. Thursday was consumed in packing and returning calls, meetings and private conversations with enquirers. Friday morning the missionaries from the ship, having been invited to our Nagasaki home, took breakfast and dinner with us and early in the beautiful afternoon we started for the steamer. The sea was calm and the vessel splendid, with good service and nice officers; but the best of all was the good company of missionaries from the different churches.

"The torpedoes in all the harbors delayed us at every port and this fact accounts for our arriving here Sunday, the 7th, instead of Saturday. We had to leave the Empress and take a launch 12 miles below Shanghai, but the proprietor of the Missionary Home, here in

Shanghai, came out on the launch, took charge of us all and our luggage and conducted us safely to the Missionary Home.

"Shanghai, in the Foreign Concessions, looks very much like a home city with the exception of its narrow streets, but there are no pretty walks about it. The park is the only place that is attractive and that is near the harbor.

"The Chinese are more noisy and not as clean as the Japanese and I much missed the politeness which characterizes the latter.

"Today, I have responded to an invitation given me by the ladies of the Woman's Missionary Union, the first woman's foreign missionary society organized, to visit their home, school and hospital at the West Gate. The ride is mostly through an uninteresting part of the city, after you leave the Bund, which is the principal street, facing the river, and is a fine, broad one. After leaving the Bund, however, the streets become so narrow that it seems as if you would be run into by some other jinriksha or the Chinese wheelbarrows, or the coolies who carry everything on their shoulders, hung on a bamboo pole. The people are so noisy and so dirty and so many that it is a relief to get into comparatively quiet streets, which are rare things here. But, I reached in safety the home of the missionaries at West Gate. This is the finest missionary home I have seen. It has no school attached. It was built at a cost of $10,000 by a wealthy German; it is of solid brick, polished floors, spacious rooms and halls and beautiful grounds laid out with taste. The man who built it made his fortune and desired to return to the homeland to educate his children, so sold it at a sacrifice. A lady in New Jersey bought it and made the missionary society a present of it. We had an excellent dinner and with it all much profitable conversation.

"Soon after dinner, we went over to the hospital and learned more of medical work than I ever thought I could in two hours. The reception room and the vestibule were crowded with patients of all ages and classes, for the head doctor is very popular. She is a Methodist and like her colleagues is a graduate of the Woman's College of Philadelphia. Many of the patients pay for their treat-

ments and medicines so that last year the doctor had a balance of over $1,000. A Chinaman sat near the door from whom the patients received their number and a blank prescription paper. Only six are admitted to the doctor's receiving room at once. She is aided by two Chinese converted helpers, one of whom comes from a high-class Buddhist family and is fairly educated. The only drawback to her usefulness is her bound feet.

"Skin diseases, most repulsive in appearance, were the prevailing disorders at the dispensary. The doctor made each diagnosis very rapidly and sent her patients to the prescription room. The doctors make their own pills and powders.

"We went again to the reception room to see the Bible woman who preaches the gospel to the waiting patients, the number often reaching 200 a day. She is a very earnest, efficient woman, and has been working here for many years.

"Last year there were ten thousand patients in this hospital and dispensary. From the dispensary we went to the hospital, passing through the wards and seeing various cases, with all kinds of diseases, from a babe two weeks old, to the aged woman. I had a heart-sickening sight of a woman's bound foot, for the nurse unbound it for me. I cannot think of it since without a shudder of horror.

"From the hospital we went to the boarding school and saw the girls at their weaving and spinning. Really, I feel I had a day of valuable knowledge and then to close with, we went into an opium den, which was four stories high, where we saw the poor victims in every state. Hundreds were there and among them many women of the baser sort. It was a dreadful sight. From there we looked into other dens where the devil holds full sway. We had a sight into a Chinese theater and at one hall saw the people worshiping the ancestral tablet. The streets are narrow and crowded and every one is so noisy that it is a treat to get into one's own room and be away from the sight of the multitude, though you cannot get away from the sounds. As I walked down the streets last night, I could not help imagining what an awful thing a Chinese

mob must be. The Lord deliver us from the awful experience through which so many missionaries have passed, some of them to glory.

"I have visited the old Chinese West Gate where the people have their shops and dwelling houses. The streets are narrow and dirty, with filthy smells and scenes. The canal which flows through this part of the city is a muddy stream and yet the people wash their rice in it. Here are beggars of every description, in rags, with skin diseases, filthy, asking alms of all that pass, lifting up their voices and crying aloud. If the people who say, 'We have heathen at home,' could see the sights I have seen, they would never say it again.

"We went into the temple where the poor deluded worshipers were burning incense sticks to their gods and worshiping. Candles were burning while others, regardless of what was going on, were walking about and talking or laughing. We met several small footed women, leaning as they walked on the shoulder of another, or being led by the hand. Did we not know that the promises are sure as the throne of God, we could not believe these multitudes so low and degraded could ever be reached, but 'The work of our God abideth forever,' and He has declared 'All flesh shall see the salvation.'

"October 15. Yesterday we saw a Chinese funeral of the poorer class, passing our house. It was preceded by music of cymbals and flutes and then the chair bearing the ancestral tablet. The priest walked ahead of the huge coffin which was covered with scarlet cloth, gaily embroidered and was borne on the shoulders of four men with bamboo poles. The mourners, who did not seem much like mourners, were all dressed in white and rode in jinrikshas.

"October 19. We left Shanghai by steamer to reach Chingkiang, our first station on the Yangtse River. We had a good steamer, an English captain, good Chinese service and excellent table and good beds. We had a smooth passage but we arrived at an unseasonable hour. It was past midnight but a good brother of the General Missionary Society was down to meet us with his

coolies and sedan chairs, and we were safely landed in our Chingkiang home and soon asleep. In the morning we met at the table, Dr. Hoag and Miss Robinson, two of our earnest, devoted missionaries, who have been long upon the field, and Miss White, the teacher of music.

"The Chingkiang school and hospital command a beautiful view from the hill on which they stand, of the city, the river, the valley and the other mission stations, the fort and the temples. We say of it, truly, 'Beautiful for situation,' the joy of the missionaries. If it were not surrounded by Chinese graves it would be all we could desire, but these graves so near us, everywhere, are inevitable in China. Our schools and hospital buildings, models of cleanliness and good ventilation, though extremely plain and simple, do credit to the wisdom and economy of these dear women who have been here from the incipiency. In the evening, we heard the girls sing, and such excellent singing I have not heard since I left the United States, from any of our school girls. Anthems and hymns were beautifully sung and in such excellent time. Miss White is an excellent teacher whom all the girls love. Katy Hoag, a Chinese girl whom Dr. Hoag has adopted, plays and sings well. She is a beautiful character and a great help to her foster mother. There is another girl here who was redeemed from an awful life to which she had been assigned but was determined to keep herself pure. She has a voice that thrilled me soul and body, and she is a great joy to these dear women who paid $250 to redeem her. She is an earnest Christian and will make her mark in this land. There are eight infants and a number of little ones here who are very sweet children and run to be kissed every morning when we go into prayers. One is a baby who was brought here a mere skeleton, nearly starved, but is now fat and sits through all the worship as good as she can be.

"I addressed the Epworth League, Katy interpreting for me, and then these dear children, great and small, spoke and prayed in rapid succession—a model for many of our homes in the homeland. I am

delighted with this school, hospital and home and I am glad that Michigan has so large a share in it.

"October 26. We left Chingkiang after a most enjoyable day. I am now writing from Kiukiang. The scenery up the river is much more hilly and therefore prettier. We made several stops on the way, giving us an opportunity to see the walled cities, pagodas, temples and people. One temple is built up on a lofty mountain where some devotees stay for seven weary years away from all the world. Another place of interest was the Orphan Rock, 200 feet high, in the midst of the river.

"When we arrived at Kiukiang, we took sedan chairs to our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society home. During the Conference, which was held here, two enthusiastic meetings against foot-binding were held. This is the region where foot-binding is most prevalent. Every woman, rich and poor, binds her feet, except those whom Miss Howe, our pioneer missionary, has persuaded not to do so and even many Christians continue this sin.

"November 3. We left Kiukiang on Thursday night and soon were asleep, steaming up the mighty Yangtse. Friday morning was lovely, and we were on deck nearly all day, noting the points of interest among which were the many villages and cities, the latter with their massive walls and towers. The fishermen with their nets and boats were too many to enumerate. The largest city before reaching Hankow was one whose walls were more massive and perfect than any city I have yet seen. Along the river bank, men were pulling boats, sometimes only three men to a boat, sometimes as many as eighteen, according to the size of the boat, doing the work that horses and mules do along our home canals.

"Temples and pagodas abound all along the river, some of them are very finely built, exhibiting splendid architectural skill.

"Twice on the way, we saw an unusual feat performed. A junk load of Chinese were bearing down upon our steamer and while she was running at full speed numbers of the men from the junk made the transit to our steamer. The captain says that he does not charge them anything for their passage, for he does not stop for them to

get on, and if they should fall overboard he would not stop to rescue them. The junk men must do that. Another sight was a raft of lumber going down the river on which were constructed four houses. In these houses the raft-men live till they reach their destination, then take down the houses and sell the lumber, which is all the better seasoned.

"Later in the afternoon we reached Hankow, a city of one million inhabitants. The English Wesleyan missionaries, whose guests we were to be, sent sedan chairs for us and we were soon on the shoulders of the men, being borne aloft, and for three miles through the most narrow and crowded streets I have ever yet seen we traveled. In that distance we met and passed thousands of people, the surging multitudes jostling and crowding all the way. It was a great relief when we entered the mission compound away from the throng in which I had only discovered twenty women. We were cordially welcomed by the missionaries and as soon as we had a little refreshment we visited the two hospitals, one for men, the other for women, with dispensaries and all the needed rooms and apparatus for complete work. We also visited the boys' school and the school for the blind, where these unfortunate ones are taught to read and write and to work in straw and bamboo, out of which they make many beautiful articles. We visited the street chapel and the hospital chapel. These Wesleyans have extensive buildings and are doing a good work here.

"Early the next morning after prayers with the servants and children we took sedan chairs through the crowded streets and then alighting climbed up a hill 300 feet, where we had a delightful view of the three cities, Hankow, Wuchang and Hanyang; the two rivers, the Yangtse and the Han; the iron and smelting works, the gun works, the Grand Canal, and all the shipping in the harbor. From this 'Tortoise Shell' mountain we viewed the 'landscape o'er.' Then descending we took a sampan to our steamer, having had with these cordial missionaries royal hospitality and blessed fellowship.

"November 5. Kiukiang, to which place we have returned for

a little season. The trip down the river to this place was delightful.

Sunday we attended the English Church service and communion in the morning. In the afternoon the Master, whose I am and whom I serve, gave me the privilege of preaching in my own tongue to an English speaking people and I greatly enjoyed it.

"Wuhu, November 9. We arrived here yesterday. The mission property is finely located and commands a fine view of the surrounding country, as well as of the Yangtse. Yesterday one of the viceroys went down the river to Nanking, accompanied by gun boats, and the salutes were many and heavy. All the cities and the ports are handsomely decorated in honor of the Empress Dowager's birthday, and when these celebrations are over the nation will go into mourning for one hundred days for the dead Empress. During these hundred days no man is allowed to shave his head.

"Shanghai, November 16. From Wuhu to Nanking, the ancient capital, was but a short trip. Our property at Nanking is very fine. Our missionaries have built well. The home, the girls' school and the woman's school are all models; especially is the home a model of neatness and cheerfulness. We spent five days at Nanking. I preached on Sunday to the missionaries and community people, attended class meeting and talked to the women and to the girls. During the other days we attended a missionary association of all the missionaries, held a temperance meeting, visited the missionaries in the Quaker settlement, and went to the Ming Tombs. These tombs are 500 years old and are five miles from the city of Nanking. We saw the ancient walls and statuary, massive masonry and aqueducts, and we passed through the old Tartar city and marked its ruins. These Tartars are said to be fed from the Emperor's table and are large, fine looking people. There are no bound-footed women among the Tartars.

"The ancient capital everywhere shows indications of the destruction by the Taiping Rebellion in the fallen gates and crumbled walls. Even the Ming Tombs, though so solidly and substantially built, show signs of decay and lack of care, though a solid stone walk with stone sentinels in the form of horses, tigers, lions, dogs

and elephants leads the way to the entrance. The first gate consists of a granite slab, resting on the back of an immense turtle and slab, both carved out of a single stone. We were told that it had been there 500 years, so according to Chinese ideas it was quite new, for with them nothing is old unless it be of thousands of years standing. In this tomb the ancient emperors are buried and twice a year the officials are required to come and show respect to royalty long since dead.

"Here also we visited the temple of Confucius, as bare, dirty and neglected as any other. Besides the memorial tablets of Confucius it contained some in memory of his father and mother. We visited the chamber of horrors and of rewards, one showing the pleasures of heaven, the other the tortures of hades. The gross, sensual characters of the images of the one set and the cruel ingenuity displayed in the other were a fresh demonstration to us of the ignorance and the horrors of heathenism."

CHAPTER XIII

WITH HER DAUGHTER IN FOOCHOW

"Foochow, November 28. At last we are settled in this delightful place. We left Shanghai in a small coasting steamer. The baggage room and steerage were full of Chinese engaged in smoking opium. With their huge pipes, about the size and shape of a flute, in their mouths, they were reclining in such a way as to hold a tiny ball of opium at the point of a long needle over the lighted lamp, which is a necessary adjunct of each man's opium outfit. The ship was filled with this and many other disagreeable odors. It rocked and pitched against a heavy swell, until we gave a sigh of relief when on the second day the anchorage was reached and we knew our voyage was nearly ended."

This latter remark was justified, for here in Foochow her daughter with her husband and children was then living and she had planned a long stay with them.

"But now of the conferences. It has been good to be here in both. To meet so many native Christians, men and women. To hear their testimonies and prayers. To see so many ordained elders has certainly been very inspiring. Then we have had such a spiritual time. The Holy Spirit has been poured out. We have had evening meetings. The Lord has helped the Bishop and me in preaching. Souls have been sanctified and endued and we have had a time of great refreshing. Last night was one of the most memorable. Our church here is too small. Every Sunday the students and faculty fill it so that there is not room for outsiders, and people who would come cannot. We have been packed during Conference. I received an inspiration on a new church and told the brethren I wanted to take up a subscription here, see how much we could raise, and then let the Bishop go home and do what he could to secure the balance. So yesterday, though I

addressed the Anglo-Chinese students in the morning and the Women's Conference in the afternoon, in the evening I did what I could to build a church for God in Foochow. It was a memorable time. I never saw it excelled. The Lord of hosts was with us graciously and the people gave their silver and their gold. The women brought their earrings, bracelets, head ornaments, neck chains and rings, and we raised about $1,500. Oh, it was a hilarious time! You know the new version reads, 'God loves a hilarious giver.' He must have been in love with many people last night."

Writing a few days later, mother says: "Last night we went to a Chinese feast at Mrs. Ahok's. Her husband gave $10,000 to found our Anglo-Chinese College before he was converted. His wife made a visit to England and did good work in missionary meetings, but while she was there he died. The house is very elegant; one part built and furnished in foreign style, the rest in native. The family consists of Mrs. Ahok, two sons and a bride of the eldest son. He is only 17 years old, she 18. We were escorted into the reception room and tea was brought in elegant covered cups. After a little chat the eldest son led me by the hand through the corridors into the elegant dining room, lighted with the most elegant chandelier I have ever seen. The lamps were of oil, with small floating wicks. There were candlesticks, very elaborate Chinese lanterns, and lamps of various kinds, which made the room brilliant. The woodwork was handsomely carved and the scroll work was beautiful. The table, which was a round one, was tastefully decorated with flowers and vines and all the rooms had flowers to add to their beauty. According to Chinese custom, the daughter-in-law was not present at the table, so we were invited to the bridal chamber, which was also brightly lighted. The bed and bedding were elegant. The bed contains gold and lacquered drawers, in which to put away many little things. There were handsome silk curtains all around the bed. The larger drawers outside were beautifully painted with birds and flowers and were fastened with brass locks peculiar to the Chinese.

"The bride is not a Christian, although the bridegroom is. So one side of the room bears the marks of heathenism, the other of Christianity. They were probably betrothed before the parents of the bridegroom became Christians. She is a small-footed woman and was most elegantly dressed in a silk and satin embroidered robe. She was painted and powdered and wore a great deal of jewelry, and yet was indeed a very pretty woman.

"But what of the feast? Well, we had more than twenty courses, and I had my first experience with chop sticks and did fairly well, but prefer a knife and fork. We closed our visit with prayer."

Later on mother writes: "We had a glorious day Sunday. Bishop preached to the English speaking people and I to the Chinese. Ruth Sites was my interpreter. The Holy Spirit spoke through her wondrously. We had a tent meeting last night and I preached, and Ruth was all aglow. The Holy Spirit was with us; scores came to the altar for the filling and were blessed. Oh, it was a precious sight! Women, men, children, down on the straw, several praying at once."

At the close of the Conference sessions mother went with the Bishop and a party of missionaries to visit the work in Kucheng and describes her trip as follows: "Kucheng is about a hundred miles from Foochow; sixty-five miles on the Min River and thirty-five miles have to be made in sedan chairs over the mountains. We are now on the way in house-boats. There is a captain and six sailors. As there is no wind the sails do not help us much, so the men row when the water is deep enough and push with long bamboo poles when shallow and we are near sandbars, which resemble those on the Mississippi. There are three decks, the upper where the sailors operate and from which the masts and sails are erected. Our deck is four steps below and leads into our dining and sitting room combined. This room is 10 by 12 feet, with five windows, with shades outside and creton curtains inside. The woodwork is painted white. The room contains a lounge, a dining table, little shelves, pictures and two stuffed birds. Creton

curtains divide this room from the passageway, in which is a cupboard and a few shelves above it. A bed is on the opposite side. This room is only 7 by 8 feet. The store room and pantry run the whole length of the cabin and have all necessary shelves for dishes. The cooking is done outside on the upper deck at the back of the boat, an awning of bamboo over it, and so we are saved from all odors. The lower deck is the hold for cargo and the sleeping room of the sailors and servants. We have a good cook and have brought with us all our provisions and bedding for the journey. It is a vast amount of work to get ready for a week's trip in the country. The scenery along this river is very pretty. The mountains are high and ever varying in their forms of beauty."

"Foochow, December 13. We have been traveling seven days to make a visit of two days at Kucheng. We were three days in house-boats, two nights in Chinese inns, four days in sedan chairs, but we have seen what Bishop Ninde calls the 'Switzerland of China.' We have been over the mountains and through the valley of the Min and it is certainly the most beautiful scenery I have ever beheld anywhere and the most perilous journey I have ever made. We went up such fearful heights on such narrow paths that one misstep of the bearers must have hurled us down to our death. In some places the precipices were so fearful that I shut my eyes and prayed. You know I am not nervous—no nervous person should make such a trip. We had a wonderful reception and learned the warmth of affection and cordiality of these Chinese people. We had to stay one night at a Chinese inn. It was dark and dirty. There were fleas, mosquitoes and hard beds. We had our own bedding and food and a good cook, but while we ate in the open room the natives surrounded us. They were unclean and unkempt. Smoking and talking, they watched us every moment. Babies were crying, dogs barking and eating the crumbs which fell from the table, but before they left the gospel had been preached to them, and then some of the native Christians, having walked fifteen miles, came to meet us. Their faces and general appearance were such a contrast to the heathen that I said, 'This pays for all

our inconveniences.' They walked back that night every step of the way. We rose at 5 the next morning to pursue our way. Nearing the city at 1 p. m., we met the pastor, arrayed in an official suit, consisting of a mandarin's cap and satin brocaded dress, which he had hired for the occasion. He presented his card with customary salutations. A little farther on others came and fire-crackers saluted us; then still on a little farther and all the teachers, preachers and members of the Boys' School stood on either side of the road, each with his red Chinese card, and we alighted to salute them and then returned to our chairs, and they followed as our bodyguard and attendants. Reaching the home of Brother Wilcox we made ready for the Chinese feast and with chop sticks in hand proceeded to attack the many courses. After a busy Sunday, on Monday we visited the Hospital, Girls' School and Women's School, had our dinner, and then a farewell reception at the church. This consisted of speeches and responses and some very handsome presents, and then they all followed us out of the city and the same order was observed as when we came, except the cards. We had a very delightful trip back, with perfect weather, and though we had to stay over night, it was at a Street Chapel, where our accommodations were better than at the inn, but we had an audience while we ate our supper. As our breakfast was early, the multitude had not gathered and we did not have more than ten street spectators."

After a visit to a Sunday school for the heathen children at the oldest Methodist Church in Asia, situated on a busy, crowded street, a mile and half from the Methodist Mission Compound, mother writes: "Since my last, I visited a heathen Sunday school and am full of praise for what my eyes have seen and my ears heard. This was opened by dear son not two years ago with a few ragged, dirty street Arabs. Now 300 children gather every Sunday. Then the cards have found their way, with the passage of Scripture at the back, into the homes represented. Some of the parents have been brought into the school and converted, and the superintendent, one of the boys from our Anglo-Chinese College, is welcomed everywhere. In connection with this school and others we have a col-

porteur who sells Bibles and books, and another one who goes over the district has a magic lantern. He needs a preacher to accompany him to preach the gospel. Oh, the need of workers everywhere to labor among these hungry people! I had the joy of preaching in this neighborhood last Sabbath morning and then gathering with the native Christians at the Communion table. I was very much interested at some of the replies these children, who have only been under instruction one year, gave to the questions which were asked them. 'To whom should we pray?' 'To God.' 'How should we pray?' 'Stand up with our eyes shut.' 'Who is God?' 'A Spirit.' 'If a Spirit, who is the author?' 'God Himself.' 'When Jesus Christ came into the world who was His father?' 'God.' 'Was He God or man?' 'Both.' Those who made the best replies received the best card."

CHAPTER XIV

CHINESE CEREMONIES

The Christmas entertainments are described as follows: "Last evening the Sunday school here had their Christmas exercises. Oh, how I wish I could describe the decorations. Never have I seen them equalled. There were flags, banners and transparencies with various and beautiful pictures. Lanterns of various devices illuminated the church brilliantly. There was singing by the College boys, the missionaries' children, and recitations by the orphans. Girls from the Boarding School also gave recitations and essays. The church was crowded; hundreds could not get in."

Of the commencement exercises she writes: "Yesterday was a busy day, attending Commencement exercises. In the morning we were at the Anglo-Chinese College. The debates would have done honor to any home college. The leading debate was on the question, 'Should China now make conditions of peace?' In the afternoon were the closing exercises of the Girls' School, a visit to the Orphanage and a Chinese feast in the evening, to which I was invited by the College boys. Oh, these Chinese feasts! They are a trial to me, but I feel I must go. They usually have about eighteen courses, most of which are strange, I assure you. Soups with all sorts of vegetables in them, fish in various styles, oysters, mushrooms, little fish in shells, pork, dumplings cooked in fat, rice, minced-meat, watermelon seeds, watermelon, preserves put up in small cakes, oranges, bananas and many, many more things I cannot tell. Now, the worst of all this is that there are no changes of plates, no napkins, nothing but chop-sticks and a small spoon like a ladle, and the honored guests have everything served to them with the same chop-sticks and spoons that have gone into other mouths, and there is no other way than to eat such things and be served with such things as they set before you, asking no questions

and showing no disgust for propriety's sake. I never understood before I went to a Chinese feast what is meant by 'He that dippeth with me in the dish.' The dish is placed in the center and all dip for their portions. I feel like Peter, 'Nothing uncommon or unclean shall enter into my mouth,' and yet I want to be like Paul, 'All things to all men that by all means I may save some.'

"January 18. Yesterday we attended the commencement exercises in connection with the American Board Boys' School. This school is situated three miles from our Compound, and we have to go through the narrow, crowded, filthy streets, more uncomfortable at this season of the year, as it is the rainy season and near China New Year, when everyone is preparing to celebrate. We missionaries all dined together, the Chinese together, and after dinner the collegiate missionaries sang college songs. Then we sang together, 'Hasten, Lord, the Glorious Day.' Brother Hartwell offered prayer, and we returned to attend a wedding feast of our Chinese pastor's daughter. This is the feast given in honor of the bride. Only women were allowed to see her. The men feast together, but do not see the bride. There was music, fire-crackers, banners and various decorations. Two women, whose business it is to superintend the affair, and the wedding chair, which is very elaborate, were in waiting. The bride is only 17; the bridegroom is a very nice Christian young man, the son of one of our preachers. We only regret that the girl was taken from school so soon, but the father of the bridegroom is getting into years and desires his eldest son should marry, with a fond hope that he may have a son to bear his name. Thus our plans for our girls are often broken up and they leave us before their educational course is completed.

"January 19. It is cold here today and even with a grate fire it is a little difficult to keep warm, but then the Chinese have no fires in their houses. They pile on the clothes, but still look cold, and the poor, half-clad, half-fed are wretched indeed.

"Yesterday was a busy day. At 10:30 we went to the wedding of the bride whose feast we attended the night previous. The home is next to ours, just outside our wall, so we went down to see her

MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE NIND-LACY MEMORIAL CHAPEL, FOO CHOW, CHINA

This chapel was built with funds raised by Mr. and Mrs. Lacy. It is a memorial to Mother Nind and Mother Lacy

start. Fire-crackers announced the departure. Some of the relatives, arrayed in mandarin attire, black caps with red silk adornments and good clothes, which had been hired, went in advance of the chair. Bearers, carrying lanterns, torches and the large silk wedding umbrella also preceded the chair. They always have torches and lanterns, although it is in the daytime. The bride entered her chair, her face having been covered before the chair was brought outside, and then the curtains were all drawn down tightly. No one could get a glimpse at the bride. The chair was very elaborate. It was covered with red cloth and brass ornaments. There were two glass windows, but these were covered with various figures of men, women and children in gay attire, in silk and gold embroidery, men carrying lanterns, musical instruments and fans. Then at each corner of the chair were embroidered pendants about three-fourths of a yard long. In this closed sedan chair the bride sat for about an hour and a half, for the ride through the streets was long. On arriving at the house she was brought into the room where she was to be married and according to custom had to sit there some time before the curtain could be lifted. At last, closely covered and attended by the two hired women, she came out and went to her bedroom, meeting there, probably for the first time, the bridegroom. Soon the bridegroom entered the hall and stood, head down, as if he was going to be executed for some offense. Then came the bride in her embroidered dress and skirt, her face still covered with a red embroidered cloth. The ceremony opened with the hymn, 'Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.' Prayer was offered, then a short wedding ceremony was read. No promises were made, no ring given, no clasping of hands, no kiss. All was quiet and solemn. We sang, 'There is a Fountain Filled with Blood,' the benediction was pronounced, and the bride went to her room to have her hair arranged as a married woman and to put on her own clothes. Now, this marriage is considered one of the happiest; both are Christians out of marked Christian families, and yet this husband did not want to marry this girl; but this was his father's choice and he as the eldest son must submit. Also, neither

of them wanted to marry now. She wanted to stay in the Girls' School and graduate in two years. She would have finished her course, and he was willing and anxious that she should do so, but the father of the young husband was old and wanted to see the posterity of his eldest son before he went hence. Oh, these marriage relations at best have some sad things connected with them, and in heathen families they are bad and dreadful. The music at weddings is poor. Bones and cymbals are by no means musical to me, and the ever present fire-crackers are deafening. The father of the bridegroom has just built him a very comfortable house. He has a nice wife, who will welcome this daughter-in-law. The house is furnished partly in foreign style. The room in which the ceremony was performed was decorated in very pretty scrolls, and a banner adorned the walls whose characters were in gold and velvet. Large candles and flowers were on the table, and nearby was a banner on which was inscribed, 'Long Life and Happiness.' A promiscuous assembly of curious people, many of them unclean, joined in during the ceremony. These were dismissed at the close and we who were special guests, invited by card, were regaled with cakes, sweetmeats and fragrant tea without sugar or milk. This is the way the Chinese drink tea. I rarely touch it, but on such an occasion 'To the weak I become weak that I may gain the weak.' The attendance at this wedding brought to my mind my own happy wedding day—such a contrast in so many respects—and I thank God I was born in a Christian land, where marriage is the union of loving hearts and where happy days of acquaintance and courtship help us to know and love each other. This day will surely dawn on China. It has come in a measure; it will increase as the gospel wins its way. In the afternoon we went to the graduating exercises of our hospital. There were three essays, one by each of the graduates. Dr. Lyon in a very neat speech presented each with a copy of the Chinese Bible. Dr. Carleton presented the diploma with some very well chosen words and excellent advice, and I delivered the graduating address. Light refreshments followed and a call at the Orphanage and at the Girls' School concluded the outings of the day.

CHAPTER XV

LABORS IN CHINA

"January 30. Since I mailed my last I have been away from Foochow, making another trip into the interior for sixty miles. Part of the way we went by house-boat, the other part by sedan chair. The scenery on this trip has been very fine, though we have not had quite so beautiful river scenery as we had on our trip to Kucheng, but the mountains are not a whit behind. This trip has been in the Ming-chiang district, of which Dr. Sites is presiding elder, and his daughter a pioneer worker among the women. Dr. Sites has labored in the Foochow Conference thirty-two years and has done a wonderful work among this people. It is marvelous in His eyes and it has been marvelous in mine. My heart has been full of praises all the time while in this district. We reached our first stopping place, which was Ming-chiang City, Wednesday morning and, taking a small boat, went up about two miles till we reached the heart of it. Then winding our way down the narrow streets, Dr. Sites went into a shop, through it into the kitchen, and it was soon full of curious spectators to look at us. He preached the Word unto them, distributed the printed page, and went over to another house by the invitation of a reformed opium victim, who had once been wealthy but is now poor as a result of his opium and gambling. He is not yet converted, but we are praying he may be. He gave me an invitation to visit the women's apartments, which are about the same as a zenana in India, dark and screened. The women of the Compound gathered in; some of them heard for the first time the message of salvation.

"One woman had read Chinese books for ten years and if converted would make an efficient teacher among the women. We walked on to the residence of the chief magistrate. By the side of his house was the jail. One man had been incarcerated five years.

To him Dr. Sites preached and left him a copy of the Scriptures.

"We got back to our house-boat early in the afternoon, packed up our belongings and started for the next township to meet the Christians there, speak to them a few words of cheer and tarry for the night in the parsonage. Let me describe this parsonage. Ours was the best room in the house. It had two little windows—that is an improvement on most rooms, as there is generally only one. It had a poor board floor, a table on which were placed flowers and fruit to welcome us, and a bedstead with a board bottom and a straw mattress. At least it is called a mattress. It is straw tied together, without any cover, laid over the boards. Early in the morning we were up and, as Paul said, 'Took our carriages,' and having met the Christians once more, proceeded on our way to Lek-du, twelve miles distant. The scenery up the mountain steep was fine, but the rain in the afternoon made the view less lovely; but, in spite of the rain, I walked about two miles up the rugged steeps to rest my coolies and to secure some needed exercise. Despite the rain the dear native Christians, who had assembled from all over the district for the Week of Prayer, came out three miles to greet us and when we reached the outer gate of the city wall we heard the usual signal of welcome—cannon firecrackers. Over fifty of our native brethren, dressed in hired official robes, came out to do us honor. Standing on either side of the gateway was a banner with gold characters, bearing my name in Chinese, a beautiful silk umbrella and a band of music. Alighting from our sedan chairs, we passed, bowing to each brother, who gave us the usual salutation. An official chair, which is a closed chair, gaily painted and borne by four coolies, was sent for me. This is a mark of honor given to guests, and as I am the first representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, outside of the missionaries, who has visited this region, they conferred on me the special tokens of regard, and at 1 p. m. we reached the church, which was soon filled. Dr. Sites introduced me and I spoke a few words to the kind people, with promise of more when I was rested. In the evening I preached to a congregation of several hundred people.

This place has been very hostile to Christianity. The missionaries and the native Christians have endured much, but after a little while all was quiet and they heard the Word with marked attention. After I had spoken, the native pastor exhorted. He is a man who has only been converted a few years and is like Apollos, 'mighty in the Scriptures.'

"Friday we met a company of women in the Ancestral Hall of this building and talked to them on their duties as mothers. Many of them heard for the first time of the love of Christ. Friday night I preached again to about 500 men and women, most of whom were heathen. I saw their upturned faces in my dreams that night. They were photographed on my heart. Weary, but supremely happy at my glorious opportunities, I went to rest, praising the Lord that He had let me come to China to proclaim His gospel.

"Saturday we met another company of Christian women and talked to them for half an hour. Then the preachers, teachers and laymen came in a body to express their thanks for my services. Among them were redeemed gamblers, opium victims, persecutors, Sauls of Tarsus, blasphemers; and all these only a little while ago were idolators. They made short addresses to me. Oh, how my heart was moved! I felt I stood in the presence of the king and his royal redeemed sons. After they left we walked a mile to the home of one of these redeemed men, who had smoked away $20,000 in opium and by his cruelty broken the hearts of two wives, and the third he had not noticed or spoken to for seven years.

"In the woman's apartments I met a companay of women all but two or three of whom were heathen. I spoke to them of Jesus for a while and then about fifty men of the Compound sent an invitation to me to address them. Many of these men were proud, haughty followers of Confucius, but the Lord helped me to give them the plain, simple truth of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and to exalt the Bible. I reminded them that the Emperor and Empress were studying the Bibles which Christians had sent to them and that this precious book was worthy of the study of the best minds.

"From there we went once more to the woman's apartments to talk to some more hungry women who had never tasted before the Bread of Life. Then home to receive some calls, for missionaries and their guests are never alone; someone is always coming to call and talk on the doctrines.

"Sunday it rained heavily, and as the quarterly meeting was some distance away and I had five meetings on Saturday, I was so glad to rest a while.

"Monday was a busy day, receiving little tokens of kindness and many calls. Then I was invited by the head of the opium cure, himself a redeemed victim, to his humble home for a Chinese supper.

"Tuesday Dr. Sites was quite ill with the grippe and I administered medicine faithfully. Wednesday he was better, but too ill to sit up, so we put him on a cot and sent him down on a small boat until we met our house-boat, and though he had a restless night and was very weary when we reached Foochow, we were so glad to get him home into his own room.

"March 2. We went with Brother Hartwell and other friends to visit some points of interest in the city, among them the examination cells, where the students for a degree stay. These cells are about six feet high and four feet wide. Here the students eat, study and sleep for three days at a time, then rest one day. These examinations last nine days in all and the students write their essays on the subject given to them. Last year there were 10,000 of these students, and with officials, guards and hucksters who came to sell, there were 15,000, only about 100 of whom secured the desired degree. We also visited the room where the 100 went to receive their degrees. It was a big barn of a place seated with hard benches, and had a little shelf for their papers. Then we visited the residence of the literary chancellor, who visits the cities in the province where. the students live and selects out of the aspirants those he considers the best. From there we went to a Confucian temple, where only officials are permitted to worship, and where the tablets of Confucius, his twelve disciples and other

distinguished men are honored. We also visited the treasurer's office and the old palace of Foochow, none of which compare with our stylish and elegant buildings in America. We dined with our American Board friends and then returned in our sedans, so glad to be back out of the crowded, dirty, bad smelling streets into the clean, quiet, pretty mission Compound, where all is so delightful.

"Sunday I preached the gospel, attended love feast and communion. Nearly 150 native Christians bowed with us. It was delightful to see them and to unite with them."

CHAPTER XVI

STUDIES IN CHINA

After six months in China, watching and working with our missionaries and caring for Dr. Sites in his last days before he crossed over the River to receive his well earned reward, "Well done, good and faithful servant," mother came to the conclusion that nearly all our missionaries were overworked and needed more exercise and rest, and she wrote: "I am trying to persuade our missionaries to have regular times for exercise and have made out the following program which I want them to follow, and I believe it would be good for all brain workers to follow at home and abroad:

Dressing, bathing and morning devotions	1½ hours
Three meals a day	1½ hours
Midday nap	½ hour
Exercise, riding, walking or gymnastics	1½ hours
Sleep from 10 p. m. to 6 a. m.	8 hours
Left for work, study, reading, etc	11 hours

"We must and therefore ought to take time to preserve the Temple of the Holy Ghost and build up our physical, so that we can do better work and live longer to bless the world. In spite of all we can do we may all die early, but ours is to do our best and leave results with God. I believe there would be fewer break-downs in the mission field were these rules observed. Far better to keep well than to have to take time to be sick and take time to get well."

A visit to a country village near Foochow is thus described: "Thursday we went seven miles into the country to a very hard, wicked village. Intemperance, opium and gambling run rampant, but the Lord is at work. I talked for an hour to seventy-five girls and women and some men beside, and also to the children of the day school. We ate our lunch in a room called a chapel, where we were surrounded by heathen spectators, who with intense curiosity

watched our every movement. You know we are 'a gazing stock' all the time. At the close of the meeting two women gave their names to the Bible-woman as wishing to join the church. Here I met a woman seventy-six years old who had been a sorcerer such as is described in Acts viii, 9, 10 and 11. This woman often went through the streets nude, with her hair disheveled, went into trances and beguiled the people. She had been doing this ever since she was seventeen years old. A short time since she came to Jesus and now she sits at his feet 'clothed and in her right mind,' and is a happy, earnest Christian, though she is poor, having given up the business that brought her so much money and is now too old to work, but she says, 'So happy, peace, joy so splendid.' Wonderful Savior is our Savior."

An afternoon outing is thus described: "The 'Alps' are about four miles from here. The mountain we ascended is 500 feet high; the view from the summit cannot be adequately described. It must be seen to be appreciated. The almost numberless villages, the landscape, the rice fields and gardens, the cities in the distance, the mountains blue in their beauty, the flowers all about us, the rich azalias, roses, violets, all added charm to the scene. The descent among boulders and crags was not easy, but I reached the plain in safety. Then we went through the woods, which made us all feel as though we were in the dear homeland. The shady, leafy, cool, fragrant woods. Oh, I do not wonder that poets have written and sung of the beautiful sequestered woods. It was a lovely ride through them to the Mandarin's grave, an immense structure surrounded by massive statuary of lions, horses and men."

In another letter a street preaching scene is described: "Sunday we went to one of our street chapels, where we preached the gospel. The chapel was crowded and they kept pushing in until the middle aisle was packed very nearly to the pulpit. They were disposed to be a little noisy, but I am getting used to noisy congregations, although I do not enjoy them. People come, dirty and ragged, with their pipes in their mouths and with their wares to sell, stay a little while and listen and then go out. One feels while preaching the

importance of being simple and direct and tremendously in earnest, for these people are, some of them, hearing the gospel for the first time, and perhaps for the last.

"I noticed in the aisle a little lad with some fish in his basket, and I thought of the little lad who was among the crowd that followed Jesus. After the service we called on the family of the teacher of the day school, who has nine children. He has been converted, but his wife is still a heathen. His relatives say that they cannot consent to having two in the family Christians, but we are hoping and praying that she and the whole family may be saved.

"In the evening we had our Sunday school Easter service. The church was beautifully decorated. You know, here in China we revel in flowers. Our yards are bowers of beauty, and we who sat on the platform were encircled with flowers."

After spending days of extreme heat in the month of June, "such heat as you cannot imagine, because it is so damp and enervating," mother writes: "This is the 22nd of June and I am at Kuliang, out of the intense heat. I well nigh succumbed the last day or two, for I could not sleep well, day or night, and when I came here two days ago I felt pretty slim and good for nothing, but really I am glad of the experience, because I know a little of what the missionaries suffer in the heat and how absolutely necessary it is that they have a summer resort or they and their children must die. That passage of Scripture came to me so forcefully, 'In that He suffered being tempted He is able to succor them that are tempted.' And also this text, 'He Himself bore our infirmities and carried our sicknesses,' and again, 'He was in all points tempted like as we are yet without sin.' Oh, how glad I am that our Savior was a man as well as God.

"Thursday morning at 5:45 we were in our sedan chairs. The morning was very hot, but providentially a little cloudy; but how the poor coolies did perspire, though they had only their thin trousers on. But after we had passed the plain and reached the foot of the mountain the poor fellows looked so tired that I would have walked had I been able, but we had a three miles' climb up

the mountain and the sun was nearing its altitude. The scenery up the mountain is beautiful. In some places grand, reminding me of Colorado and Idaho, and in some places of Washington and Oregon. Here in our mountain cottage we are 2,500 feet higher than in Foochow, and though it is warm here it is not that intense heat that keeps you in a bath of perspiration all the time, so that everything is wet. Here I hope to sleep and perhaps regain a little of my lost flesh. As soon as the schools and colleges close the rest of the missionaries will be up and I shall be very glad when they are safely out of the intense heat in which they are suffering."

A few days later mother writes: "We are enjoying our walks among these beautiful mountains and valleys, sleeping and eating well, and so recuperating for the work here and elsewhere. The scenery is delightful, magnificent in some places. Oh, this is a beautiful world in which we live! 'Every prospect pleases and only man is vile!' Oh, for the day when the Lord's house shall be abidingly established upon the tops of the mountains and when these valleys shall all ring with the praises of the Lord, when 'the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'"

Two weeks later she writes: "We have been having a painful and trying experience of fog and rain, damp and mould such as I have never known before and which will help me to sympathize with these missionaries as I could not had I not passed through it. Beds and clothes, furniture, walls, in fact everything is damp and mouldy. The shoes we take off at night are mouldy in the morning. My Bible is being spoiled, my dresses are moulding, and yet we do not take cold, but it is exceedingly uncomfortable and hard on our possessions. None of my clothes will look nice again, but this is a part of the heritage and we are reminded of the passage, 'They took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that ye have in heaven an enduring substance.' See also Matthew vi, verses 19, 20 and 21, all of which applies to the Orient with the mould thrown in."

"Last Saturday was the first fine day we have had for ten

days and we were busy putting out our mouldy clothes, bedding and books into the sun's rays. Oh, how everything is spoiled! But these are among the losses and trials of this country."

Of other days at Kuliang she writes: "The day I mailed your letters we had a union picnic at Little Bellevue, a most beautiful spot among the mountains. Between twenty and thirty of the dear missionaries who had heard the Savior say to them, 'Come ye apart and rest a while,' were gathered on the greensward. I could not but think of the scenes in Christ's life when he stole away from the multitude for quiet and refreshment.

"The oneness of missionaries here is delightful. No denominational bars keep them apart. They are men and women of one work. We have been very busy these days writing to the secretaries for the General Executive Meeting and preparing articles for the press. There is no time to be idle, but there is time for rest and recuperation. Saturday forty-seven of us went to Oxhead Fort and had another delightful time. The dear children of the mission enjoy these times so much. They have very little change in their lives.

"The Convention opened on Sunday, the 21st. Two good sermons were a blessed preparation for the week before us. Monday morning I led a Bible reading. 'Holiness' was the theme. In the afternoon the theme was 'The Cross.' Tuesday morning 'The Holy Spirit,' Tuesday afternoon 'Our devotional hours.' All of these meetings have been very blessed. We are tarrying in our spiritual Jerusalem and the Holy Spirit is being manifested. Oh, how can any Christian live and labor for Jesus with any measure of success without the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire! Even Jesus, who was sinless, received it. How much more do we need it! How the work of God is hindered in our own hearts and how the salvation of souls is retarded by the failure of Christians to make ready for and pray for and believe for His incoming! Oh, do not delay, but wait on Him for His power that you may do better work for Him who has redeemed you with His precious love!

"The last two days the wind has been blowing and we thought

we were in for a typhoon, but it proved to be the effect of one raging somewhere else. We were so thankful because, as they usually last a week, we should not have been able to hold our convention, and many of the missionaries came from afar and must soon return to their fields of labor after having been invigorated in both body and soul by their stay on this mountain.

"August 4. Our meetings have been in progress. Oh, they have been such a privilege and such a spiritual uplift! On Friday the subject was 'Fire and Tribulation.' Little we realized how soon we should need the experience of Divine Comfort. I went out for a walk after the meeting and accepted an invitation to tea, and by the light of the moon shining from a cloudless sky we came home. As we were nearing home we were met by a number of missionaries bearing the sad tidings that a secret society which some months ago had threatened the lives of the English Church missionaries, but which had been quieted at the time, taking advantage of the missionaries being away from the city in their mountain home, renewed the hostilities and early in the morning went to the cottages and killed Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and terribly wounded three of their five children, so that one, a boy seven years old, has since died. The baby may die and the little girl will probably lose her leg. Their governess was killed while trying to protect the baby. Besides these, two Miss Saunders of Australia, the only daughters of a widowed mother, who was preparing to come here and live with them, Miss Marshall of Black Heath, Miss Gordon of Australia, Miss Newcomb from Ireland and Miss Stewart of England were all brutally murdered. Miss Codrington, the only one of their mission who escaped, is very seriously wounded. She fell at the first stroke, bleeding from her wounds and lay still, and they left her for dead. Our Miss Hartford had a most miraculous escape. She was attacked in her door and the man shouted, 'Here is another foreign woman,' and tried to strike her with a spear, but she seized the weapon and turned the blow from her heart to the side of her head. Then he tried to cut off her legs. At this moment her strong and faithful servant arrived and wrestled with the murderer,

and while they wrestled she ran as fleet as a deer down the road; becoming exhausted, she jumped down an embankment, lay there a while and rested. Then her teacher's wife helped her up and she started on again, but was again obliged to stop for rest, but finally reached some woods, where she lay until the mob had gone. Four of the martyrs were burned and only a few of their remains were found. The other six will be buried today in the English cemetery.

"Our meetings on Saturday were turned into weeping and prayer meetings, for the missionaries here are colleagues and friends of these martyrs. The wounded are being cared for at the hospital at Foochow. It is an awful massacre, but the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and out of this thick darkness will come light; out of this sorrow, joy; out of this death, life; out of this destruction, resurrection; out of this mystery, revelation.

Saturday morning one of the colleagues of the glorified martyrs led the meeting and we sang 'God Moves in a Mysterious Way,' 'How Firm a Foundation,' 'Our God, Our Help in Ages Past,' and Luther's hymn, 'A Mighty Fortress Is Our God,' and read the 46th Psalm. Oh, we had such tearful but believing prayers.

"In the afternoon we had another meeting and we read the 37th Psalm. I never saw so much of comfort in it before. We sang a hymn, had a few prayers and then came a request from the American Consul for a rescue party. We did not know then all the terrible facts. We supposed only four were killed and the party were going in search of the others. Alas, the four killed proved to be ten and of the wounded some may die, for since I wrote the few lines above another messenger has arrived saying two of the children and Miss Codrington are fearfully wounded. Oh, it is so heart-sickening! I cannot write more. But do not be anxious, my dear ones. We are immortal till our work is done. If we can glorify the Master more by our death than life, His Will be done. We do not anticipate any trouble here. The dear Lord only knows. Our times are in His hands."

In September she wrote: "We are having beautiful September weather on the mountain, though it is hot and very sickly in the

city. It is estimated by Dr. Renney, the city physician, that 10,000 have died from cholera. Very few Christians have died, so that the heathen marvel greatly at their exemption.

"Letters are arriving bearing testimony to the deep interest awakened by the martyrdom of our dear missionaries and the many prayers ascending on their behalf and in behalf of the work here. Our nine o'clock prayer-meetings have been seasons of great refreshing as well as times of earnest supplication, praise and prayer blending sweetly. Letters from the homelands have been read from the bereaved ones, evidencing the direct answers to prayer for the sustaining grace of God. Mrs. Saunders, the widowed mother, bereft of her two children, all that she had, writes, 'The Lord gloriously sustains. If I had two more daughters I would joyfully give them to China.' Miss Marshall, a sister of one of the martyrs, says: 'The joy of the Lord so fills my soul I have not room for mourning. What an honored sister I am to have a sister wearing a martyr's crown!' There are letters from other friends in the same triumphant strain, while the Secretaries are writing they hope to send more missionaries on to fill up the ranks. That is how we did in the time of the war. Who thought of giving up the struggle and abandoning the field because at Bull Run, Antietam and other places our men fell by the thousands? The clarion cry went out a 'Hundred Thousand More,' and noble men and boys responded. Shall the Church of God be less valiant and heroic? 'Though ten thousand fall, Africa must be redeemed,' said the now glorified Cox, and so say we of China.

"We are not doing much these days but praying and praising in our meetings and our homes. The missionaries are hindered from going to their work by the cholera and the disturbances, and this waiting time is a pentecost to us and a preparation for coming duties and trials. I have had some blessed times, leading meetings and preaching the gospel on the mountain, and shall be loth to leave it to go down into the crowded, filthy, unhealthy, wicked city, but shall obey the 'Go Down' as I obeyed the 'Go Up.'

"October 1. We are back at Foochow. We came down yester-

day. We had a most propitious time for leaving the mountain. It rained in the early morning and we thought we should not be able to go, but after breakfast it cleared a little and we proceeded to pack, and by 2:45 everything in the cottage was disposed of. Some things were put away for next year and the rest put in baskets for the coolies to carry, for everything from an organ to a person is carried by men. I wish you could have seen the procession. I would like to have had a photograph of it had it been possible. It took sixteen coolies to carry our family in our sedan chairs. Then the loads are carried by means of a yoke, each load being swung by ropes, being careful to divide the load into equal quantities. One man carried ten chairs of different kinds, only singularly adjusted. Twenty-one coolies carried all our belongings. One load consisted of my combined bureau and desk filled with clothing and bedding. This was borne by two men. Another man carried all the kitchen utensils; another one son's typewriter, letter press and office books. These men carried these loads for ten miles and were paid 25 cents each for their labor. Everything was moved from the cottage on the mountain to our home in Foochow and safely deposited by 6 p. m. It makes my heart ache to see these toilers working so hard for so little, but foreigners pay them much better than their own people, and the house was surrounded by women, girls and children asking to carry a load, for women carry these heavy loads.

"The cholera is still here and the community physician prohibits the College and Boys' School opening. Our Women's School will not open until after Conference. No missionaries can return to the interior and the problem now is where to put all the detained missionaries. All can find plenty of work to do in this city of a million inhabitants and we are praying that the enforced waiting here may be not only a spiritual blessing to them but to the city so densely dark in heathenism and so opposed to the religion of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER XVII

CELEBRATION OF HER SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

"October 8. The great event of the week has been the preparation for and the celebration of my seventieth birthday, which is considered a venerable age in China. Some of the college boys who belong to my Bible class and some of the preachers had been invited to a Chinese feast. Somehow the men of the Publishing House, of which my son-in-law, Rev. W. H. Lacy, is superintendent, heard it was my birthday and yesterday I was surprised by an elegant scroll representing prosperity, longevity and happiness, ornamenting the room, and two pyramids adorned with unique pictures of Chinese life and large lighted candles, the whole presenting a very pretty scene. At half past 9 in the morning the men from the Publishing House, having received permission to leave their work, called at the house to express their congratulations. Each one came to the front and bowed most profoundly as they entered the hall; then they filed into the parlor and stood in order of rank in the office while I spoke to them. My heart was strangely moved and warmed and I felt it a privilege once more to break to the Chinese the Bread of Eternal Life. Then followed prayer and the singing of the doxology.

"But the men desired to speak, and so the foreman and the head compositor each made kind, earnest speeches, thanking me for my sermons and labors among them, congratulating me that I had lived so long and expressing the hope that I might live many more years and reach my home safely. They asked me not to despise China, but to love her and pray for her, and especially to pray that God would raise up from among their own people men and women who should teach and preach Christ until China should be redeemed.

"Tea and pastry were served, and, grasping their hands, we said, '*Bing Ang,*' which means peace. Then the servants conspired together and the men gave me scrolls, the nurse a pin and Chinese

shoes. I also received two cards from two of my dear boys with congratulations and a handsome scroll from another. Another boy sent three things, scroll, red candles and fire-crackers, which always accompany all kinds of gatherings. According to Chinese custom, I should receive two of the gifts, whichever I chose, and return the third. I chose the scroll for myself and the fire-crackers for the children. As this is the first anniversary of my birth that I have been at home with any of my loved ones for many years, I am enjoying it greatly.

"After dinner the pastor, three teachers from the college and the monitor, who is one of our noted native brethren, called with a present and made some neat little speeches. They brought me a little carving representing the cormorants fishing, and they said, 'You have been in China a fisher of souls and your joy has been very great, as you have brought souls to Jesus. May you fish many more years for Him.' Thus spoke the pastor. Then a brother said, 'Sixty, seventy, eighty are great ages in China, but we hope that you may live to ninety, yes, one hundred, to preach Jesus. The mountains are high and tell of stability, the sea is broad and wide; thus has your life been, thus may it ever be.' Our celebrated native preacher, who represented this conference at the General Conference in 1888, wrote a very nice note, expressing his regret that he was too weak to come but sending me two copies of his book. He has recently cut off his queue, regarding it as a mark of subjection to heathen custom. He is the aggressive man of this Conference, but I fear his active work is ended, though he is under sixty years of age. Mrs. Ahok, of whom I have before written, sent me a pin and some scrolls, so that our parlor is decorated with a number of scrolls today, and each one bears some kind message to me.

"October 9. Yesterday was a busy, happy day. Calls all day and many tokens of remembrance. The sweet notes of appreciation for services so gladly rendered to missionaries and the work have filled me with the deepest gratitude and humility. This morning I received thirty-two beautiful letters from missionaries of other churches than our own who were detained at Kuliang. These con-

tained checks amounting to $45. Pastors, teachers, college students and others were at the feast last night and a few women, among them Mrs. Ahok in her elegant attire as a mandarin's wife. The women were received in one room, the men in another. We women sat at tables apart from the men. The tables were placed on the verandas, for as no plates are used many things find their way to the floor. There were fifty-two seated at the tables here at the house and thirty-two at the Publishing House. Quite a host to feed, but the seventieth birthday is considered in China a most memorable occasion.

"October 10 (after the birthday reception). We had a wonderful day. There were sixty-two at the reception, and such giving of large and small gifts and such notes and letters greatly surprised me, but that which most overwhelmed me with surprise and praises with love to the donors and the Lord who had prompted it was a check from English and Irish missionaries, from some members of the American Board, from Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Dutch Reformed, and from our own dear girls of the Japan, Central China and Foochow Conferences, for $125, which was beautifully presented in a speech by Miss Sites, so that I am thus helped on my way by the expression thus given of their appreciation of services rendered here and what they hope I will do for India. I give the Giver of gifts all the praise, 'Who giveth me all things richly to enjoy.' "

It may be explained in this connection that Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Lacy (Emma Nind) had been residents of Foochow for many years. Here Mr. Lacy was the superintendent of the Publishing House and both he and his wife had from time to time taught in the Mission schools and participated in the abundant work which is always awaiting our missionaries in foreign lands. Here their family of four sons and one daughter had been reared, and here all except the two eldest sons were born.

Birthday celebrations being over, only a few more weeks remained during which we were to enjoy mother's presence in the home, for plans were maturing for a visit to India. Twelve

months had passed since we met her in Shanghai, after eight years of separation, and together journeyed up the Yangtse river. What a benediction to us as a family her presence had been! Her happy disposition, ever radiant with the sunshine of His presence, often cheered us in our perplexities and discouragements, and strengthened our faith during the many dark days of that eventful year. The five children learned sweet lessons from their grandmother and will ever be grateful that they had the opportunity of knowing her whom not having seen they early had learned to love. While her brothers were in school our little three-year-old daughter frequently made her grandma's room her play room and when the servants wished to communicate with the "venerable mother teacher" little Alice was the interpreter, to her grandma's convenience and great delight. Our fellow missionaries rejoiced with us in mother's companionship, and the many manifestations of their friendship to which she refers in the account of her birthday celebrations were only suggestive of their great appreciation of her sympathy in their work and of her labors of love for the Chinese wherever opportunity offered.

A few days before leaving Foochow, while waiting on the wharf for the arrival of the friend who was to accompany her to India, mother took pencil and paper and wrote her

"FAREWELL TO CHINA."

"China, farewell! Farewell to thy hills, mountains and valleys; to thy rice fields, and well-tilled farms; to thy rivers, rivulets and rushing mountain streams; to thy bold and beautiful scenery; to thy trees, flowers and fruits; to all the prospects that please in the realm of nature, where our Father has dealt with a lavish hand, farewell!

"Farewell to thy narrow, noisy, crowded, filthy streets, where pestiferous odors, rising from accumulated heaps of offal and refuse, which lie undisturbed for years by any road commissioner or health officer, are breeding disease and death. Farewell to thy poverty-stricken, depressed and oppressed masses; to thy poor, weary toilers and burden-bearers; to thy half-clad, half-fed millions; to thy beggars, blind, lame, withered and leprous, loathesome and piteous to behold! Farewell to thy dark, dreary, dirty houses, where many generations exist, crowded and cursed by heathenism!

"Farewell to thy ancestral halls and homes of wealth and plenty!

Farewell to thy corrupt and weak government, for truth has fallen in the streets and equity cannot enter! Farewell to thy shrines, temples, pagodas, with their corrupt priests, their multitudes of idols, their ancestral worship, their incense burning and idol worshiping; their pilgrims and their pilgrimages; their gongs and bells and drums that, like the prophets of Baal, in vain call the gods to come to the worshipers.

"Farewell to thy myriads of graves, and the prostrate weepers and wailers, rending the air with their hideous yells! Farewell to thy unburied, uncoffined dead, waiting for time, or cash, or a lucky day, to give them interment!

"Farewell to thy degraded, dejected women, betrothed without their consent, servants and slaves of men; and to thy neglected, dejected, despised widows! To all the poor people who dwell in gross darkness sitting in the region of the shadow of death, farewell!

"Farewell to all the happy homes organized and perpetuated by our holy Christianity; to their family altars and blessed harmony and love; to the thousands washed, cleansed and purified by the atonement; to all the native Churches, with their preachers, teachers, members, catechists, Bible-women, evangelists and colporteurs; to the noble band of missionaries; to the schools, Sunday, day, boarding, kindergarten and training; to the orphanages and colleges; to the churches and chapels and homes, in city and country where the Word of God is preached, taught and sung; to the tent-meetings, conferences and conventions; to the hospitals and dispensaries; to the blessed fellowship with godly men and women who have borne the burden and heat of the day for love of Christ and souls; to the graves of the martyrs and the cemetery where rests in glorious hope their sleeping dust! Farewell! Farewell!

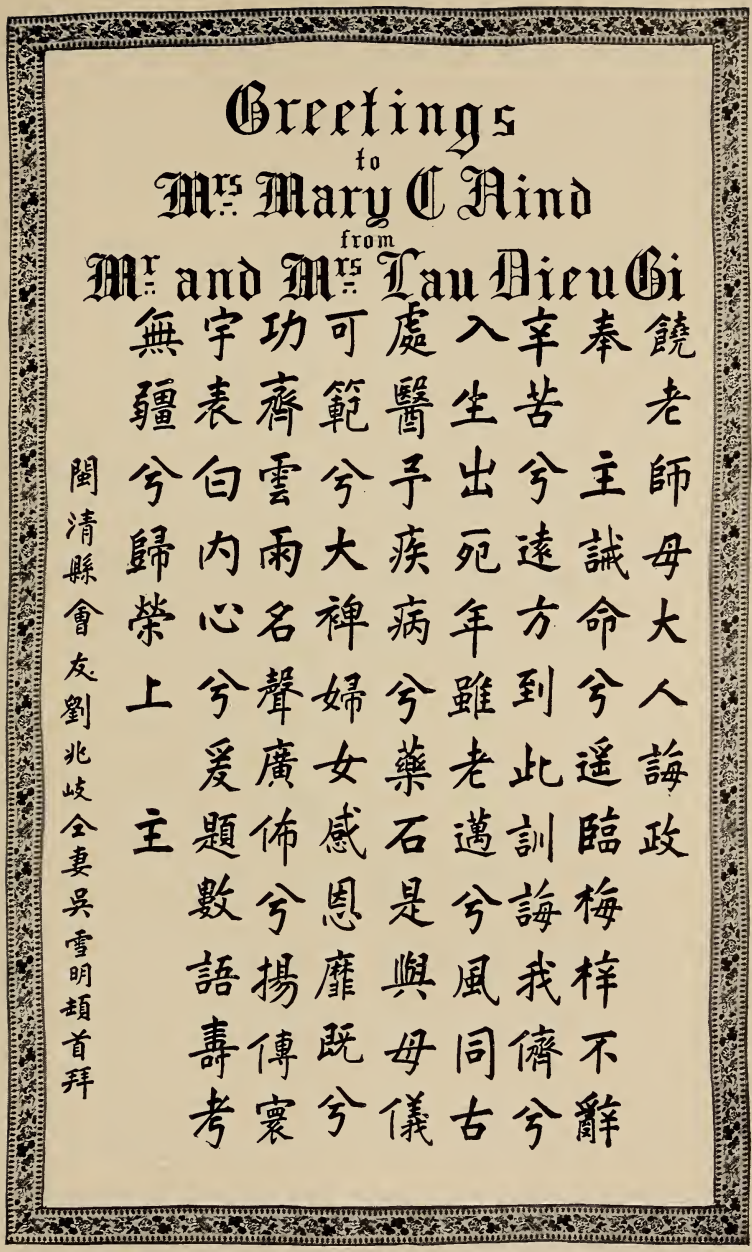
"To this land rocked by war, infested by plague and cholera; on the eve of a mighty revolution which shall 'Prepare the way of the Lord and make his paths straight when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together! To the land where rich harvests are about to be gathered, as the result of prayerful seed-sowing; where more laborers are needed, and other heroes must come to take the places of the crowned martyrs! To the land of Sinim, of which the Prophet Isaiah writes!

"To this land with its industrious, patient, plodding, persevering, artistic, ancient and in some respects ambitious people; this cosmopolitan, yet conservative race, with its ancient literature, its classics! To this land where the New Testament is now in the hands of the Emperor and Empress; this land for which more prayers are offered and toward which more eyes are turned than ever before!

"Land of contrasts; of ignorance and knowledge; of poverty and wealth;

of darkness and light; of idolatry and Christianity; land of science and land of slavery; land of immense undeveloped resources, where millions yet lack the necessities of life! Land of Confucius and land of Sinim, farewell! Still we love thee and laud thee, and pity and pray for thee, believe and expect great things of thee; for China shall be a redeemed people!

"China, loved China, our China! Farewell! Farewell!"



ILLUMINATED SCROLL PRESENTED TO MARY C. NIND

upon the occasion of her seventieth birthday by her Chinese admirers in Foo Chow

Greetings
to
Mrs Mary C Nind
from
Mr and Mrs Tau Dieu Gi

Obeying the Lord's command, from a great distance you have come to our Ming Chiang.

You have faced weariness and encountered untold dangers to reach us from the far away United States.

You have taught us how to obtain eternal life and avoid eternal destruction.

Your years are multiplied,— your example is like unto the ancient sages.

You have healed our sinsick hearts with medicine from above.

Like a mother, your example has been worthy of our imitation, especially have our women folk been benefited by your holy example.

Thanks! more than words can express, to the Grace which brought you, and for your help, which has been as clouds and rain to a thirsty land.

Your name is sounded abroad,— its fragrance has encircled the globe.

To express our inmost hearts' regard, we subscribe these few words.

May long life be granted you, even life eternal, and all the praise and glory will we ascribe unto our Lord God.

TRANSLATION OF THE SCROLL

presented to Mary C. Nind on the occasion of her seventieth birthday by admirers in China

CHAPTER XVIII

STRAIT SETTLEMENTS AND INDIA

"November 6. Bound for Hong Kong. This good ship Formosa is a fine cargo boat, with a fine deck for walking, and has kind officers, and we are a happy party. Yesterday was a heavy sea and the boat rolled and rolled; one by one the passengers went to their berths, not all seasick but feeling queer. I staid up and played with little Evan Stewart. I made him a kite and we had a good time together. Just before supper the wind changed and we are now going on at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and everything is lovely. This ship goes to England, stopping only at Hong Kong, Singapore and Columbo, and will reach England, God willing, in time for the Christmas festivities.

"November 12. Here we are in the China Sea. We have been having three days of very rough weather, with a northeast monsoon and the end of a typhoon. It is hard to keep anything on the table. Dishes, though strapped within the frames, danced lively. The soup and tea were spilled, water flooded some of the rooms, and we had hard work to keep on our chairs, although they were tied to the deck. I have felt well nearly all the time, better than on any previous passage. Prayers are being heard on my behalf.

"November 13. We are having now a calm sea, and last night we had a delightful rest, the best we have had since we left Hong Kong, and now we are hoping for good weather till we reach our beloved Singapore tomorrow. We have had a nice 'homey' time on this voyage. I prefer this kind of a ship to a mail steamer with its hundreds of passengers.

"November 14. We arrived at Singapore in a pouring rain. The entrance to the city is very pretty. You are impressed with its tropical beauty. How my heart beat with joy as my eyes beheld this place, which for years I have longed to see, and how good of my

Father to give me the privilege. We had an early breakfast and waited until the rain ceased, then took a carriage ride. Oh, what a treat to reach civilization once more! Here are fine, smooth English roads, good horses and carriages, no bad odors, good drainage. A nice ride of four miles through the city brought us to the *Mary C. Nind Deaconess Home, where we surprised the dear friends. You can imagine the welcome; it was cordial, I assure you. The Home is a large building situated on Mount Sophia, Sophia Road, where Sophia Blackmore is the presiding power. The weather is about like the rainy, sticky weather in Foochow. I am perspiring here all the time as I did there in the hottest weather, and things mould here as they do in Foochow, but the nights are cool, and a blanket is in use before morning. I have a large and comfortable room and plenty of soft water. Everything is homelike and the dear girls are lovely to me.

"Later. This is a very beautiful city, and if you did not see so many nationalities you might believe yourself in England, so, of course, I like it. Here are Hindus, Mohammedans, Tamils, Chinese, Babas, Eurasians and Europeans. I am delighted with the work here. Its rapid development and success are astonishing. Please remember that the Women's Foreign Missionary Society work here is not yet nine years old, and that of the General Missionary Society only ten years old, and yet much of this work is self-supporting. We have fifteen missionaries here besides native assistants. One very important work is the teaching in the homes of the wealthy. Even those who are not Christians pay our Christian teachers and receive instruction in divine things. Every one is anxious to learn English, so we gain access to many heathen homes. I was much interested in a visit that I made to one of these beautiful homes. It was light, airy, well ventilated, beautifully clean and elegantly furnished. Six children were all singing our hymns and

*The Deaconess' Home in Singapore was named Mary C. Nind, because when they were so sadly in need of a Home for the workers of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society in that city and the Women's Foreign Missionary Society had no money with which to build, Mrs. Nind gave the money to build the Home.

reciting the doctrines of our Church, and yet their parents were heathen, but the Word of God liveth and abideth forever. One dear old woman, the only one of another wealthy family, who has recently been baptized and has endured much persecution, was so glad to see me. She shook my hands and kissed me again and again. Every one shakes hands here. I have talked in the Epworth League and in several of the day schools and have much enjoyed my work.

"This is Monday morning and I am a little weary. I preached in the Malay Church yesterday morning and two were baptized. One of those baptized was a man who twenty-six years ago received his first impression of the truth, and now is the only Christian in his family and he is enduring persecution for Christ's sake. In the afternoon I was greatly helped by the Lord in preaching to a large English and Eurasian Congregation. I was earnestly solicited to preach again in the evening, but decided that that was too much for my strength, though my soul longed to do it.

"Tuesday morning. Yesterday was a busy day. We went to the Government Gardens, which cover sixty-six acres and were laid out in 1873. We went in a cart drawn by a beautiful pony along these smooth English roads. Oh, what a blessed change from sedan chairs! I forgot to tell you that yesterday I addressed the 600 boys of our school. It was an inspiring scene. Today I addressed another school which Lady Mitchell examines. Lady Mitchell is the wife of the Governor and came to examine the needle work, and expressed herself highly pleased with the progress made."

Just here we will insert an article that was written by mother on Singapore and Penang for the Missionary Friend:

"The earnest longing of our heart has been at last realized. November 15th, we set foot in the equatorial, tropical, beautiful city of Singapore, with its broad streets like those of dear old England, on which you go spinning along smoothly in the comfortable gharrys and feel a sense of relief that horses do the work which men do in Japan and China. We are impressed and interested in its cosmopolitan people, for here the nations of the earth are represented and yet we breathe so easily and freely under the Union Jack which here protects everyone.

"What a comfort to inhale fresh air, untainted by offensive odors, and being once more in a city bearing the impress of Christian civilization. We visited the government parks and gardens, where tropical trees, ferns and flowers flouish in rich luxuriance. We rode under the shade of bamboos and other trees and were sheltered from the burning sun and thought of Him 'whose banner over us is love.' 'But what came we out for to see?' Dearer than all the beauties of nature are the workers and the work and we have had a busy, happy week with both. More than ever is Singapore endeared to us and more grateful than ever are we for the devoted workers and the work accomplished. Some of the workers we had met in the homeland; the names of most of the missionaries were as familiar as those of our own kith and kin and we were warmly welcomed by them all. Our beloved deaconesses are fairly well, despite their abundant labor and the trying climate.

"We were there from November 16th to 20th and were in a continual bath of perspiration. Hair and clothing were wet—not simply damp—and this is the cool season; what must it be in the hot and with no sanitarium or summer resort near, where they can escape from the heat and recuperate? The Deaconess' Homes are commodious, airy and well built, but very simply furnished. In both these buildings the children are gathered. In one is an interesting day school and the orphans are in the other home. These represent various nations and shades of color, from the dark-skinned Tamil to the fair Eurasian. Our hearts were stirred as we looked into the faces of these dear children in the day school and gathered with the orphans at the hour of evening worship. We visited some of the day schools. At the one in Middle Road much time had been spent in decorating the room with ferns and flowers and the platform was a bower of beauty.

"The schools in the homes of the wealthy are a very important feature of our work, where the children of Chinese parents not yet Christians are willing to pay for their education and also willing that they should be instructed in the doctrine. What may we not hope from these instructions, since the Word of God liveth and abideth forever. In one of these homes we met the first woman who was baptized publicly. She is a bright, earnest woman of fifty, the only one in her family who has renounced idolatry. She has endured much persecution for Christ's sake, but stands firm and unshaken and exhorts many to believe in Jesus. The deaconesses call her 'Their Chinese Mother,' though really she is their daughter in the gospel and one of the trophies given them to lay at the Master's feet. Whether we consider the work done in the day schools, Sunday-schools, open air services, home visitation or orphanage, we are filled with praise for the growth of the work has been most cheering. When on Tuesday afternoon there were gathered in our Home about seventy-five children and adults, the

majority of whom were non-Christian, but welcome guests and attentive listeners to the truth, our hearts were much encouraged."

"November 21. My last letter was closed the day we left Singapore for Penang. Many dear friends accompanied us to the ship. We reached Penang Friday morning and went in a sampan to the wharf and in a gharry to the house. We reached the mission house, which is used for a home, school and church, and is very pleasantly situated on the seashore. Our stay in Penang was necessarily short and we are now having a delightfully smooth passage to Rangoon, which we hope to reach this afternoon.

CHAPTER XIX

EXPERIENCES IN INDIA

"November 27. I forgot to tell you of a thrilling incident that occurred one day. The fourth officer spied, or, as I should say, sighted a boat that was raising a signal of distress. Sailors were ordered to the life-boat. The captain went six miles out of his course to meet the boat which was in distress. They came alongside and one of the men went down to find out the trouble. They had left Penang fifteen days ago to go to Ceylon and had anchored near shore near Penang, but in a storm, while they were sleeping, the anchor gave way and they drifted out, lost their reckoning and were in mid-ocean. One sail was lost, their anchor gone, their water and food supply were well nigh exhausted; they were living on one meal a day and expecting to die in a day or two for want of supplies. They had signaled one steamer, which priest and Levite-like had passed them by, and they were about in despair when they sighted our ship. The good captain gave them food and water, made them fast to our ship, and in the trough of our steamer they tossed about, waves dashing in. There were eight men in the boat and one poor old sick woman. Our captain went out of his course fifty miles to take them in sight of their island. Oh, how grateful the captain of the junk was! He was a Burmese, who spoke good English. Our captain said to him, 'I must have $1,000 for saving you and for my loss of time.' The poor fellow replied, 'I have no money, sir; make me your servant forever.' Then said the captain, 'I will take you all prisoners and at Penang keep you there till you can pay all I ask or behead you.' I wish you could have seen the beaming face of the poor Burmese as he replied, 'Captain, you did not save me to kill me?' I thought his gratitude and willingness to be a servant forever was typical of our love for our Redeemer and his trust in the captain should be ours in the Lord, 'He that spared not His own Son

but freely gave Him up for us all will He not with Him also freely give us all things?' The captain gave them plenty of rice and water and in sight of their own island we waved them adieu, they returning their salams.

"Rangoon, Thanksgiving day. We reached here on Tuesday, the place where Judson first began his work. Rangoon is a pretty city with beautiful rides and drives. We ride before breakfast and after supper. Yesterday morning we went to the largest pagoda in the world. Its base is one mile in circumference. Its height 322 feet. It is covered from base to top with gold-leaf, which is renewed every three years. All over the grounds are many representations of Buddha and hundreds of idle, worthless priests who live on the people and do nothing. There are gorgeous shrines in all sorts of designs, architectural beauty, wonderful carvings, the whole costing millions of dollars and the pagoda worshiped by millions of devotees. It defies all my powers of description. If I had not unwavering faith in God and our holy Christianity and the promises which assure us that the idols shall be utterly abolished and that to our Christ every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, standing in the presence of this gorgeous display of heathenism which never lacks money or worshipers, I should be discouraged; but despite all, our God is marching on and so we turn with joy to our schools here.

"We have in our day and boarding schools here 220, all studying English. Then we have a Burmese day school with thirty-five on the roll. Nearly all these scholars pay tuition fees. This work is largely self-supporting and has had very little help from either society. It was my privilege to talk to the schools one morning and go through the buildings and dormitories of the boarding school and orphanage. The Burmans are a very nice looking people, much handsomer than Japanese or Chinese. The women are particularly well formed and handsome, dressing in bright colors, but here as in Singapore we have the varied nationalities. It is very nice to be able to talk wherever I go now without the aid of an interpreter.

"November 30. We had our Thanksgiving dinner at Pegu, fifty miles from here. We visited a Burmese school and also a Tamil

MARY CLARKE NIND DEACONESS HOME, SINGAPORE

Built through the efforts and liberality of Mary Clarke Nind

school and the children were very interesting. There seems to be no caste in these new schools, the poor and the well-to-do meet together and co-education is in order. We called on our way from the station to behold a feast in honor of the consecration of a priest who was a mere boy of thirteen. He may or may not continue in the priesthood for three months. They feast and revel for days and bring to him and other priests who are present numerous and costly gifts, which are borne away to his house in pomp, and for which they expect to receive merit. These priests are lazy beggars, who do but little more than live on the people and go into the priesthood for the spoils and leave it at pleasure.

"Bay of Bengal, December 2. Thursday evening I preached the gospel to a good and attentive congregation. Saturday we went to see the working elephants at the large lumber mill. Three of these elephants carry away the lumber when it is sawed and ready for piling. Lumber of all lengths and weight, from a thousand pounds down, they carry and put into neat piles, adapting their mode of carrying to the lumber and distance, now taking the rope in their mouth and dragging it along, then lifting it on their tusks, being careful to balance it perfectly; then carrying it to its respective pile, lifting it up, looking with a careful eye to see if it is piled evenly and pushing it with tusk or foot till it is properly placed. It is a wonderful sight, excelling anything I have yet seen. We are now in the Bay of Bengal, having a most delightfully smooth passage and moonlight nights. Everyone says that from now till May is the time for smooth seas on this route—at least until you reach the Mediterranean and there it is always rough.

"December 5. Calcutta is an 'Englishfied' heathen city with street cars, railways, waterworks and gas. We have a large and flourishing church in which Dr. Thorburn used to preach before he became bishop, and its spiritual tone is excellent. Brother Warne is full of the Holy Ghost and fire and conversions are frequent in his church. At almost every service some are seeking pardon or purity. Last Sabbath I preached twice and had a blessed time, and about twenty rose for prayers.

"Our girls' schools are pervaded by the same atmosphere. The teachers all the time are prayerfully laboring for the conversion of our girls, most of whom are now Christians. Then, we have here a boys' and girls' orphanage, work among the seamen, a temperance coffee-house, Bengali and Hindustani work, zenana work and an industrial school.

"December 11. Last evening was the Calcutta Girls' School literary contest. It was a very meritorious affair. Girls in America of their ages could not have done better. Some of these girls were taken from miserable homes but have been trained, educated and many of them saved by the 'Mighty to save.' It was soul inspiring and a rich encouragement to the workers to see these dear girls, most of them Eurasians, all speaking the Anglo-Saxon, evidencing such talent in their compositions, recitations and music. I shall ever after this be more than ever interested in this school. This morning we have been to visit in the Zenanas. One family visited were of a very high caste. The Zenana was a pleasant one on the upper floor but of course they cannot see out into the public street. The lady, a nice looking woman now twenty-seven years old, was married when she was thirteen. She is the mother of nine children, three of whom are boys. Two girls married at the same age as their mother and one married at the age of ten. The children are very handsome but the mother said she did not want so many girls, for it cost her 4,000 rupees each to get them married and they must be married or there would be no peace in the family. In this family are two widows, dressed in their simple garb, who, because they are widows, have only one meal a day, no fish or meat, and twice during the month for two days not a drop of water or a bite of food passes their lips. I told them of my widowhood, how my children honored me, how the Word of God had its blessed promises to the widow to which they responded, 'It is good; I wish our religion was like that.' The mother is longing to learn and to know, but with her daughters is a prisoner for life. The second Zenana visited was not so pleasant a one, but the home of an intelligent man who comes to our church and last Sunday heard

me preach twice and wanted his wife to see me. The mother, a daughter and two other women are in this Zenana. The daughter, fourteen years of age, is married but the father will not let her go to her husband till she is more matured. He is receiving some bitter persecution for his advanced views, but he steadily adheres and the daughter gladly acquiesces. The mother is a very fine looking woman, with lustrous black eyes and a beaming smile. I wish you could have seen the eagerness with which they listened to the gospel story and asked for more in word and song. How I realized the need of more workers for these hungry women, millions of whom thus imprisoned are willing, and many of them eager, to hear the doctrine and also to receive it, but it means the loss of all things. Then they admire our physical comfort. This is now the cold season in Calcutta. No house has a fire, though the temperature is about like our October. These women live on stony floors, all are barefooted, one thin chudder is their only garment. They have jewels everywhere but they are cold. One woman said, 'Your way is better; you are warm and comfortable. I am shivering with the cold, but this is our custom. We cannot change it.' Poor women, longing for light and liberty and yet in bondage to their idols and their customs!"

CHAPTER XX

IN CALCUTTA AND CAWNPORE

"December 16. I am having a very busy and happy time in Calcutta. I have been privileged to see much of the work here. The English-speaking work is very large and the consecrated pastor is filled with the Holy Ghost. This church will seat 1,500 people. The Lord gave me the privilege of preaching there twice last Sabbath. The missionaries here seem possessed with a passion for soul-saving. The principal of our girls' school is a Holy Ghost woman and it is no wonder that so many of the girls are led to Jesus. Every morning, after chapel, the principal meets in her room those who are seeking the Lord. It was my joy to lead chapel services and to look into the faces of these dear girls, many of whom have come out of wretched homes, some of which I have visited. The Deaconness Home is a center of influence and a power of good. Every Thursday evening, after prayer meeting, the people are invited there for tea and cake. A wealthy man furnishes the means and these are times not for mere social talk but for spiritual hand-to-hand personal work for souls who are seeking pardon and purity. Our devoted superintendent does a great deal of work in the saloons and rescue work. She has a young man's class, a young woman's class, a temperance band, and in various avenues is seeking to save the lost. Many of the assistant Eurasians are very earnest Christians, some of whom have been educated in this school.

"The distribution of prizes which I attended today was a most enjoyable affair from first to last. The dear children with their white sails took the house by storm. Twelve children, a boy and a girl alternating, all dressed in white flannel sailor suits and blue ties held their sails, then waved them, transformed them into coverings for their heads when the wind blew cold and gave them

toothache, waved them when they went on deck, and how well they sang!

"This morning we went to the largest Hindoo Temple. It is the only temple where they offer sacrifices with blood, goats and bulls, but they did not offer them this morning and I was glad they did not. This temple is dedicated to a frightful, repulsive looking idol. The fakirs (holy men, so called) are hideous to behold but they are the blind teachers of these millions of people. The worshipers crowd the temple perpetually, bringing their offerings of flowers and almost everyday the animals are sacrificed. There were other scenes too disgusting to be put on paper, and yet in the Parliament of Religions, Hinduism, so vile in its gods and books, was extolled. We saw the multitudes bathing in the streams into which the sacred Ganges flows. Men and women bathe together, not only themselves, but their clothes, rinse their mouths, clean their teeth, say their prayers, worship the sun and putting on their wet garments, walk out. A company of professional harlots, heavily jeweled from head to foot, and elegantly dressed came down to bathe, but were content to wash their feet, cross themselves and sing through the streets for those who would enter the house of her 'Whose ways lead down to death and hell.'

"Alahabad, December 18. Since I mailed my last I have been to visit our boys' orphanage and school, and our Hindustani schools, which meet in small mud houses. Many of these children have been picked up off the streets, and are there for a few hours of the day, kept from sin. The children in our boarding school are effectually sheltered from the pestilential atmosphere of their wicked homes.

"Friday was absorbed in visiting other schools, packing, farewells and departing for this place. As it is in China, so it is here; we have to take our food and bedding along, for there is no provision on the train for bedding. We had a rough, dusty, hard ride, but we had the whole coach to ourselves all the way and so were favored. Soon after our arrival here, we attended the Christian Endeavor meeting. Preaching service at 8 o'clock on Sunday was followed by Sunday-school. Then I went to a Hindustani service

at noon and saw the preachers, teachers and the congregation, all of whom were very interesting people. I also saw some famine orphans, one of whom now is only a mere skeleton. Boys who came so wild it was hard to get them to wear clothes, are now clothed and in their right minds, sitting at Jesus' feet.

"The Conference opened with a communion service, followed by an address from the bishop and was a most excellent season. At the close of the session, we visitors were introduced. After lunch there was a native gathering near our new school building. It was an inspiring sight to see these native girls from our boarding school, the native Christian women and nearly 300 native children gathered from our day and Sunday schools. After this gathering the Women's Conference met.

"December 21. We are still having very precious Conference sessions. Every meeting is so spiritual and there is such yearning and believing for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. It is a great treat to be in such a spiritual Conference.

"December 25. We had Christmas dinner at the Deaconness Home. This is a fine building. It was formerly a Mohammedan tomb, but is now occupied to save and bless the living. It was prettily decorated and illuminated with United States and English flags. Twenty-seven of us sat down to dinner.

"Lucknow, December 26. The Conference wound up with a blessed love feast, followed by a preaching service in the morning, another in the afternoon, another in the evening and this last was followed by the ordination of elders.

"Sitapur, January 4, 1896. After sending off my last letter we went to the residency of the King of Oudh, where he had four hundred wives when the British took possession. He had a small palace where he met the one he desired to see for that day. The residency is now let to various tenants and the palace is used for a hall where the missionaries have often preached the Word of God and where they hold their great gatherings. So all India shall yet be subdued to the Prince of Peace.

"We went to the scene of the mutiny of 1857, and went down

the cellar where the women and children were confined and finally massacred, and saw the buildings where the gallant officers were killed, visited their graves, saw one of the soldiers who was in the siege and escaped, walked through the beautiful gardens and praised God for the glorious work now being done where shot and shell and massacre had done its worst.

"Friday, the 27th, we left for Cawnpore, another center of the mutiny, and saw the well where women and children, dead and alive, were thrown together. It is now a solid piece of fine masonry, surrounded by a fence with a locked gate through which none but Europeans are admitted. We went down to the river where these aforesaid women and girls were put in boats under the promise of the leader of the mutiny that if the general would surrender, all these should be sent down the river in safety, but they were traitors and as soon as the women and girls were all in the boats, enemies in ambush shot at them, wounded and killed them and then threw them into the well. One of the men who was a boatman and saw all this dreadful carnage, said he just rejoiced and gloated over it. He is now a preacher of that gospel which he hated and one of the disciples of the Savior whom he persecuted, and is valiant for the truth.

"Cawnpore is the Manchester of India. Flour, carpet, paper and other large factories give employment to thousands of people. Sunday morning, I talked to the Hindustani Sunday school of a hundred people and preached to a heathen congregation of three hundred people and to an English congregation of over three hundred, followed by an after meeting. Monday we visited the Hindustani school and were much pleased with its order and neatness. I talked to the girls and they gave me some of their experiences; then, to the Woman's Training School. Tuesday, we went back to Lucknow and on Wednesday had a great Sunday school fete, where about two thousand men and boys from the Sunday schools were gathered. I wish I could picture the scene, the procession with its band of music, its banners, its gaily attired men and boys, most of them Hindoos and Mohammedans, learning to sing our

hymns, recite the scriptures and read essays on Christ and Christmas. Our Christian girls and women were there also and sang and recited in the presence of these men. Thirty years ago, this was an impossibility. After these exercises the multitudes were fed and as we passed among them, I thought of the time when Jesus had compassion and fed the thousands. Friday, we had a great gathering of women and girls, most of whom were not Christians. Many of them were Zenana women, elegantly dressed and loaded with jewels, everywhere from head to foot but they were learning the doctrine and it was so interesting to hear those women and children sing the songs of Zion and repeat the word of God. Some day there will be a rich fruitage from all this seed sowing. We went over to the Deaconness Home, the Home for Friendless Women and the school buildings and the college now in process of erection. An immense plant altogether covering six acres. What hath God wrought! It is the Lord's doings and it is marvelous in our eyes. It fell to my lot to give an address to the women and then distribute the prizes. In the afternoon, we were on our way to Sitapur. This morning, we attended a native missionary meeting which was a model one, such good singing, such presiding, such reports and universal giving we were delighted to see and hear.

"We had a good time at the Girls' school. The girls are such sweet singers. Sunday, January 5, was a good day. At the Hindustani Sunday school there were more than 200 present and I talked to them on 'Repentance' and went from there to the English service to speak to a congregation which was composed mostly of soldiers who were very attentive hearers. In the afternoon I preached to the Hindustani congregation, most of whom were Christians. The next morning, we inspected the girls' dormitories and found them very clean and orderly, and then went to see two new chapels in different parts of the city, then to the boys' day school where we have sixty Christian boys and a number of Brahmins and Mohammedans, whom we hope will become Christians.

"The weather is delightful, being dry and cool. I like the climate better than the Foochow winter. I fear I am spoiled for cold

weather. The roses are abundant, the houses are filled with their fragrance. Monday morning, after we had visited the Boys' school we made our preparations for going to the Bareilly Conference, which place we reached on Tuesday night. This morning we attended the Conference and made two addresses. At this Conference, as the Hindustani brethren are largely represented, the work is carried on in their own language so I cannot understand a great deal. I visited the Orphanage. This family with the missionaries and assistants is the largest in India. I also visited the hospital and dispensary, the patients and physicians. What a gift to our society from a heathen was that building and forty acres of land on which we have a hospital and a home, theological school, woman's training school and our church, besides the residences of the missionaries. It is indeed a fine property.

"Sunday, the 13th, was another good day. Love-feast and Communion were held in the morning. There were no painful pauses in the Love-feast; several were on their feet at once; now we had a testimony in Hindustani, then one in Anglo-Saxon; now a converted Jew, a preacher of the Christ of Nazareth spoke, then a Gentile convert; now the missionaries, then those they had led to Jesus. Bishop Thoburn preached in Hindustani and ordained elders. Bishop Walden preached in English and Bishop Thoburn ordained deacons. We have visited one of our city Sunday schools. Oh, such poverty, ignorance and filth! This is only one of ten that are held every Sunday. The collection was taken and all the children had to give was shells and it takes eighty of these to make a piece which is equal to one cent, but it is all they have to give. Five of the little girls in this school, none of them more than ten years of age, are already betrothed."

CHAPTER XXI

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF INDIA

"Tuesday, the 14th, we came to Naini Tal. How did we make the trip? Seventy miles by train, then up the mountain twelve miles by *tonga.* This is a two wheeled covered vehicle which carried four people sitting back to back, one of the four being the driver. It is drawn by two horses that gallop most of the way. We changed horses four times, then we went three miles up the steep by *dandi,* which is a long and narrow chair almost in the shape of a boat, and is carried by poles on men's shoulders, two men behind and two in front with another to relieve these men. They only earn one *anna* a mile, and an *anna* is a sixteenth part of a *rupee* and a *rupee* is worth now only about thirty cents. The height to which we have come is 5,000 feet above sea level, and is a most enchanting spot. On each side of the mountain, there is a most lovely view. The residences are built on the sides of the mountain, tier above tier, clear to the top. The lake lies in the bosom of the mountain or rather, at its feet, so calm, so deep, so placid. There are cement roads all around the lake.

"Our Wellesley school here consists of three fine buildings with a large staff of teachers. The school ranks high with the government and is in a measure under its control and while it maintains its high standard, it receives one hundred dollars a month from the government. It is entirely self-supporting and has erected its buildings out of its proceeds. The climate here is delightful, bracing in the winter, and now is as clear as a bell. Occasionally they have snow storms, but never suffer with the heat here, as they do in the plains. It is the summer resort for all who can afford to come, but living is very high because it is so far from the markets.

"January 16. We have had a five hours' outing today ascending the mountains another 1,500 feet, where we could gaze on the

eternal snow capped Himalayas. It was a grand sight and all the wondrous landscape around and below us. Surely this is one of the grand spots of earth.

"Friday, the 17th, we left Naini Tal in a *dandi.* The scenery along the way was beautiful. We came through some of the nicest, grandest woods I have ever seen. Arriving at the station, we washed, spread our lunch on the table, and 'satisfied our mouth with good things.' We reached Bareilly in the evening, packed up our belongings and at four o'clock the next morning took the train for Budaon, arriving at Aonla where we took a *bum-bum,* which is very much like our English dog-cart, and rode a short distance to the native village where we were met by the pastor who had been reared in our boys' school. His wife is one of our Moradabad girls. They took us to their neat parsonage where we had a light breakfast, after which we had a meeting with fifty Christians, some of whom had come quite a way to hear the 'Word.' What a rebuke many of these native Christians are to our home Christians. My soul was greatly blessed here as I saw these fathers and mothers sitting on the mud floor with babies in their arms, they were so attentive to the 'Word.' They had their native Christian band in honor of my coming, and played and sang the native *bajahns.* Going on sixteen miles over good English roads, we reached our girls' boarding school. In the afternoon we went to another meeting in one of the *mohullas.* Seated on the mud floor were seventy men, women and children to whom I spoke the Word and with song and prayer the service ended. I enjoy these simple chapels and these devout hearers. Of course, I went to rest weary but so happy and rose Sunday morning to talk to the Sunday-school. In the afternoon I preached to the Hindustani congregation of over two hundred and then visited the boys' school while they were getting their supper. I was very glad to meet Louisa Mary Nind whom I have been supporting for several years. She is a nice, tall, good-looking Christian girl. She was dressed in a pretty maroon cashmere dress, trimmed with black, and such a pretty white chuddar. She is now a teacher in this school. I hear that

Agnes Williams Nind was one of our best girls here and is now a happy wife and a successful Bible-reader. These are investments that pay the hundredfold. I have visited with our Bible-reader two zenanas and two day-schools and have delivered a message to about a hundred people, some of whom were very eager listeners. There were some Mohammedans and some Hindoos, all needing Jesus.

"January 30. Since writing you last I have left Budaon and visited Moradabad, the school where Mrs. Parker for 20 years did such good work and from which school so many converted girls have gone out as teachers, preachers' wives and Bible-readers. It was my privilege to distribute some presents which came in a missionary box, giving one to each of the 140 girls, to see their glad faces and say a few words to them, then to visit the classes, dormitories, and other buildings. I have also been to a *mohulla* day school, where the children are taught out of doors, sitting on the ground; the teacher is one of our converted women. I wish I could have had a picture of the scene. In the background, under the shade of one of the majestic trees were a group of women, some of them with babies in their arms, busy with their spinning. The wheels of the spinning machine were of the most primitive type and yet, as these women spun, they were listening to the message we delivered them and to the instruction given to the children on the life of Christ. Many were toilers, weary toilers, of the *chamar* caste, which is one caste above the sweepers. They are a very industrious people but hitherto the gospel has not had much power among them. Schools are being opened and evangelistic work is being done and thus the children are learning of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. After this we went to the weekly prayer meeting, held in our Hindustani chapel, where 250 pupils and teachers were gathered from our boys' and girls' schools. The interpreter to my address was a fine looking Hindoo, one of the masters in the boys' school. He was once a sweeper, but is now an educated, scholarly Christian. What grace does in transforming these people! From Moradabad we went to Meirut, the seat of the Northwest India Conference,

188 miles from Moradabad. Meirut is the headquarters of a division of the army—native and British artillery and infantry. The Church of England has a church building capable of holding 3,000 people. It was in this church while the soldiers were in service, unarmed, that the great mutiny of 1857 commenced and now all the soldiers go to church with guns in hand.

"The Conference was a delightful session. This is its second session and reports show that it has been a glorious year with increase all along the lines. Here I met Charles Luke, who married Mary C. Nind, the first girl I supported in Barielly. She was converted there, became a teacher, then for three years was his devoted helpmeet and with holy triumph passed away, leaving him a son who is an editor. His second wife and two daughters, all earnest workers, came to see me. He is a fine looking man and a presiding elder. He had on his district the past year over 2,000 conversions and has ninety-three places on his district where daily prayer-meetings are held. He is a most successful man and speaks very good English, and so the money we are putting into this blessed work is yielding heavy dividends in the salvation of this people and in glorifying God.

"One day we went to a large village, nine miles distant. On arrival the people came out from their homes and as soon as we had chosen our place, men, women and children came, bringing their bedsteads on which we who had come as spectators sat, and all began to sing, then the crowds gathered, surrounding us. Some were only half clad, many were very dirty, unwashed, and unkempt. When they were a little quiet, Caroline, our old faithful Bible-reader, preached with great power. Some men opposed, disputed, questioned, but she preached on and then sang. I suppose a hundred or more gathered while the preaching was going on. The women with chuddars drawn over their faces, crowded the house tops to see and listen. It was a deeply interesting sight. The women wanted that we should come into their houses, but the head man objected and we moved on, the crowd following, and again, in another part of the village, the gospel was preached and sung.

We were there about two hours. On the way to our vehicles, under the shade of a great tree, again the crowd assembled and song and preaching was heard. Oh, these multitudes who need to be gospeled and saved! I can understand as never before, the reading of that passage, 'When Jesus saw the multitude, he was moved with compassion upon them because they fainted and were as sheep scattered abroad having no shepherd.'

"Muttra. From the Mohammedan city Aligarh to the Hindoo city Muttra, with its population of 60,000, we came February 10. We had five days at Aligarh, where the Louise Soule school and chapel are. It is a beautiful compound of 11 acres, with fruit trees which in time will bear much fruit. The school building has eight class rooms, the central room being used for a chapel. In the tower is the Memorial Bell. It awoke me from my peaceful slumbers on Sunday morning, soon after six o'clock, calling me to Sunday school. The girls' dormitories are very clean and nice. We have a school of forty very nice and very fine looking girls. It was my privilege to meet the girls in their Junior Epworth League and to preach the gospel to the Sunday congregation. A great mela was being held to which thousands of people came, some to sell, others to buy the various productions of the country. Cook's circus was here and we had an exhibition of the heathenism, first by a circus.

"This Mohammedan city has a college of 700 students with English and native professors. The college was built by the contributions of the people all over the empire and the aid of the government. We went into some of the students' rooms which are very much like our own college boys' rooms.

"The scenes and acts at the temples I cannot here narrate for some of them are too dreadful to put on paper. Say what you will, heathenism, whether Mohammedanism or Hinduism, is a vile, filthy thing, and I understand better than before why God has pronounced such fearful curses upon it. Brother Lawson and some of the native preachers were on the fair grounds, lifting up Jesus Christ, the only Saviour and had many attentive hearers. In Aligarh we have men and women being trained for future usefulness.

"Muttra is the place where Brother Blackstone opened the work. Here we have a Memorial Home built by him for his father and mother, the Home of the Deaconnesses, and a Memorial Hall erected by Mrs. Philander Smith, and another in the city erected to Flora, Brother Blackstone's now glorified daughter. Here we have a girls' school, women and girls being trained for native and English work. One hundred zenanas are visited and there is work in the mohullas and preaching in the heart of the city. This is a very stronghold of Hinduism, though there are about 10,000 Mohammedans here. How depressing are the sounds and scenes of these great heathen cities. I get so heartsick as I behold them that I do not wonder that the missionaries become oppressed with the load and depressed as they are often led to feel what are we among so many—who is sufficient for these things! Our sufficiency is of God. The time is coming when the idols will be utterly abolished and cast away and when our Jesus, the world's Redeemer will reign from shore to shore and from the rivers to the ends of the earth. May the Lord help us to hasten the day.

"February 13. I have been into one of the high caste zenanas. The husband of the nineteen-year-old wife is very wealthy. She was elaborately attired. Her bare feet were loaded with anklet and heellet and toe rings of solid silver. In her ears, around her neck and waist, there were many jewels and yet she had not on all that she often wears. Her chuddar was of rose pink silk, trimmed with gold border and bespangled with stars. She seems to be an earnest enquirer after the truth, for she does not worship her idols now. The mother-in-law, a nice, generous looking woman of forty, also listened attentively to what I said through the interpreter. An old priestess was there and seemed to greatly enjoy our visit. The next zenana we visited was of a lower caste. There were a number of women, some of whom seemed much interested. The cook in the family, a boy in his teens, is a Brahmin and is also the family priest and rules the zenana. In the evening I gave a Bible reading to the missionaries and workers.

"On the 17th day of February I went to Brindaban, the great

Hindoo center and have seen the most splendid temple in process of erection I have yet seen. It is the gift of the Rajah of Jeypore. It will cost millions of dollars when completed. It has a cathedral style of architecture. Its floors are of inlaid marble, its galleries of white marble, its pillars, windows and arches are elaborately carved. It gods are decked with jewels and precious stones. Other gods are now being made to put into the various niches all around the spacious court where are houses for the priests and the wretched widows who are kept there for them. There are 8,000 of these poor slaves of sin and these priests are the leaders of these poor, deluded people. Krishna, the vilest god of India, is the deity for whom this and other temples here are erected and where the millions worship. Now is the Holy Festival. It is said that when a large company of women went down to bathe and left their garments on the river bank Krishna went up to a large shady tree near the river, had all the clothes brought to him and then sent the women word that they could have their clothes from him when they had rendered him service. Thus was this feast originated and is kept in honor of him and all through the days of the feast the women are subject to the worst indignities. The priests and people revel in vice, women on the streets have vile and indecent things said to them and the men carry colored paint which they throw on the women. Oh, heathenism is a vile, a filthy thing! Its gorgeous temples, its thousands and millions of priests, its numberless idols, cannot disguise its uncleanness. Brindaban and Benares, the so-called Holy Cities, are the most defiled and loathsome of any cities in India, and squalor and wretchedness abound. I do not wonder that God in his word utters such fearful curses on idolatry. Here, too, there is a monkey god; for monkeys, bulls and turtles are worshiped and in that gorgeous temple are many monkey idols and while we are not allowed to tread the floor without removing our shoes, the filthy monkeys go in and out unmolested. But the promises of God never fail and He has said, 'The idols will I utterly abolish and as I live, saith the Lord, all the earth shall be filled with

my glory,' and these temples will yet re-echo with the praises of our Redeemer.

"Sunday I preached twice to the British soldiers and held two other meetings with them. In the afternoon, I went to the hall, erected by Mrs. Adaline Smith in memory of Flora Blackstone. It is a very large building, next to a Hindo temple. There are rooms for recitations where our day and Sunday schools meet, a reading room, office for the presiding elder, a *'go down'* where tents and other things are kept, a bookstore where we sell the Scriptures, a fine bell in the tower with the last promise of God's word on it. All this is the gift of Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Blackstone. A good picture of Flora adorns the wall, a good organ and a good choir of Christian boys send out music and so we are planning in the very heart of this heathen city to take it for Christ.

"February 24. After mailing your letter at Agra I delivered a temperance address and then took train for Ajmere. We broke our ride by stopping at Jeypore, a city under native rule. In the morning we visited the geological gardens, museum, Prince of Wales Hall, School of Arts and Indian curiosities. Ajmere is a new mission. We have a fine compound here of 11½ acres, a home, girls' and boys' schools, both small at present but in the center of the district and will be larger by and by. I have been doing here what I have to do in every place: look over the grounds, the buildings, make suggestions, express my opinions, see all the scholars, their schools and dormitories, take notes and write home.

"March 3 and I am at Baroda. The work is new here but we have a girls' school and a boys' school and some very encouraging village work. Nearly 600 men have been baptized and now the women must be led to Christ or the men will backslide.

"March 7. From Baroda we came to the busy city of Bombay after a night's ride, and from Bombay to Poonah. The ride from Bombay to Poonah is the most beautiful I have had in India over mountain steeps and through valley gorges. The Central Conference has opened here with representatives from all parts of India. This Central Conference is very much like the General Conference

of America, only that there are as many women delegates as men with equal rights and privileges. The harmony and love that pervades this assembly is beautiful to behold and the devotional meetings are times of great refreshing.

"March 16. This is the anniversary of my wedding day. What a happy day it was when, forty-six years ago, I was united to one of the best of men! He is still mine though it has been nearly eleven years since he sat down to the marriage supper of the Lamb in the Kingdom above. I shall join him soon. What a happy meeting it will be—never more to be separated! His army life and his traveling life and my life in the missionary army often separated us. In glory we shall go out no more forever. Glory to his name! The papers announce the very sudden departure of the Treasurer of our General Missionary Society, Dr. Hunt. As he was crossing the threshold of the hotel in Cincinnati, he crossed the threshold of time into eternity. Ah, we know not how near the brink we are! Oh, to be ready when the summons comes! Sudden death to the Christian is sudden glory."

BIRTHPLACE OF EBENEZAR CLARKE

Father of Mary Clarke Nind

CHAPTER XXII

HOMEWARD BOUND

"March 26. This letter is commenced while passing through the Red Sea. We thank God there are no hosts after us, no Pharaoh, with six hundred chariots of iron to take us back to bondage and to death, but we are calmly passing through the sea, though suffering with the heat and longing for the days when we shall strike a northerly latitude. Till then, we must remain day and night wet with perspiration and exhausted for want of ozone in the air.

"Our steamer is very crowded. Most of the people are French with their volatile pleasures and fashions, their wine drinking, card playing and smoking habits, but we are a Christian party of twelve, sitting together at the same table and enjoying very much each other's society and fellowship. Thus far we have had no rough seas, no stormy winds, for which we are very grateful. We stopped ten hours at Aden, but did not go ashore because it was too hot to make the effort. At this place there are 40,000 inhabitants, mostly Arabs and Africans. A military post is stationed here. It is a treeless, verdureless, barren spot, not a spire nor a spear to be seen and all or nearly all their provisions are brought from India. We are beset all the day with the natives selling their wares, their chief commodities being ostrich feathers and eggs. The Arab diving boys were very amusing. It seemed as if they spent nearly all day in the water, diving for cash and singing their weird songs.

"Aden is made sacred to us missionaries by the fact that near here our dear Florence Nickerson was buried, and when the sea gives up the dead that is in it she will be among the number who loved not her life even unto the death. India, China, Japan, Africa, South America and the sea are made sacred by the death of our dear missionaries. Beyrout holds the dust of our beloved Bishop

Kingsley, Foochow that of Bishop Wiley and Berlin that of our dear Sister Davis. From all these resting places these saints of God who have put off mortality will rise to immortality, to put on a body of light unto the glorious body of our ascended and glorified Lord. Blessed assurance, 'we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is.' May we be conformed to the image of the Son of God here by His transforming grace, then we shall be transformed by and by into glory.

"March 29. Nearing Suez. We have the mountains of Arabia on the one side and those of Africa on the other. The air is cooler; the sea has been so calm that we can hardly realize we are on the sea. Already I feel the exhaustion of body and nerve giving place to a more healthy tone, but I am sure I am not strong enough to take the trip to Palestine, so I cheerfully give it up to preserve life and health.

"We have reached Suez and are now passing through the wonderful De Lessep's Canal. The city of Suez contains about 20,000 inhabitants. Along the shore are the very nice European residences, taking us in thought to England. A number of steamers are in port. The native city rises back of the European. The time of our stay here is so brief that no one is allowed to go ashore. Egyptians came on board selling their wares. They dress in long flowing garments with turbans on their heads, something like the people in India. The canal is wide enough for two vessels to pass if one ties up but it causes much delay. We passed the canal safely. Our steamer had to pay $6,000 toll.

"Good Friday. We now are in the straits of Messina, off Sicily, and have just passed the eruptive mountain, Stromboli. We are having a beautiful day, everything is astir with anticipation of closing up our voyage tomorrow night. We have had such a gracious voyage and each day I feel so much better. I have read and written but little, have rested, pitched quoits, walked, eaten and slept well most of the time, and have not lost a meal on the sea since I left home. Ought I not to be thankful?

"April 5. We did Marseilles and Paris as well as we could in

three days and being in Paris during the Easter holidays it was the very best time to see the gay people. The fine equipages, the fine turn-outs and the crowded boulevards. We visited the cathedrals, Notre Dame, the Tuilleries, the schools of art, the Triumphal Arch, the Tomb of Napoleon and went up into the Eifel Tower and saw Paris from its height."

CHAPTER XXIII

HOME AGAIN

April 10 Mary Clarke Nind was once more at home in her native land with her brothers and sisters, among the friends and scenes of her childhood. Here she spent four months most delightfully, recuperating in health, visiting the friends of former days and busy as ever for the Master. One day she writes: "Today I called to see Mrs. Anderson who was a girl in the missionary school when I was a girl and knew the girls who were my special favorites—Mary Moffitt, who afterwards became Mrs. David Livingston, and her sister Helen, who still lives. I am sorry to say she is not a teetotaler, for she offered me a glass of wine, which gave me an opportunity to exhort, which I promptly embraced." The next day she writes: "Brother Eb and I had a most enjoyable day at Bishop Stortford and Sawbridgeworth. We had the long looked for rain the night before and so the dust was laid and all nature looked glad, clad in its well washed dress. We went down to Grandpa Clarke's house which has been improved by a new coat of stucco and the window-sashes painted. We went inside and looked into the room where I have so often sat upon his knee and knelt at the family altar in my happy girlhood days. Then we went on to the chapel where the dear husband and his family attended and where he, when a little boy, perched upon a stool, sang in the choir. Then we went on to see his old governess. She is 82 and her husband 85. Their garden is a bower of beauty and they are cheery, dear old people."

June 6 she writes: "Brother Alfred gave me an outing to Hyde Park. The day was fine and the fine turnouts were many. You know my love for fine horses. It is as great as ever. We rode on the top of an omnibus and saw all there was to be seen from Liverpool street to the park. Then we visited the Indian Exhibition

which covers several acres of ground. We saw representations of temples and mosques and a procession of Burmese, Hindoos, Singalese, Parsees, and it was a delight to me to see them once more. People rode on camels and elephants, in true Oriental style as well as in jinrikshas which awoke my love for Japan and brought back the fact that it is just two years since I landed in Yokohama and had my first jinriksha ride."

And thus the days and weeks sped on, filled with enjoyment as well as in holding meetings for mothers, temperance meetings and evangelistic services until August came and Mrs. Nind began to feel that she must reach America, not only because she longed to see her dear ones here but because she felt that she ought to be home in time for the Branch meetings of the missionary society, although in one of her letters she said, "I am free to confess that were it not for my dear children and the Lord's work in America, I should want to remain in England as long as my sister lives." The steamer St. Louis, which brought her from Liverpool to New York had among its passengers China's great statesman, Li Hung Chang, and his retinue, so that, as she expressed it, "We still have a little of China till we reach America."

It is a coincidence perhaps that mother reached her earthly home September 2, just nine years before she went to her heavenly home. These nine years were spent as had been many of the previous years of her life in work for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, visiting nearly all of the Branches and speaking in nearly every state, north of the Mason and Dixon line. Soon after her return to America, many of the Branches gave her special receptions with kind words of greeting and appreciation of the work done for the Society while on her trip around the world. One of these addresses of welcome given by Mrs. Winchell has been preserved among her choicest keepsakes in a neat little booklet and we give it on the following page:

WORDS OF WELCOME TO MRS. MARY C. NIND BY MRS. C. S. WINCHELL, AT A RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE METHODIST LADIES OF THE CITY OF MINNEAPOLIS, AT WESLEY CHURCH, DECEMBER 7, 1896.

As I look into the faces of these many friends and note the joy and gladness beaming there, I count it no slight token of your confidence that you have chosen me to voice your welcome to our honored guest today.

Two and a half years ago, when she started on her journey around the world, a volume of prayer ascended from this Branch, as from hearts all over the land, to Him who ruleth wind and wave for her safe return.

Our hearts are full of thanksgiving for the answer to these petitions and for the joy of meeting her face to face once more and now we are glad that she went; glad to know that all the way she was wondrously preserved and cared for and comes again with all her old-time strength and power. We are glad that she has been to the "Land of the Rising Sun," to the old empire of China, to that wonderful island-city, Singapore, to Burma and to India. We are glad that she could go and visit these mission fields which she has so largely planted and rejoice in the harvests already gathered, but we are gladder still for the inspiration her presence gave to the missionaries themselves and for the blessings carried to scores and hundreds of the heathen to whom she broke the Bread of Life. We who knew her here are not surprised to learn that one well prepared to judge has said of her, "She has done more for our missions than any bishop ever sent to the Orient."

Ever since she landed on our shores, you have been asking me when we could hope to see her here and you have been longing for this hour, but it is a long way from New York to Minneapolis and there are many large cities on the way, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Milwaukee; these all had heard of her coming and claimed her too, filling their largest churches to welcome her, while the hosts of women assembled in the Annual Meetings of the Great Northwestern and Des Moines Branches had pre-emption claims on her ere ever she crossed the Atlantic. So generous has been her response to these urgent calls that the last I knew she had not yet found time to unpack her trunk. Some of us who labored long with her are not surprised for we know full well how unremitting is her zeal for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom and that to her faith and works, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, west of the Mississippi, owes its existence. And to one who has traveled over this immense territory, compassing as many as 10,000 miles, in a single year by rail and river, by stage coach and the pioneer preacher's horse, on lumbering farm wagon, laying deep and broad the foundations of this society, a journey to the Orient even may have seemed a light undertaking.

And it is meet that we welcome her to this Church towards whose up-

building she contributed much. To this city, her residence for many years, and endeared to her by many tender associations, to this state whose Methodists once chose her as their representative to the General Conference, to this Minneapolis branch, which she founded, to which she gave so many years of glorious service and which will never cease to claim her as its very own.

We bring no wreath of laurel and of bay as they of old were wont to crown the victor returning from earth's bloody battle fields, but we bring the love and devotion of hearts loyal and true, of lives that have been enriched and broadened by her influence, today, to our beloved and honored leader—Mary C. Nind.

In 1900, when 75 years of age, mother attended the Ecumenical Conference in New York and the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Chicago. Someone remarking upon her activity and energy at this advanced age, asked how it felt to be 75. A few days later she read an article in the Midland Christian Advocate on "How it Feels to Be Seventy," and for that paper she wrote the following:

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SEVENTY-FIVE.

How do I feel? First of all, I am grateful to God that seventy years of this time I have been a Christian, that I had Christian parents who sought by holy living, prayer, instruction and faith the early conversion of their six children. Two have entered through the gates into the City, one a few months ago at the ripe age of seventy-nine, the other remaining, bringing forth fruit in old age, one having passed her eighty-first year.

I praise God for an experience of His saving power, in childhood, young womanhood, wifehood, motherhood, widowhood, in sickness and health, sorrow and joy, prosperity and adversity, bereavement and achievement, in times of felt security, and in hours of peril, storms at sea, railroad accidents, earthquake and disease that seem to bring death and eternity very near.

I praise Him for the faithful pastors I have had from my childhood to the present. Here it is only fitting that I mention my Minnesota pastors—Revs. Richardson, McKinley, Hobart, Brookes, Crook, Cranston, Gilbert, Cobbe, Wagner, Van Anda—blessed heralds of the cross, some of them crowned, while many stars deck their crowns.

I praise Him for a little share in the work of the world's redemption. Conscious of all the failings and imperfections which have marred the work, for which I am penitent. He knows, He pities and forgives. But for the privilege of service I bless Him, yes, I adore Him that over these United States and round the world He has permitted me to be His glad message-

bearer and to run on errands for my Master. I praise Him for the children who are preaching, teaching and living this gospel here, in China and in Africa; for prolonged life and a fair share of health and vigor. How many of my fellow pilgrims, who started on the journey about the time I did, have gone on to join the triumphant throng? I turn to my diary for 1901—seven weeks of the new century have expired, and I find seven of my dear friends have left my side, among them Bishop Wm. Ninde, Dr. Henry Foster of Clifton Springs, Dr. Stalker of California and Dr. Fisk of Albion. Sometimes a feeling of loneliness comes over me as one by one these fellow travelers drop out of the ranks. They will be on hand to welcome us when we reach the blessed shore. How do I feel as the shadows lengthen? That I must work while it is called today. Not the same kind of work, however. No more long, wearisome journeys in lumber wagons, over trackless prairies; no more nights in log cabins, dugouts, sod houses; no more nights spent in depots waiting for connections; no more laying the foundations in territories new; no more trips around the world; but while physical and mental vigor is granted, busy with lip, pen, prayer and purse, embracing opportunities of usefulness and urging the younger, stronger, abler soldiers to fidelity in the service of the Captain of their Salvation. They must increase, we must decrease. Let us old people rejoice that we have been permitted to labor so long and that others are being trained for more efficient service.

And thus were spent the last five years of her life. In some respects these were trying years and yet through them all, there was a constant growth in grace, a deeper dependence upon the Master, a drawing even still nearer to Him, a ripening for eternity. Dearer and dearer became the Word of the Lord to her; more frequently were His promises quoted in her diaries. Over and over again, we find the text, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths," and often after having written this text, she wrote, "Blessed promise, I have tested it and proved it true and shall again." At another time she wrote, "The Lord is trying my faith in many ways but I will trust and not be afraid."

At the close of the year 1901 she wrote: "This year has been a blessed one in Christian experience and delightful in the work for the Master. The study of the Word has been blessed but it must be studied more next year. I enter upon this year with a holy purpose to be more Christ-like and have more of the abiding of the Holy Spirit, guiding, inspiring, enduring."

A favorite expression during these latter years when perplexities and difficulties came, was "Now, Lord, steer me through the breakers," another "Lord keep me patient." When business perplexities came, she often said, "I am looking to the Lord who is my partner and in whose hands are all my interests for time and eternity; for Him and with Him I do all my business." Frequently, during these latter years, she was obliged to stay at home from the services of God's house on account of the inclemency of the weather and often called herself "a prisoner of hope." One day when she had been shut in for several days, she wrote in her diary: "I am still at home but I say with the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, 'The weather tomorrow will be what suits me, for what suits God suits me always.'" One time when burdened and oppressed she writes, "My heart is sad but I will believe while I sing,

"His love in time past forbids me to think
That He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink.
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through."

We find written on the fly-leaf of one of her later diaries:

MY PRAYER.

"O, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

"O, strengthen me, that while standing
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestle with a troubled sea."

Upon leaving Detroit for almost the last time, after having attended the prayer meeting of her home church, she wrote in her diary: "When shall I meet again with this dear people? Dear Lord, Thou knowest. Till I meet them again, hold me, keep me, cleanse me, fill me, speak through me, give me glorious victory. Amen!"

CHAPTER XXIV

HER EIGHTIETH SUMMER

In the spring of 1905, the youngest son of Mrs. Nind, Rev. Geo. B. Nind, returned unexpectedly from the missionary field in which he had been working—the Madeira Islands. The preparation of a hymnal in the Portuguese language was the task set for him, and his stay in America it was believed would be brief, and the length of the stay at best was exceedingly uncertain. Mother had spent the summer of 1904 at one of the resorts on Traverse Bay, in Michigan, but during that period had kept up her always voluminous correspondence and had accepted an invitation to speak at a banquet to be given the ladies of the society who were to gather in Battle Creek. The preparation of this and other addresses occupied much of her time and thought during her summer "outing." But on her return to Detroit her physical condition was such as to cause her children much apprehension. All engagements were cancelled and as she had done on some previous occasions she went at once to the sanitarium of Dr. Green, at Castile, N. Y. Here her recovery was rapid, and the writer of these lines, to his joy and surprise, found her on Thanksgiving day much the most active and the cheeriest of the patients at the institution. There was a special entertainment at the sanitarium on Thanksgiving evening in which she participated with girlish zest, and was more agile than many others present twenty and thirty years her junior. Her various visits to this and other sanitariums had made her an enthusiastic believer in physical exercise, and for many years she had as religiously devoted a period each day to light calisthenics as to her Bible reading and periods of prayer. She was equally regular about her hours of sleep, and for many years had maintained what might have been called a sleep balance sheet. If her public duties kept her up beyond her accustomed time for sleep-

ing, if during her travels she lost sleep, it was somehow always made up. She was equally regular in other things, and always insisted on a simple diet. Her physicians declared that she was a model patient, and the regimen of the sanitariums she followed to the letter.

Soon after Thanksgiving day, 1904, she was "graduated" as she was wont to say, from the sanitarium at Castile, and after visiting some of her friends in Buffalo and elsewhere went to Delaware, Ohio, where three of her grandsons, the sons of Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Lacy, were students in the Ohio Wesleyan college. Her physician had warned her not to undertake many public duties and so she undertook to "mother" her grandsons, finding, too, a joy in the religious atmosphere of the place, and a delight in the companionship of many missionaries and the children of missionaries.

The arrangements for the summer of 1905 were left largely to her son, Rev. George B. Nind. For five and a half years his adopted daughter had had a home with Mrs. Wm. Millard at Littleton Common, Mass. A visit there by mother was planned for the early part of May, but just then sickness in Mrs. Millard's family made a postponement of the visit necessary. A missionary convention, promoted by the Open Door Emergency Commission of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was to be held in Trinity Church, Worcester, Mass., May 23-26. Leaving Delaware, Ohio, she filled a missionary engagement in Pittsburg, Pa., and the following Sabbath rested in Philadelphia at the home of Bishop Foss. The next day she went on to Worcester, where her son George arrived the day following. They were entertained in the home of Mrs. John Legg, president of the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in which home upon other occasions mother had been a guest. Among other guests in that hospitable home at this time were Mrs. William Butler and Miss Butler, and about the table during the days of the convention sat other delegates, some of whom mother had met on the foreign field, while another was a new outgoing missionary.

Some of the best parts of the convention were at the evening

MARY C. NIND *and* REV. GEORGE B. NIND

This picture was taken at Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 30, 1905. and is the last picture which was taken of "Mother" Nind. It was taken three months before her death

sessions; but mother held to her physician's orders not to attend evening meetings. When some one would remark what a pity that she was to lose some special features of the convention she would hush further inducements that might be presented by happily replying that she was now "Mary C. Nind, Limited."

Mother and son were persuaded to tarry at Mrs. Legg's a few days after the convention closed. On Memorial Day, May 30, they went into Boston. Most of the day was spent with Mr. Henry S. Ninde, a brother of Bishop Wm. X. Ninde, at his son George's in Cambridge. It was there that afternoon in the back yard that one of the members of the family took some photographs, among them one which shows mother in a characteristic playfulness when reproving her son for some of his shortcomings.

The next day while the guest of her friend Mrs. Richards in Somerville, she attended the regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society auxiliary of First Church, and took some part in it. The day following she returned to Worcester, and the next morning started for Clifton Springs, N. Y., stopping on the way at Rome, N. Y., to spend a few hours with the family of Henry S. Ninde. George Nind remained in Boston to meet his brother-in-law, Rev. Justus H. Nelson, who was coming from Para, Brazil, and to be present at the graduation from the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences of Boston University of Mr. Nelson's two sons.

The sessions of the International Missionary Union opened at Clifton Springs on the evening of June 7. George Nind arrived from Boston on the morning of June 8, and Miss Louisa M. Nind from Detroit the following morning. Mother enjoyed having these two children with her, and looked forward with joyful anticipation to the return from China of her other missionary children, when it would be possible to have a reunion of all her children and grandchildren.

She led some of the devotions of the Missionary Union, but otherwise she was only an intensely interested listener, taking notes for use in future missionary addresses.

On the 14th, together with her daughter and her son she went to Syracuse to attend Commencement, the graduate in whom they had special interest being Henry S. Ninde's son, Ward. The exercises over the rest of the day was spent in the company of Henry S. Ninde, and those of his family who were in Syracuse to attend Commencement. The next morning in the railroad station when Miss Nind was starting back to Detroit, when mother and daughter were bidding each other good-bye, how little they thought that they should not meet again on earth! A few minutes afterward mother and son were speeding eastward. At Springfield, Mass., they were joined by George Nind's daughter Lydia, who had come from Brockton, where for a year and a half she had been truly mothered by Mrs. Henry F. Hoxie. In the early evening the party reached Florence, a town incorporated in the city of Northampton. Mother had accepted an invitation to speak at the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Springfield District Quarterly Meeting, which was held there the next day. The day after that, Saturday, June 17, the journey was continued to Mountain Rest. From Florence it was reached by half an hour's trolley ride to Williamsburg, and seven miles' ride in a carriage. With increasing heat, the journey and efforts of the week had been wearying and when Sunday came, with the excessive heat which was general all over the country, mother was almost prostrate. The heat subsided and in a few days she was rested and refreshed. Mountain Rest she found an ideal place. The scenery is entrancing, the air pure and invigorating, the temperature several degrees lower than in the neighboring cities. The guests, all missionaries or of missionary families, were most congenial. There were no formalities and no social obligations with neighbors or summer people. There were no intrusions. Daily family worship, a meeting Sunday afternoon in which some mission field, or some phase of missionary work was represented, and a midweek Bible reading and prayer meeting were the only set religious exercises. Mother was not personally known to any of the people at Mountain Rest when she arrived there and but slightly known by reputation. When her son was

asked for the second time to conduct family worship, having noticed that up to that time none of the ladies had been called upon, he delegated his opportunity to his mother, knowing full well her gift in prayer, and realizing the uplift it would be to the whole company to be led in prayer by her. Her spiritual power was at once recognized. After that she was given her regular turn at family worship as well as a place in the meetings. Her worth as a spiritual leader, her wide experience and large acquaintance with missionary matters made her presence a real benediction, and by her good cheer, her bright sayings, and loving nature she soon won the hearts of all the company.

The Fourth of July came. A picnic had been planned for the guests at Mountain Rest and two families which for three years had joined the Mountain Rest people in a picnic on the Fourth of July. Mother thought Mountain Rest was quite good enough a place to spend the Fourth. Was it not better than any picnic ground? Why go picnicing from Mountain Rest? Even if the others went, she would prefer to spend the day quietly at Mountain Rest. Her judgment told her it would be better for her. But she had become such a favorite, everybody wanted her to go to the picnic. They were sure she would enjoy it. So solely to please those who urged her to go she consented.

On the Fourth of July morning, early, she went into her son's room and said: "George, the muses have visited me during the night;" to which he replied: "And what did they say?" Then she read him some verses she had written that morning. They were about the Fourth of July at Mountain Rest, and could be sung to the tune "Beulah Land," the chorus being:

O, Mountain Rest! O, lovely spot!
Thy quiet ne'er shall be forgot.
We'll picnic by the placid lake,
Where we may sweet refreshment take.
O, Mountain Rest! O, lovely spot!
Thy quiet ne'er shall be forgot.

This song with its three verses and chorus was sung at the pic-

nic. Mother enjoyed the picnic, but the long ride in a crowded buggy, and the long day without her usual nap, told upon her, and the next day, from the weak action of the heart she nearly fainted away. The following morning she woke up with a feeling of extreme exhaustion, and found she had lost the use of her right hand and forearm. She feared it was paralysis, but the doctor said it was from impeded circulation, due to her having laid long on that arm when the heart's action was weak through weariness. With good treatment in about two weeks she had regained the perfect use of that hand and arm, and thereafter she enjoyed the best of health and spirits to the end. Every morning before breakfast she might have been seen out on the porch of Judson cottage going through the gymnastics she had practiced ever since her first stay at Castile Sanitarium fifteen years previous. The mornings in August were often quite cool, and one of the missionary ladies from India would come down to breakfast with wraps and a blue nose and talk of wanting to get back to that warmer clime. Mother would tell her to take a round of gymnastics before breakfast to get up her circulation; that if she would do that she would come to breakfast all in a glow.

For many years mother had done her devotional Bible reading after breakfast, and in connection with it she had been singing the Methodist Hymnal through. While at Mountain Rest she was singing it through the fourth time. Four hymns a day was her practice. It was beautiful to hear her voice, remarkably clear and strong for a woman of her age, as through open windows it rang out on the summer air.

With social intercourse a little recreation on the lawn, her large correspondence, and her reading the summer passed quickly away. One day after she had been recounting some of her experiences in organizing the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the west, the prejudices, the opposition, the hardships and the victories, her son said to her: "Mother, you ought to write an autobiography, and put into it a lot of just such incidents as you have been telling us. The younger women of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society

who know it only as a well developed and honored society in the church have no idea of what you went through in helping to make the society what it is today." To this she replied: "Lots of people have told me the same thing, but I have never seemed to find just the opportunity. I believe I ought to do it the coming winter." Having to be sparing of her eyes she knew she would need the help of an amanuensis, so she talked over possible ones available with suitable qualifications, and at once she entered into correspondence with that in view.

The pastor of the Congregational church at Goshen proposed a women's missionary meeting to be addressed by some of the Mountain Rest ladies and that mother should be one of the speakers was the concensus of all the other ladies. The pastor made a number of propositions about the time of holding the meeting; among them, Sunday afternoon, Sunday evening, a week day afternoon, and a week day evening. None of them really suited the ladies, as local conditions were not favorable to a really good audience except Sunday morning. They asked for Sunday morning. The pastor demurred. Seeing that he was particular about holding strictly to the regular character of the Sunday morning service, some of the ladies were disposed to consider which of the other times proposed would be the best. Mother, believing that the theme and the speakers were worthy of the best possible hearing encouraged the ladies to insist upon having the Sunday morning service or none. The matter was pending some days. One morning at the breakfast table, when the subject was under discussion, she said that her decision was made: she should speak Sunday morning or not at all. It was not long before the word came that a Sunday morning service would be given up to the ladies.

Sunday morning, August 27, found a large audience in the Goshen church. The pastor conducted the usual preliminary part of the service, announcing the hymns and reading the Scripture selected by the ladies. The addresses of the ladies took the place of the sermon. The first speaker was Miss Susan Howland, for many years a missionary teacher in Ceylon. She told of the work

among women and girls in that country. She was followed by Miss Lucy M. Green, born in Ceylon, the daughter of the noted missionary of the American Board, Dr. Samuel F. Green. She spoke of the McAll Mission in France. Then mother gave a survey of world wide missions as she had seen them in many lands. After the service many were the expressions of the delight and profit it had afforded, and even the pastor seemed glad that he had given up to the ladies the place of his sermon.

HOUSE OF MRS. MILLARD IN LITTLETON, MASS.

Burned on the night of September 2, 1905

CHAPTER XXV

THE FINAL EVENTS OF A USEFUL LIFE

The time had now come when mother must be leaving Mountain Rest. She had engagements in the west and some visits to make *en route*. Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller had urged her to make her a visit at Englewood, N. J., before she left the east altogether. Mr. George Nind and his daughter Lydia were to leave Mountain Rest the last of the month to spend about two weeks with Gretchen at Littleton Common. It seemed to mother that her best time to visit Mrs. Miller would be during those two weeks. So she wrote to Mrs. Miller to know if September 1 would suit her for the visit. Mrs. Miller regretfully replied that arrangements which could not well be altered had been made for other company at that time, but that by September 9 she would be ready to receive mother's visit. Upon receiving this reply mother said to her son that it was very clear that she ought to accompany him to Littleton Common, as had been his wish, and she confessed that she had not relished the thought of separation from him for even those two weeks, as he would shortly be leaving her altogether, and in all probability they would not have another opportunity of being together on earth.

An invitation had come to her to take part in the services of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at the Springfield District Camp-meeting at Laurel Park, Northampton. Feeling in fine shape for work this call to lend a hand to the sisters of her beloved society aften ten weeks of retirement within their borders, found in her a ready response. It could be taken on the way to Littleton Common. Leaving Mountain Rest on Wednesday, August 30, she was entertained in Florence. Thursday was Missionary Day at Laurel Park Camp-meeting, the public service of the morning being in charge of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Mother

conducted the devotions. Miss Mary F. Danforth gave the address. In the afternoon they had a meeting with the members of the society and other ladies especially interested.

On Friday, September 1, Mr. George and Lydia joined Mother Nind at Florence and the three proceeded to Littleton Common, where they arrived about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. It was mother's second visit in Mrs. Millard's pleasant home. From the parlor windows, which looked out to the west on the bisected triangular Common, there was a pleasant view. Mother was given a large room on the second floor, with two windows to the south, one to the east overlooking a grassy yard. Mr. George occupied a small room, entered through his mother's room. Lydia slept in Gretchen's room, the front hall bedroom. The bed being a single one, Gretchen went to a neighbor's to sleep.

On Saturday morning, Mr. George decided to accept an urgent call which had come to him to be present and take part in the Portuguese Evangelical Congress which was to open that evening at New Bedford. It would require his absence three days from Littleton Common. His mother was sorry to have him away, but she believed it was his duty to go. She remarked, however, that if she had known he was to be away she would have accepted an invitation for Sunday services at Ware.

Mother's heavy baggage had not been put on to the train by which she left Northampton. Until it came she could not do much at getting settled in her room. So she used a good part of Saturday morning writing letters. The recipients of what she wrote that morning have treasured what they received as almost the last words from her pen.

At 10 o'clock Mrs. Millard, Gretchen and Lydia went to a Sunday-school picnic. Mrs. Millard's daughter, Miss Parker, remained at home to get the dinner for Mrs. Nind, her son and a young gentleman boarder. Dinner was at 12. After dinner Miss Parker also went to the picnic. This left Mother Nind, her son and Mrs. Knox, who occupied a back room on the second floor, the only persons in the house. Mother had decided to take her walk

that day, accompanying her son part way to the train. They were to start at half-past 3, but finding her taking a nap her son let her sleep until a quarter to 4. Leaving the house she took the latch key of the front door. After they had walked together a few blocks Mr. George, having to hurry on, kissed his mother "goodby" and she still walked on slowly in the same direction. Coming to a bend in the road Mr. George turned and took a last look; the last look at his mother for all time.

Mother's last written words probably were those on a postal card which bears the Littleton Common postmark of 5 p. m., September 2, 1905. It is addressed: "Rev. George B. Nind, care of Pastor Sampson, New Bedford, Mass." It reads:

LITTLETON COMMON, MASS., Saturday.

MY DEAR SON: Arrived home after walking to the houses beyond the new ones; home at 4:25, just in time to receive the baggage, for which we praise the Lord. Watched you as far as you could be seen, then hoped the man who passed me with the buggy would take you in and relieve you of your burdens. Hope you will have a blessed good time and return in health. May the Great Head of the church be honored in the Congress.

Mother, MARY C. NIND.

The family got home from the picnic about the same time that mother got back to the house. All were disposed to retire early. Gretchen slept in her own room and Lydia in the room her father had occupied the night before. On her way up to her attic chamber Mrs. Millard stepped in mother's room, and while the latter was making her toilet they talked of the doings of the day and the plans for the coming week. Mother was as bright and cheery as ever.

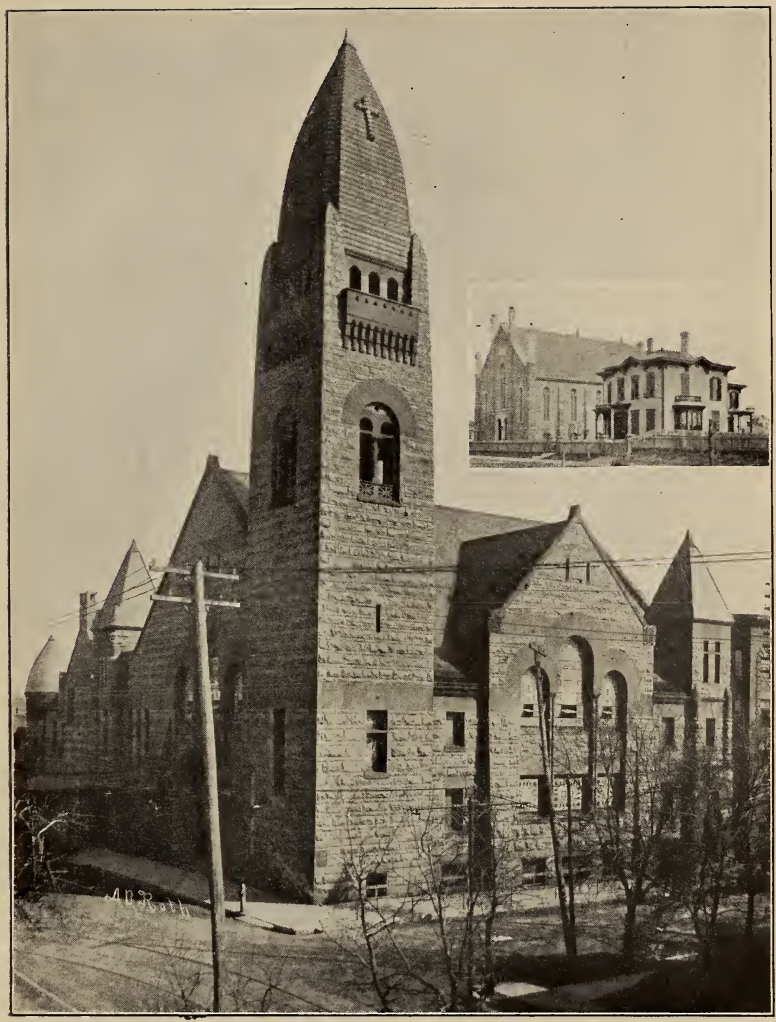
Half an hour afterward everybody in the house was sound asleep except perhaps Mrs. Knox, through whose window a light was still seen. About a quarter to 10 Mrs. Knox threw open her window toward the nearest neighbor and cried "Fire!" at the same time knocking on the side of the burning house. The house filled rapidly with densest smoke before much flame was visible. The neighbors gathered and the church bell was rung, bringing together

the townspeople. Mrs. Knox was seen at the outside door of the back stairway, but she went upstairs again and never returned. The gentleman boarder, whose room was between that of Mrs. Knox's and Mrs. Nind's, when aroused jumped out on a portico and thence down to the ground, but he went to his room by the back stairs, got some clothes, came down again and dressed in the yard. Gretchen was aroused by the gathering and shouts of the people, her room facing the Common. She was heavy with sleep and the suffocation of smoke. After first starting up she dropped back on her bed. Being further aroused, she got up and tried to go to her grandmother's room, but the smoke was too much for her. She could not even reach the stairway. So she took out the wire screen in her open window, got down on the cornice over the front door, and from there jumped to the grass below. She was not seriously injured. After Mrs. Millard was aroused she had great difficulty in arousing her daughter. They were able to dress partially, as the smoke had not gotten up very much into the attic. Upon reaching the second floor and opening the door into the hall the light they were carrying went out. They felt that as they had come from the third floor everybody on the second floor must have gotten out before them. Mrs. Millard being lame, her daughter reached the front door first. When Mrs. Millard appeared someone in the crowd said, "Now they are all out," which confirmed Mrs. Millard in the impression she already had about everybody being out of the house before her. She was not long, however, in discovering the mistake. Every effort was then made to reach the three persons still in the house. Men tried to get up the stairs and to enter the chamber windows reached by ladders, but the smoke was overpowering. There was no fire apparatus in the town and no fire company. Under the circumstances the people did their utmost to put out the fire and to save the lives of those in peril; yet in spite of all the flames soon burst forth and the house was soon reduced to ashes. The cause of the fire is not known and no satisfactory theory in reference to it has ever been arrived at.

The charred bodies of Mrs. Nind and Lydia and Mrs. Knox

were taken from the ruins the next day. As Mrs. Knox's body was found near those of Mrs. Nind and Lydia, it is supposed that she became overcome by smoke while making an effort to warn mother and Lydia and to be of assistance to them. The relative position of the bodies indicated that mother and Lydia had not moved from their beds. It is believed that without waking they became insensible through suffocation; that they neither realized danger nor suffered pain. Someone has said, "They just woke up in heaven without knowing how it happened they got there so soon."

Shocking as was this way of departing this life, to the members of her family and to her hosts of friends, it was very much as she would have had it. She had always wanted to go while active in the Lord's service. Those who heard her speak at Goshen the previous Sunday and at the Laurel Park Camp-meeting on Thursday realized how potential she was, and yet she herself knew that her activities in the future would be subject to physical limitations. The prayer, "From sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us," was not one she made her own. Her prayer was that she might he spared from a lingering illness or physical infirmities that would make her a burden to anyone. In short, she wanted before she had outlived her usefulness in this life, suddenly to pass on to the higher activities of the better life. God granted her desire and we praise Him.



WESLEY M. E. CHURCH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

In this picture is shown also the Centenary M. E. Church, which was the earlier home of the Society, together with the parsonage

CHAPTER XXVI

THE FINAL OBSEQUIES

The information concerning his double bereavement did not reach Mr. George Nind, who was busy with the numerous services arranged for that day in New Bedford, until Sunday evening. As soon as possible after recovery from the shock of the news, which reached him by a delayed telegram, he sought to get into communication with his brother and sister. Miss Louisa Nind received the information at her home in Detroit on Monday, the 4th, and left immediately for Littleton. The 4th of September was Labor Day, and Mr. J. Newton Nind had delayed his return to Chicago from his summer home in Michigan, and during Monday was en route between Ottawa Beach and Chicago, accompanied by his daughters. Telegrams had been sent both to his Chicago address and to his summer home, but it was not until Tuesday morning that he learned of the death of his mother. He joined his brother and sister at Littleton on Wednesday, the 6th. Mrs. Lacy and her family were preparing to leave China for a stay in America. The bereavement which had come to them was cabled to them at their home in Shanghai.

On the morning of Thursday, September 5th, a simple service was held in the Baptist Church in Littleton Commons, at which Rev. F. R. Enslin officiated. The sympathizing people of Littleton gathered at this service and gave added evidence of their thoughtfulness, kindness and sympathy. After the service the remains of Mrs. Mary C. Nind and Lydia P. Nind were transported to Forest Hill Cemetery, Boston, where they were incinerated. Mother had repeatedly expressed her belief that cremation was the proper way of disposing of the dead, and since this was her preference and entirely in accord with the belief of her children, this course was adopted. Cremation as a means of the disposal of the dead was first brought to her attention at the time of the death of Miss

Frances Willard, who was her colleague at the time women delegates were first chosen to a General Conference of the Methodist Church. Always an admirer of Miss Willard, she thereafter gave some study and thought to the subject, and had advised her children that when death came she preferred that her body should be cremated. A short service was held in the crematory chapel of Forest Hill Cemetery. There were present of the immediate relatives at this service Mr. J. Newton Nind of Chicago, Miss Louisa M. Nind of Detroit and Rev. Geo. B. Nind of Madeira Islands, Mrs. Geo. F. Ninde of Cambridge, and the family of Rev. Justis H. Nelson, a Methodist missionary, of Para, Brazil, related to Geo. B. Nind by marriage. Among others who were present were Mrs. John Legg, president of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, New England branch; Mrs. Lucy F. Harrison, Mrs. Julius F. Small, Miss Pauline J. Walden, Miss Maria Shute, Miss Lily R. Porter, Miss Carrie B. Steele and Mrs. Charles Carter, all of whom had been laborers with mother in behalf of the cause of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and to whom notice of the ceremony had been hurriedly conveyed. President Huntington, of the Boston University, spoke briefly and tenderly and read from the ritual, concluding the services with prayer.

On Tuesday, September 11th, a memorial service was held in the Cass Avenue Church, Detroit, Mich., which had been the church home of mother in her latter life, and to which she had been greatly attached. The services occurred in the afternoon and a company of friends and mourners which quite filled the church was gathered for this occasion. The church was beautifully decorated. White and purple astors, the gift of many friends, formed the principal part of the display. The hymns of mother's choosing, including a duet, "Saved by Grace," which she had asked Mrs. Frank Vernor and Mrs. Farmer to sing, were rendered. Addresses were made by the Rev. E. P. Bennett, the pastor of the church, Rev. E. W. Ryan, of Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, Detroit, and Rev. Dr. Hawks, a former pastor of the Cass Avenue Methodist Church, and Mrs. A. W. Patten, of Evanston, Ill., president of the Northwestern

branch of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, who was accompanied from Evanston to Detroit by Mrs. L. W. Crandon.

In addition to the daughter and two sons, there were present also Mrs. J. Newton Nind, Mrs. William Lloyd of Glen Ellyn, Ill., the only surviving sister of James G. Nind and the companion of mother during her girlhood and early married life; the three sons of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lacy, students at Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio; Rev. Edward S. Ninde, Miss Mary Ninde, Frederick Ninde and George Ninde, the children of Bishop William X. Nind.

The final interment of the ashes of Mary Clarke Nind was made in Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis, Minn., where had been interred all that was mortal of her beloved husband, James G. Nind, and her infant son, Henry Stevens Nind. Here, too, now rest the ashes of Lydia P. Nind. A few sympathizing friends gathered in the chapel at Lakewood Cemetery, where prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Fayette Thompson, and addresses were made by Rev. Dr. W. H. Jordan and Rev. Dr. W. A. Shannon and Mrs. C. S. Winchell. Loving tributes were paid to the mother's memory by all of the speakers, who had known her intimately for years and who had shared in her labors. The company was largely made up of the ladies who had been active workers with her in behalf of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, some of them nearly as advanced in years as she herself. Among the number who attended, and who extended words of sympathy to the writer of these lines, was one who had been a member of mother's Sunday school class while she was yet a girl in England, and who had maintained her acquaintance during all the vanishing years, and who said that she had since on frequent occasions been able to entertain mother at her own home in Iowa. She had traveled many miles to pay this last tribute to one who had been dear to her for nearly three-quarters of a century, and whose life and example had been a constant inspiration to her. No tribute which was paid so touched the heart of the writer as the one which was bestowed by this life-long friend,

but whose name and address in the emotion of the occasion has been entirely lost.

In her will, which was drawn when she was sixty years of age, and while she was yet a resident of Minneapolis, mother named those whom she desired should act as the pall-bearers at her funeral. All of these except two she survived. She directed that her "casket be very plain and my funeral a model of simplicity," and that her remains "be laid near my husband in Lakewood Cemetery wherever I may be when called to Heaven." And further that the headstone be inscribed "from the text from which my funeral sermon is preached, 'I must work the works of Him who sent me while it is day. The night cometh, when no man can work.'" This passage of Scripture had been an inspiration to her all her life, for she was busy to the last.

And so rests in beautiful Lakewood Cemetery all that is mortal of she who was dear to all who knew her. Here it was her wish to rest. This wish, as well as others frequently expressed, including a desire for sudden flight to her home, were fulfilled.

It is a comfort to those who loved her most to know that everything was as she would have had it done.

FLORAL DECORATIONS IN CASS AVENUE CHURCH, DETROIT, MICH.

This picture was taken the morning following the memorial services to Mary C. Nind

CHAPTER XXVII

HER BEQUESTS

During all her years of active connection with the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society mother gave freely not only of her time and strength to the cause, but was a frequent contributor from the money which she possessed. These gifts she rarely mentioned to the members of her immediate family. How much she gave, and when and how, none of us will ever know. The letters and diaries, from which quotations have already been made, disclose that at different times she supported young women in the missionary field, and it is known that she gave generously for the erection of the Deaconess' Home in Singapore, which bears her name. During her stay in Foochow, China, she made liberal donations to the cause there, and in money and realty contributed to the Minnesota branch upwards of $5,000. Nor were her benefactions confined entirely to the cause which was nearest to her heart. During the latter years of her life she made specific donations to a number of different causes. These gifts included $2,000 to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, $2,000 to the General Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, $2,000 to the Church Extension Society, $2,000 to the Freedman's Aid and Southern Educational Society, $1,000 to the American Bible Society, $1,000 to Albion College, $1,000 to the Board of Education of the Methodist Church, and $1,000 to the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church. All these sums were paid before her death, and for several years she received annuities upon these amounts, giving from this income as freely as she gave the principal. As she grew older her mother love for her children became more and more marked, and to the will which was drawn in her own hand and executed in October, 1885, she added a codicil in 1902 in which she said: "Having put into annuities and various benevolent enter-

prises the sum of $10,000, which I estimate is a fifth of all I possess, I, by this codicil, revoke all other legacies outside of my immediate family. I do this in justice to my dear children."

The sum given by her to the various benevolences was fully double the amount named in this codicil. Gladly, no doubt, would she have made this sum still larger had she been able to do so.

She had but a single unsatisfied ambition in life, and this centered about the celebration of her eightieth birthday, which, had she lived, would have occurred on the 9th day of October. She desired to gather about her all her children and grandchildren. The fact that her youngest son was in this country—delayed beyond his expectations—and that there was a promise that her younger daughter would be home from China by that date, encouraged her in this desire. When it became evident that Mr. and Mrs. Lacy and their daughter would not arrive until after the 9th of October, Thanksgiving day of 1905 was selected for the family reunion, and the plans for this reunion were the subject of the last correspondence which the writer of these lines had with his mother. This incident is related here in evidence of the warmth of her mother love in these latter days and years of her life here on earth. She clung lovingly to her son, whose companionship it was possible for her to enjoy all of the glad summer of 1905; was rather rejoiced when circumstances prevented his return to his work when he expected it would occur, and was looking forward with hope to the time when she might enjoy the undivided companionship of her elder daughter, and more than aught else to get together her four children, her son-in-law and daughter-in-law, and her ten grandchildren.

And so this volume is designed to perpetuate not only the memory of our mother, but to perpetuate as far as possible her generous support of the cause in which she labored for so many years. Let others pay further tribute. It is ours to mourn, and ours to feel that the influence of her good deeds will live even beyond the memory of them.

LYDIA P. NIND

Daughter of Geo. B. Nind, whose life went out with that of her grandmother

CHAPTER XXVIII

MARY CLARKE NIND—IN MEMORIAM

By MRS. C. S. WINCHELL

*I had said to Mrs. Joyce I could not trust myself to speak today. My heart had been so full of sorrow, so shocked at the magnitude of the sudden loss that had come to her family, to the church, the missionary society, the world, I could think of naught save appalling tragedy, the irreparable loss.

But, at night, as I closed my eyes in the quiet of my room, the thought of our beloved leader *glorified* came to me, and I could almost hear her say, in the dear, familiar tones, "Beloved, mourn not; be glad, and rejoice; the conflict's o'er, the victory won, home, sweet home, and heaven at last."

Many times in life she had said there should be no funeral weeds and emblems of death and mourning when a Christian enters into life; rather pæns of praise and songs of victory that time and change are ended, eternal life begun.

For forty years Mary C. Nind has stood in the front rank of Methodism, doing blessed work for Christ and the world. The call to public service in the missionary work of the church came through the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and to it at its organization thirty-five years ago she consecrated herself, giving, unreservedly, time, strength, thought, prayer, plans and money, and later her younger son and daughter. She withheld nothing from God, and richly was she rewarded.

She felt she was in the Lord's service, and "The King's business requireth haste" was a favorite motto. Again, more than any other, I have known it was true of her that "Whatsoever her hand found to do, she did it with her might." She often said of the work in hand, "This one thing I do"; and such were her faith and courage

*An address delivered at the services held in the chapel of Lakewood Cemetery, Minneapolis, September 11th, 1905.

and persistence, we knew if she undertook a thing it would be done.

By faith she laid the foundation of this great society in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho—on even to the Pacific coast, going through the wilds of this new territory, over the unbroken prairie, in wagon, or cart, or sleigh, by day and by night, in freight train or day coach, seldom allowing herself the luxury of a Pullman (if, indeed, there were one), traveling as many as five thousand miles in a single year.

But no sacrifice was too great or counted aught but joy if she might win workers for Christ. And win she did! Aside from Frances Willard, we believe there has not been a woman of our time who has wielded so mighty an influence as she, or lifted so many lives heavenward.

Wonderful was her power over an audience; thrilling her eloquence, so that, without ordination or other earthly commission, she was gladly welcomed to the pulpits of the largest churches of the land. Because she knew and felt the blessedness of salvation, she made others want it too. Because she had learned the joy of giving, she knew how to make it a delight and joy for others to give, and some of her happiest moments were spent in taking a collection.

By faith, she planted a mission to women in Malaysia, and the words she uttered, "Frozen Minnesota will send the gospel to the women at the equator," have become historic.

But in this, as in all else with her, Faith and Works walked hand in hand, and the years of praying, toiling and giving for that mission have resulted in glorious fruitage for Christ and the world.

Like Enoch, Mary C. Nind walked with God, and is not, for God took her. And do you know, dear friends, now I'm glad she went that way. I believe she is glad too. She so longed to be her best for the Master's sake, to do only the best for Him, that she dreaded the thought of imperfect service, and years ago she charged me to tell her of any signs of failing I might note in her because of age. But we never saw any; at the last it could be said of her, as of Moses, her "eye was not dim nor her natural force abated."

Then, too, she was so self-helpful in her nature, so fearful of burdening others, that long illness or feebleness would have been a trial to her. She has been spared all that which comes to many, spared the torture of pain and the wasting of disease.

With endless life begun, she seems, from the battlements of heaven, to call to us today to go forward with the work she loved, and follow her even as she followed Christ.

For One Gone Home

MARY CLARKE NIND

What said the Master as his hour drew near
At that sad feast where sorrow sat, a guest?
When strange amaze filled every heart with fear,
The dear disciple leaning on his breast?

Serene He smiled on each beloved face;
Perchance His hand on John was gently laid,
His voice, like music, filled the silent place;
"Let not your heart be troubled or afraid."

Not of the scourge, the mocking crowd, the frost,
The anguished hours whose swift approach He knew,
But tender comfort for all grief and loss,
Sweet words of grace: "My peace I leave with you."

If we could see the faces, hovering near,
Veiled by the darkness of this mortal shade,
From lips beloved this message we might hear:
"Let not your heart be troubled or afraid."

She walked with God, and nearer, day by day,
Drew the clear shining of the mansions fair,
Till sudden, at the parting of the way,
She slept and waked, and, wondering, found her there.

Dear human presence, lifted from our view
That bright heaven, the homeland of thy heart,
Whose tranquil skies thy happy spirit knew,
Death cannot set thee from our lives apart.

For still we deem thy gracious soul must keep
Its generous care, its thoughts serene and high,
And love, but change to grow more strong and deep,
Where endless years in endless joy go by.

—BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

CHAPTER XXIX

MARY CLARKE NIND—A TRIBUTE

By MRS. CHARLOTTE F. WILDER

* This is a hard thing I have had given me to do today. I dare not trust myself to speak except from my paper.

In all this Topeka Branch no one had more reason to love and honor Mrs. Mary C. Nind, "Our Little Bishop," than the one to whom was given this duty of paying tribute to her memory. Because Mrs. Nind knew I loved her so truly she gave me opportunities to see her as but few saw her, except her very own dear ones, and, because of this, I will try and make my word-picture of this saint, who has gone home to glory, so true and clear that younger fellow-workers may know her, love her memory, and follow in her footsteps.

The last time I was with you in Nebraska, four years ago, at Beatrice, Mrs. Nind wrote in a little book I have, in which only choice souls write, these words from St. Paul: "Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God upon all my remembrance of you, always in every supplication of mine on behalf of you, making my supplication with joy, and this I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more, in knowledge and all discernment, so that you may approve the things that are excellent; that you may be sincere and void of offense until the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness which are through Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God."

From the beginning of our acquaintance, when, one day, twenty-three years ago, she came to our home to ask me to write for the Missionary Society the book, "Sister Ridenour's Sacrifice" (from

* Read at Lincoln, Neb., before a large audience at the twenty-second annual meeting Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Methodist Episcopal Church, Topeka Branch, Tuesday p. m., October 17, 1905.

which was gathered in through her efforts hundreds of dollars), until the day of her translation in a chariot of fire, her life expressed in action the wish which she quoted for me from St. Paul four years ago. When I heard of her death the first thought that came, after I could think at all, was the selfish one, "How am I to go on in my life work without the encouragement and prayers of my friend?" And something of this same heartache and sense of loss came to all the lovers of our Missionary Society who know how Mrs. Nind's soul was knit to it and its workers.

Her heart was large, her love for humanity world-wide, and though we knew how she loved others, yet, we each felt, at times, as though we, alone, were engulfed in this sea of tender thought and care. How like our Lord! Such vastness of love, and yet the nearness! How she must have walked and talked with Him to have obtained this grace!

She was very just to her friends. She must have been a wonderful mother! Her fairness, justness, methodical exactness was an uncommon trait in a character so full of intense enthusiasm. This fairness was shown, even, in the little affairs of life. A card, written with her own hand, August 8, less than three weeks before her death, says:

"BELOVED CHARLOTTE: Your good letter received. Thank you; will answer in due time; many more ahead of yours. Glad to hear all is well with you and yours. We expect to remain here during August. Am sending you a love-token. Let me know when it comes to hand. Lovingly to you all.

MOTHER NIND."

"Many more ahead of yours; will answer in due time."

Often have I envied her that trait of fairness and exactness, not alone in her correspondence but in all the duties of life. I see her now, at a writing-table placed for her use by a west window in our home, when she was with us in the spring of 1902, answering letters, filing some away for reference and destroying others. There never were any frayed out ends in her work for some one else to gather up and tuck away.

That spring I had been very sick and when she came to us was

just able to leave my bed for the lounge, and, because I was so weak and helpless she gave me many confidential bits from her own life—experiences that were to me like rosmary and asphodel. They touched, as she intended they should, the discouraged side of my own life and made me take heart again. On the Sabbath she preached in our church and spoke for our "Thank Offering," taking double what anyone had ever before taken, she climbed the stairs to "the upper-room," weary as she must have been after preaching, that she might look in the faces of the young men in my Bible class, because, she said, "I knew, Charlotte, you would like to have me." And she spoke to "my boys" in a way long remembered by them. She never thought of her 76 years, that day, only to be glad in the fact that God gave her opportunities to be of such use in the world. She gloried in sacrifice. She rejoiced that she could work for the Master.

When I read Mrs. Browning's sonnet, "What Are We Set on Earth For?" I always think of Mrs. Nind,—

> "To toil,
> Nor seek to leave the tending of the vines
> For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
> And death's mild curfew shall from work assail,
> God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
> To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
> All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
> For younger fellow-workers of the soil
> To wear for amulets. So others shall
> Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
> From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheers,
> And God's grace fructify, through thee, to all."

Mrs. Nind's methodical exactness was shown, not only in her manner of doing duty, but in the time given to each duty. I have known her to come to the breakfast-table with an assignment for some work every hour in the day, even for the time it would take to sew a button on a glove. Perhaps you and I have tried to be thus methodical, but we did not meet with success. Mrs. Nind adhered

to her plan. Time was a God-given commodity to her. It was her capital and she cherished it like a faithful steward.

Mrs. Nind had a great love for the Hymns of the Ages. As long ago as 1885 she wrote she was singing hymns "654" and "655" and they were a great comfort to her. (One commencing, "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt," and the other, "Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord.")

Did you ever hear Mrs. Nind start the hymn, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord, is Laid for Your Faith in His Excellent word?" The first time I heard her sing this was here in Lincoln, in '87, when the General Executive meeting was in this city. As one looked at her face and listened it seemed as though Joshua were saying to one's very soul, "Be strong and of good courage!"

One evening in my own home she must have spent hours singing with my husband the old, old hymns taught him in childhood by a sainted mother. How happy she was, as she sang or as she talked about the hymns! Not long ago, perhaps not a year ago, she wrote she was singing, at her private devotions, the hymn-book through. No wonder she was strong intellectually as well as spiritually.

She said things one never forgot. In an experience meeting, twenty years ago, I heard her tell how God called her, as a child, to be a missionary, but her life was so shaped that she was unable to go, yet God did not forget "the call," and, what was a harder thing than to go herself, she had sent her children. But she gloried in being able to bear the cross of Christ.

Her love for missions made her not only deny self for the work but she practiced the closest economy in little as well as great things that she might have the money for God's service. Years ago, when paper and envelopes were somewhat more expensive than now, I doubt not but there are some present who received letters from Mrs. Nind written on odd sheets of paper and enclosed in envelopes turned wrong side out! If a penny were saved in this way we may be sure it fell into the treasury of the Lord, for money, as well as time, was a sacred thing, because it represented the power of soul-saving.

Her call into this work of foreign missions came at a time when domestic cares were heavy, a little money had to be stretched to its uttermost limit, and, in her estimate of self, she seemingly had no talent for the peculiar duties laid upon her. She heard the call and obeyed the summons, then spent a morning in prayer, when she wrestled, like Jacob of old, crying in agony of spirit, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me!" That day God gave her such a blessed proof of his willingness to help, that she was enabled to go forward in a work where the harvest has yielded to her sickle, in this land and in foreign lands, some sixty and some an hundred fold.

What an optimist our friend was! What a spirit of brightness and hopefulness pervaded everything she did! What keen wit! What a charming sense of humor she possessed,—oftenest seen in a glance of appreciation or in the sparkle of her eyes. How this trait of character must have helped her over many peculiarly trying places in her "journeyings" while about her Master's business. How courteous she was. How graciously she received the homage we gave her as willing subjects of a queen. How we loved this woman! Did Richter dream of our friend when he said of a rare soul, "Her life was a benediction and her face a love-letter to all humanity?"

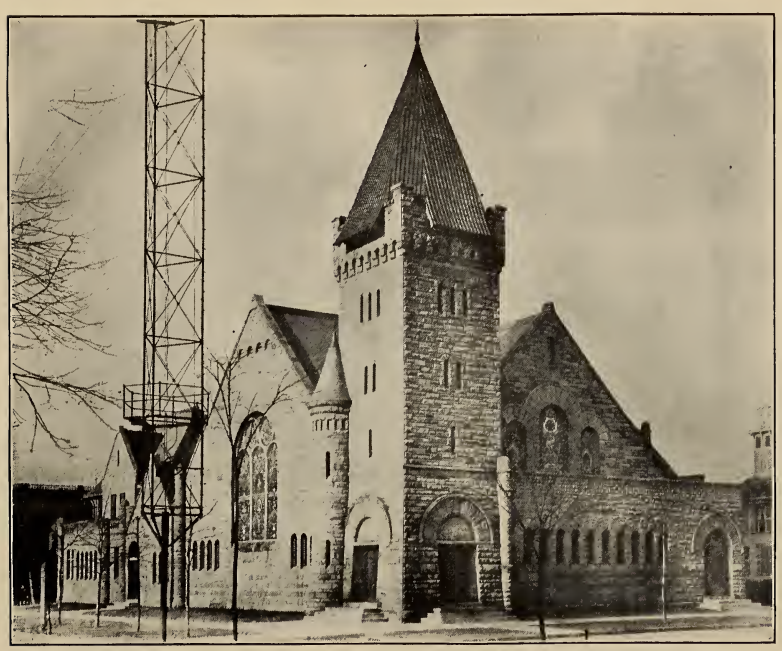
When by her wisdom and foresight our Topeka Branch was organized, a doubting soul said to her, "How can we ever go alone?" She laughed in glee as she saw the child a giant and the little one become a thousand. "Why, your West is full of brave, strong women who will take God at his word," she replied.

She never wearied. Her zeal never flagged and her love for souls never grew cold. Her heart took in all the world; her clear brain saw its needs; her faith saw the work accomplished. Was there ever a time in this woman's life when she saw defeat? I doubt it. Even if it appeared a defeat, it was in seeming only; she was sure to come off conqueror.

I need not tell what Mrs. Nind was to the missionaries in the foreign field. You know she was the guiding star to many a faithful worker, and each was grateful for her aid, her counsel, sympathy,

prayers. When she went around the world, she was everywhere joyously welcomed, and when she went from each station she left behind her those who had more hope, more courage, a greater longing for holy living and for deeper devotion to the work of the Master than they had before she came. In the homeland, at Branch annuals, at General Executive meetings, in organizing, in building up auxiliaries, she was a force, like light, to illume; like heat, to warm and encourage; like electricity, to silently set in motion. Unobtrusive, quiet, yet powerful in bringing about results, she was an ideal worker in the cause so dear to her soul.

From childhood Mrs. Nind lived an unusually helpful life, the influences of which will cease only when time shall be no more. In training her children for the high position given them, she was a success. In her duties as evangelist and temperance speaker, she never shirked. In our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, from the beginning of its western history, "In Journeyings Oft" and in labors abundant; in addresses on platform and in pulpit, for half a century, she was always and everywhere a leader, a conqueror. Beside all this, Mrs. Nind had such a forceful but charming personality that, without question, she was the most notable as well as the most helpful and best loved woman in our Methodism.



CASS AVENUE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DETROIT

The last church home of Mary C. Nind

CHAPTER XXX

IN LOVING MEMORY OF "MOTHER NIND"

By MARY E. HOUSER

* It is with a tenderness we cannot express that we come bringing the flowers of sweetest fragrance and breaking the alabaster box of love, pouring out its contents as affection's tribute to the memory of our own now glorified and sainted Sister Nind. One year ago she was with us—

"Her beautiful face, I see it yet;
What thronging memories come!"

as we recall the lively interest she took in this the annual gathering of the old people. In her last letter to me she asked, "Are you to have an old folks' party this year?" I assured her we were, for I was confident that the Epworth League would not let pass anything so conducive to happiness as this party. Yes, I see her now, with hair of silvery whiteness, her countenance suffused with a divine light, her wonderful soul making itself felt through the spoken word as she addressed us in that rich, melodious voice, "Now, beloved," saying it as only she could say it. I am not here to analyze the character of our dear sister, but in reviewing her life to gather a few thoughts that will help us to higher and holier living because we have known her.

It has been said that "the measure of a career is determined by three things: First, the talent that ancestry gives; second, the opportunity that events offer; third, the movements that the mind and will conceive and compel." No doubt ancestry bestowed rare gifts, and the opportunity was exceptional; but what the mind conceived, and the will compelled, in our sister's case, was more than all else. Her mind and heart received in early life "the true Light

* Written for the "Old People's Party" and read at their annual gathering, held in Simpson Church, Detroit, in October, 1905.

which lighteth every one that cometh into the world," and this gave to her that abundant life which is promised. Those of us who have read her life will remember how she preached her first sermon at twelve years of age. Later in life it could well have been said of her, as of another sister whom Dr. Cuyler had invited into his pulpit, when questioned by the synod if the sister was ordained, he replied, "No, she was foreordained." Truly if any one was ever called of God to preach his gospel our dear sister was, as the fruit of her preaching can testify.

On the veranda of a beautiful cottage at Bay View, one year ago this summer, she related to me her experience in the conservative church to which she belonged. How she longed to give expression to her inner life, but when she attempted to do so in public she was criticised and taken to task for it. At last she found in the Methodist church a true home and a field for the exercise of her rare gifts. In the letter which she brought to her beloved church were these words: "Mrs. Nind, who has not walked in harmony with our church." What a blessing to the world that she did not walk in harmony with the formalism of a cold church! It was the Spirit that would give life; this she had discovered through her own experience, and it gave a new meaning to everything.

It was no less a leader in the Lord's vineyard than the late D. L. Moody who discovered her talent and invited her to address his meeting. It was soon pressed home upon her that the Lord was calling her to do the work of an evangelist. This would call her to give a large share of her time outside of the home. In consultation with her husband he said, "If it be the Lord's will, you must go." Let us remember that at this time it was the day of small things for women. Mary Lyon, the forerunner of woman's emancipation educationally, had gone to her rest twenty years before. Frances Willard, that queenly woman, had not commenced her achievements "for God and Home and Native Land." Wendell Phillips, that matchless orator and statesman, had said in a lecture some years previous, in speaking of the sphere of woman, "Leave it to woman to choose for herself her profession, her education and her sphere."

Sentiment in regard to woman's public work was gradually rising. No less a writer than Edward Eggleston said of Mrs. Nind, "She should be licensed to preach."

By birthright she was a woman of large faith. In this realm she began life at the point where the few end and which the many fail to reach. What seemed impossible to others was within her realm of possibility, and after a talk with the Lord about it she would say, "It can be done."

When a young girl she was much interested in foreign missions, so much so that she resolved to become a missionary. When she unfolded her desire to her mother, she was dismayed to find her mother was not willing to make a missionary of her own daughter. How like so much of the missionary zeal of today! I wonder how many of us could stand this test? Mother Nind resolved then that if the Lord gave her children, and they all wanted to go as missionaries, she would freely give her consent. How well she did this we have but to read the names of a loved son and daughter doing most effective work in the foreign field. So we are not surprised when the originators of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society early discovered the gifts of Mother Nind and enlisted her in this important branch of woman's work.

Missions were no playtime with her. She labored, literally night and day, to advance this work, riding miles through a new country in all kinds of weather. No sacrifice was too great, and no hardship too much to endure for Him whose she was and whom she served. She was a "hilarious giver"—she gave joyfully.

It would take a large volume to tell what Mother Nind was to this work. She was indeed a bishop. She had her eye on the foreign as well as the home field. She probably knew more of the missionaries personally than any other woman. In 1894 it was her privilege to accompany the late Bishop W. X. Ninde in his episcopal visitation of our missions in eastern Asia. The inspiration she was to all the missionaries while over there is indicated in that most interesting and instructive book, "In Journeyings Oft." Preaching sermons as she toured the missionary districts; teaching Bible

classes; one Bible class of young men in the Foochow Anglo-Chinese College gave her two beautiful scrolls as a token of their appreciation of her help to them. Her home abounds in tokens of love and esteem from her children over the sea, but more than all material gifts is the wealth of love that arises from thousands of redeemed souls who have been brought to Christ through her instrumentality.

I shall never forget the last sermon that I heard her preach, about one year ago, at Bay View. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning. Arrayed in her simple dress of immaculate whiteness, a token of the pure spirit within, she took her text from the book of Revelation, 14:6—"I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell upon the earth, and to every nation and kindred and tongue and people." She preached as only one can who preached in the power of the Holy Spirit. We were edified and inspired to do our best.

Beautiful as our loved one was in public life, she was no less so in private life—an ideal mother. How she reckoned on her children! and was ever solicitous for their highest interests. Neither was she so much engaged in public work that she could not realize that practical matters must be attended to. If there was one text that seemed to have practical value to her, it was that "cleanliness was next to godliness." "Who sweeps a room as for thy laws, makes that and the action fine." While she believed that the life was more than meat and the body than raiment, and gave very little thought to what she should eat, and what she should drink, and wherewithal she should be clothed, so perfect was her taste in the matter of dress, in its sweet simplicity, that it only gave an added charm to her attractive face and winsome personality.

Eighty years young! Was she not an example of the Scripture, "And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday?" She was vivacious, buoyant, sympathetic. She understood the art of growing old gracefully. She possessed the greatest thing in the world in large measure—love, love to God and man. Said a young man to me—a Catholic—"How much I thought of that dear woman; she

comforted me more than any other person after my mother died."

And so I might multiply but not exhaust this record of her Christian devotion. Who can measure the results of such a life? Its influence goes on and on in multiplying power through time and eternity.

Dear, blessed, beautiful Mother Nind! How we loved thee! May we seek to emulate thy spirit of loving helpfulness for others, aptness to forbear, wisdom to advise, counsel to direct, and that triumphant faith which says in the language of the apostle, "There is nothing can separate us from the love of God, neither death, nor life, things present nor things to come." Then shall we, as she does today, "behold the King in his beauty."

CHAPTER XXXI

TRIBUTES BY THE CHURCH PRESS

DR. J. M. BUCKLEY IN THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

The late Mrs. Mary Clarke Nind, whose sudden death was announced in the Christian Advocate, was known widely in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in her travels had accumulated a large number of acquaintances and friends. She was born near London, England, and at the time of her death was nearly eighty years of age. She was converted at the age of five years, and became a member of the Congregational Church as soon as she could be admitted. According to Dr. James H. Potts, she was led to become a Methodist because of "an impelling desire to speak in public meetings about the work of God," which for women to do was in most Protestant communions an abomination not to be contemplated for a moment. Her aspect suggested energy and a controlling mind. As she grew older there was added to her forceful aspect and deportment a softness, a sweetness, the more fascinating by reason of its background.

We have read with interest the editorials which her useful life and tragic death have elicited, but cannot irradiate our tribute by accounts of personal interviews and close friendship. She was one of the five women who presented credentials from as many lay electoral conferences to the General Conference of 1888. One of these withdrew. Frances E. Willard was not present. But Mrs. Nind and two others were, and she was seated within a few feet of the members of the conference to which the writer belongs; in the midst of the discussion of the eligibility of the applicants we had the pleasure of being presented to her. It was doubtless a great trial of her faith and patience to regard with much favor one who was disputing her right to a seat, but our subsequent acquaintance was agreeable, and it was a delight to her to live long enough to see

women (by a change of the constitution, which had been the lion in the way) admitted to seats in the General Conference.

She took great interest in missions, being a leading worker and speaker in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, was effective in evangelistic work, and for many years was a successful Sunday school teacher.

At the close of the General Conference of 1888 she went to the General Conference of Temperence, which convened that year in London. After that she traveled around the world, visiting our chief mission stations.

Only the day before her fatal visit to Littleton "Mother" Nind, as she was affectionately called in Woman's Foreign Missionary Society circles, appeared unheralded on Laurel Park Camp Ground, at Northampton, Mass., on missionary day. She was accorded the place of honor. One who was present writes: "She conducted the opening services with a Bible reading upon the resurrection of Jesus, and offered a prayer of marvelous beauty and devotion," which seemed to our informant to indicate "a wonderful spirituality and nearness of approach to God. The president of the meeting spoke lovingly and appreciatively of 'Mother' Nind, saying that in a few weeks she would be eighty years of age. 'Yes,' she interrupted, 'if I don't go to heaven before then.'" Her fiery translation came before the rise of the next Sabbath's sun.

On September 10 the writer fulfilled an engagement to preach the reopening sermon of Cass Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Detroit. The pastor conducted the services. Dr. James E. Jacklin, assistant editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate, whose family are connected with that church, offered the opening prayer. There seemed to be an invisible pall over the congregation. The prayer was pervaded by a mournful strain, and there were vague allusions to a great calamity, but not sufficient to indicate to a stranger the cause of the deep-toned sadness. Two special hymns were sung, the first referring to the future blessedness of the saints, and the second in part magnifying the desirableness of sudden death, however sharp the pangs might be. Not a word was said concerning the reopening,

nor had we the slightest idea of what was referred to until just before the sermon. Mrs. Nind had removed to Detroit from Minneapolis, with which city her public history had long been connected, and was a beloved member of that congregation. Under the circumstances we made little reference to the reopening.

EDITORIAL IN NORTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

How the women have helped Methodism! Susannah Wesley and Barbara Heck are only first in a great host of peers who, if less widely known, were not less working or less efficient. And it is quite to Methodism's credit that women were early made free of the privileges of the church; that wherever they elected to work they were at liberty and encouraged to work. That woman was, for years, denied official representation in the General Conference did not in any way abridge her usefulness. The legislation of that body was quite as strongly representative of woman's influence as if she had been present in person. Most legislators have the interest of mother, sister, wife and daughter at heart as much as they have their own.

Chief among the later mothers in our Israel was Mary Clarke Nind, whose tragic death on September 2 we have already chronicled. By sheer force of native gifts she might have distinguished herself in many ways. She had the quality of the prophet in the keenness of her intellectual vision, in the hopefulness of her outlook, in the directness and persuasiveness of her speech. She had the statesman's poise of character and cosmopolitan sympathy. She had the priestly quality in a passion for holiness of life, in sureness of spiritual penetration, in knowledge of the human heart; she had the quality of the man of affairs in a clear-eyed, accurate, and wide observation of the facts of life and in the capacity for sane generalization; and then she had a perfect genius for philanthropy. It is no wonder that all good men and women loved her and that every good cause coveted her support and service. Her name as an officer was a guarantee of the value and efficiency of any organization to which she gave it.

While active in many ways, it is perhaps chiefly as a worker in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society that Mrs. Nind will be remembered. The cry of the heathen never lost its pathos or power in her heart; the sense of their need was a constant constraint upon her. It may be said with perfect truth that she looked upon them with her Lord's eyes and her Lord's sympathy. In proof of her devotion she gave two children to the mission field—a son, George, a successful missionary to the Portuguese; a daughter, Emma, wife of the Rev. William H. Lacy of our work in China. In 1894, in company with Bishop Ninde's party, she made a tour of the missions in the Orient. One of her colleagues in speaking of this journey describes it as a sort of "triumphal march," saying that everywhere she was welcomed as "the little bishop" whose presence was a benediction and an inspiration.

Never was there a more welcome presence at missionary anniversaries. It was impossible to be otherwise than happy, hopeful, aggressive in the light of her faith and the exuberant joy of her hope. A fellow worker testifies that of all her rare qualities of mind and heart no one stands out more clearly than her unquenchable hopefulness. This, she says, was "the basis of her potency in reaching human hearts and lives. It stimulated her zeal, gave her courage, supplied her with abounding cheer, and made her contact with other lives instinct with vital energy." Happy the work which has even one such spirit to aid it; blessed the workers who have such a comrade among them to make the dark places light and the forlorn places genial! When, in 1870, the Western Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was organized, Mrs. Nind was made assistant corresponding secretary; in 1882 she became its president. In 1872 she was elected a delegate to the General Executive Committee meeting, to which body she was re-elected more than once. When the Western Branch was redistributed into three branches Mrs. Nind became corresponding secretary of the Minneapolis Branch, which position she held until 1888.

At the time of her death Mrs. Nind was eighty years old. But for the accident there was every promise of added years of fruitful

work. There seemed to be no abatement of vitality or vivacity. To the last she was the same happy, helpful, stout-hearted, enthusiastic, devoted soul her friends had always known—a living testimonial to the perennial youthfulness of the heart whose strength is the joy of the Lord. It is a beautiful and sacred memory that all her friends have of her; one recalls it as the beauty of a well ordered landscape transfigured in the light which never was on sea or shore. It is in the presence of such a life that one feels most strongly the deathlessness of life. No power, not of God, could ever pass upon such a spirit to harm it, or to extinguish it. Because Mrs. Nind believed in God and lived in God, she lives in God, and whosoever liveth and believeth in God shall not die eternally.

EDITORIAL IN THE MICHIGAN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

As familiarly and prominently known as the more prominent of our ministers was this devoted and able woman of Methodism. Her unexpected and tragic death, at Littleton, Mass., last Saturday night, has sent a wave of sorrow over thousands of our people, and especially in the membership of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in which she was a master spirit and a tireless worker and counselor, and comes like a family bereavement to the Methodists of Detroit, her home city.

Mrs. Nind was a commanding figure among the women of our church, by virtue of her devotion, her ability as a public speaker, her facile and constant use of her pen, her love for the church and her conspicuously useful services for it. She was one of the first of the four women elected as delegates to the General Conference as early as 1888, when the Conference refused them admission.

Mrs. Nind's maiden name was Clarke, and she was born in rural surroundings near London nearly eighty years ago, and at the age of five was converted, uniting as soon as she could with the Congregational Church. In later years she was constrained by her warmth of heart and impelling desire to speak in public meetings about the work of God to transfer her membership to the Methodist Church. In early life she showed an innate fondness for religious discourse,

and was able to reproduce the lines of thought of all the sermons she heard, and quite enjoyed giving a synopsis of them. This made it easy for her to frame the outlines of original discourses, which she was fond of doing.

It was her desire to be a foreign missionary, but the protests of her mother dissuaded her from fulfilling her desires. She immediately resolved that as a mother she would suffer her children to enter this service if they should be drawn to do so. This purpose of heart was transformed into reality in the fact that two of her four children are now and have been for some years foreign missionaries. Her marriage to James G. Nind, a cousin of Bishop W. X. Ninde, occurred in their early life. Mr. Nind having already come to the United States, this country became their home.

All her life Mrs. Nind was absorbed in the aggressive movements of the church. She might truly have said, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The extension of the gospel to those who had not heard it was the absorbing thought of her soul. She knew the conditions in heathen lands and they weighed upon her heart. Every foreign country had been studied, and its population, religion and sufferings and needs of the light of truth passed before her eyes as a fadeless vision. She saw always the pleading millions of who was on the ground and what progress the work was making. each land. She knew where these gospel lighthouses were placed, heathenism. Then she followed in observation the mission work in

While studying the foreign field and visiting it, as she did, she was incessantly rallying the supporters of the work at home, strengthening the societies, forming new societies, making converts to the cause and raising means. This was her peculiar field of labor. In it she had no peer and no superior. Her name became a household word in all Methodist missionary circles. For years she has traveled throughout the country in response to calls to address conferences, conventions, churches and societies on the subject that dwelt in her heart. Practically all her time was thus monopolized. Itineraries were arranged to avoid waste of time in travel, and she

was accustomed to speak from pulpit and platform for five or six times a week.

In the meanwhile her pen was busy writing personal encouragement and counsel to individuals and to societies. It would require one of these sister workers to begin to tell of the abundance of her labors on this field.

Mrs. Nind was a good public speaker, easy in utterance, abundant in matter, confident in bearing, and eager for the victory of her cause. There was complete absence of the dramatic element in her speech and no shadow of feminine affectation. Her voice and manner were naturalness and simplicity complete. She dealt rather with matter of fact propositions in a straightforward way, trusting in the power of fact and truth rather than in the rhetorical dress of it to win support. She was equally at home in the church prayer-meeting and class-meeting, and prayed and spoke as one that knew God. She came into a rich personal experience, in which she lived for years, and yet not she but her Lord lived in her.

How greatly and sadly she will be missed only the missionary women of the church can know. All hearts are staggered by the manner of her transition.

MRS. C. S. WINCHELL IN WOMAN'S MISSIONARY FRIEND.

* Mary C. Nind walked this earth for eighty blessed years, and is not, for God took her. To the host of those who loved her, to the Society she served, the Church she loved, the world she longed to save, has come irreparable loss, appalling tragedy; to her inestimable gain, eternal weight of glory.

In the full vigor of her splendid powers of body, mind and spirit, in a chariot of fire she passed into heaven.

Born in Essex, England, the daughter of Ebenezer and Louisa Clarke, staunch dissenters, educated in a private school, she early gave herself to the Lord and united with the Congregational Church. In 1850 she came to America, the bride of James G. Nind,

who established their home in Kane County, Illinois, where they resided until their removal to Minnesota in 1866. Five children came to gladden their heart, one of whom was transplanted to the heavenly home before reaching his third year. The other four, tenderly cherished and carefully trained, were early dedicated to the Master, and he has rewarded faith and loyalty by calling one son and one daughter to fill honorable stations in the homeland, while commissioning the other two to bear messages of salvation to South America, Africa and China.

The civil war came, the husband and father entered the service of his adopted country, and, with the added responsibility of priestess in the home, there came to the young mother the desire for deeper consecration. The story of the spiritual struggle and the final victory she has told in a most helpful leaflet, "Into the Light." It was then she decided she must cast her influence with the followers of John Wesley, and Methodism received one of its most devoted adherents.

The year 1866 found the war clouds passed by, the husband spared, and the family reunited and settled in the lovely town of Winona in Minnesota, where a wide field for such work soon opened, and every department found in Mrs. Nind a capable leader. Her eagerness to win souls for Christ led her into evangelistic work, and such was the result of her labors that her assistance was eagerly sought in the conduct of revival services.

Indeed every agency for the advance of Christ's kingdom on earth, for the betterment or uplift of humanity, discovered in her a hearty supporter. It has been said "She had a perfect genius for philanthropy"—most true, and it was the longing in her heart to save the world which inspired and perpetuated it.

It was this passion for souls which led her into the world's broad fields, through the call of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. She entered its service as the president of the local auxiliary. Soon, as assistant secretary of the Branch, she began new service as an organizer, and as early as 1882 was chosen delegate to the General Executive Committee meeting. In 1882 she was

chosen president of the Western Branch, covering most of the territory west of the Mississippi. Her eloquent presentation of the possibilities of this vast field if properly cultivated caused the general executive committee to authorize its division, and she assisted in the organization of the Des Moines, Topeka and Minneapolis Branches. As her residence was in the last named, she accepted the office of corresponding secretary of the Minneapolis Branch and consecrated herself to the development of her new parish.

It was no easy task she set herself. Much of her "Branch" was wilderness. The towns were few and far apart, the churches weak and struggling, but those frontier pastors always had a warm welcome for one who brought such faith and hope and cheer and love of God with her. Her courage never faltered, as by faith she laid the foundations of this great organization in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, traveling over the unbroken prairie and through the wilderness in wagon or cart or sleigh, in summer and winter, by day and by night, by freight train or day coach (never in a Pullman—the Lord's money was too precious for such luxuries), compassing as many as ten thousand miles in a single year, and counting it all joy to be engaged in her blessed work.

So well did she succeed that in less than a decade her territory was again ready for division, and the fair Columbia River, the youngest in the sisterhood of Branches, completed the galaxy of eleven fixed stars.

By her removal to Detroit, in 1900, she became a member of the Northwestern fold, and thus five Branches claim her as peculiarly their own, while every other one has shared in her labors and mourns her loss.

Her consecration was complete; in giving herself she gave her all: time, strength, talent, speech, song, prayer, influence, money, all; all were the Lord's. Her face was radiant with the joy of giving. To her, money was a sacred thing, because in the Lord's treasury it represented souls.

Malaysia Mission, whose story has oft been told, will stand forever, a monument of her faith and her liberality. But her gifts were not confined to any single mission. The workers on the field knew full well that her ear was always open, and an appeal to her would bring help, and, in their schools, orphans have been cared for, scholarships named and maintained for years by her, and native workers trained and supported, so that every mission field has acknowledged her influence and shared her beneficence. It would be difficult to find a mission home without the framed photograph of Mrs. Nind.

Rarely gifted as a speaker, wonderful was her power over an audience. So thrilling her appeals, and so apt her illustrations in the weighing of values and proving what is really worth while, that she always won the hearts of her hearers. Could the roll call be had of those whose feet have been turned heavenward or whose lives attuned to loftier purpose or consecrated to mission work while listening to Mary C. Nind, what a "cloud of witnesses" would gather from every land where shines the gospel light!

It was given to her to meet some of these when in 1894-1896 she made the tour of the world, that tour described by one as a "triumphal march," where she was hailed as "The Little Bishop" or, more frequently by those who had known her and loved her before, by the more endearing name of "Mother Nind." Others there were, with dusky brows, yet with redeemed and joyful hearts, who gave her that sweet name, because through her they had been brought from the darkness of heathenism into the light of God. At the close of an address in India, her interpreter, a native preacher, said: "I too can claim you as 'Mother,' for my wife bore your name in the orphanage at Bareilly."

Mrs. Nind read and wrote much, but her chief book was the Bible. This she read, studied, fed upon, until it literally became the bread of life to her. The Bible readings prepared and given by her testified to her wide acquaintance with this treasure house of wisdom. Its influence upon her mind and thought could be traced in her writings, her addresses, her daily conversation. She read

other books, those of the great thinkers, devout writers of her time, but scanned the daily press only enough to keep in touch with the march of God's kingdom among the nations of the earth. Her style as a writer was clear, forceful and always attractive. Her "Farewell to China," written on the eve of her departure from its shores, is beautiful in conception, lofty in expression, and prophetic in its sublime declarations.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, the dire calamity came, but it cannot be that the Providence which took her safely through dangers by land and sea, through railroad wreck and earthquake shock, through "perils by the heathen" in China and the plague in India left her to perish by "accident" on September 2d. Nay, rather was that fire God's angel of mercy, opening to her the painless gateway of eternal life.

Blessed lot—life's work all done and grandly done, earth's mission well fulfilled, sweetly to sleep and in a moment's glad surprise to awake in heaven.

She is gone, but the waves of influence she has set in motion shall go on widening and increasing in power, to bless the world while time endures and break at last on eternity's shore.

In writing to a friend the past summer, she slipped a poem into her letter, whose last verse now seems prophetic. It reads:

"Some night or morn or noon,
Life's journey will be done,
Nor do I fear if soon
My endless life's begun.
Then, O the bliss of that first sight,
When path and pillow flame with light!"

EDITORIAL IN ZION'S HERALD.

Mrs. Nind's unusually useful life is well known throughout world-wide Methodism—as an evangelist and W. C. T. U. worker, in the training of her children, as a notable representative of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in its early and later history, in her "around-the-world tour" when she visited our mis-

sions, in her addresses for a half-century upon the platform and in the pulpit, and in her sweet and forceful personality, carrying inspiration and strength wherever she moved. Few women in our Methodism have wrought so widely and well, and the announcement of her translation in the fiery flames will shock and grieve multitudes on either side of the water.

CHAPTER XXXII

INDIVIDUAL TRIBUTES

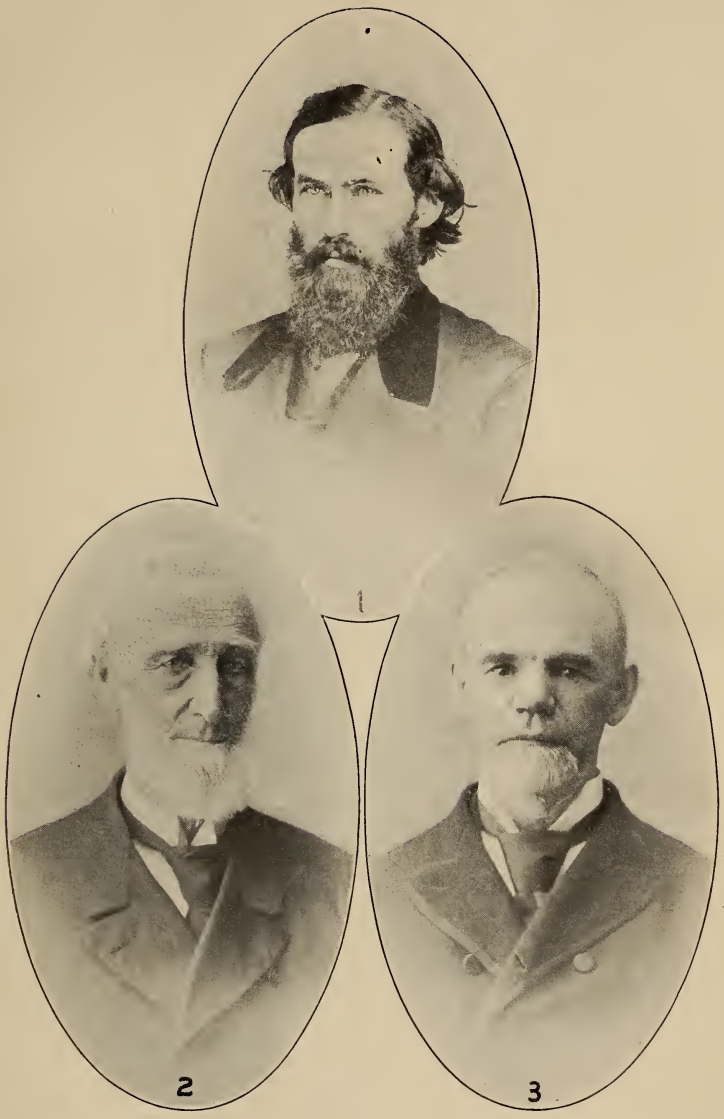
Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, who in another place has contributed a tribute in verse, and with whom it was mother's intention to make a visit before her return to her home in Detroit, did not learn of her death until September 14th. In writing to one of the daughters she said: "What can I say to you and your dear sister of this double bereavement! I am so dazed and overwhelmed by it. It seems impossible that a noble, beneficent, devoted life like your mother's could end so. The only comfort in the circumstance is the evident fact that the precious victims were unconscious and must, as Dr. Raymond once wished for himself, have 'Wakened in heaven without knowing how they got there.' I cannot tell you the strength and comfort and rest your mother has always been to me. The very peace of God seemed to abide with her. I have often said that I never knew a person of such strong, clear, decided personal convictions, who had, at the same time, such gentleness of judgment toward those who differed from her. It was not charity she extended to them, but the most absolute recognition, that they had as much right to respect for their opinions as she had for hers. I cannot write about it. I couldn't say anything that you do not know and feel."

The first announcement of mother's death brought from Mrs. Lucy Prescott Vane, who was so long her companion in the early work for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, a letter full of sympathy, in the course of which she said: "There is no language for me to express my sympathy for you. I have always wished that my dear Mary might cease at once 'to work and live,' because of her temperament, fearing that it might be irksome to her to be laid aside from the service of God she loved so much; but, Oh, I never chose for her a chariot of fire. The attitude of her life was

in Christ, and no doubt when He appeared she said, 'I am now ready.'"

Dr. George D. Dowkontt, secretary of the International Medical Missionary Society, at Mountain Rest, where mother spent her last summer, in writing to George B. Nind following the first news of the bereavement which had come to him, said: "It happened to be my turn to take prayers, and only yesterday morning we finished Genesis and the story of Joseph, which your mother suggested. We sang, 'Sometime We'll Understand,' and then I read from I Thes. 4:13-18, and I proceeded to break the sad news. I tried to read your letter. I could not read it through, so Dr. Hastings finished and led in prayer, and we all commended you to our Father. It was indeed a great privilege and pleasure to have your beloved mother with us during ten weeks. She was as a mother in Israel to all of us, and her genial disposition, earnest spirit and devotion impressed us all. We ought all to be the better for her happy, cheerful company."

Mrs. Stephen L. Baldwin, of Brooklyn, N. Y., under date of September 23d wrote: "Last Thursday, after presiding all day at our quarterly meeting, it was my duty and privilege to give a tribute to your dear mother, and, as I spoke, her beautiful life did so open out before me, and the sweet essence and fragrance of her memory that we met wherever we followed her in the East. Our church around the world are mourners today for her loss, but not for her victory. I mourn with you, as do multitudes of others. We are all the poorer without her, but I rejoice with you as well over the life, and find victory in such a life. Happy children and grandchildren in coming into such an heritage! At the memorial of her at the meeting of the Executive Committee some one said we might have known she would go to heaven in no uncommon way. In the winter of 1897-8 Dr. Baldwin and I made a tour of eastern Asia for our societies, and everywhere her memory was as a precious perfume among the natives and missionaries. I congratulate her children upon having had such a beautiful mother. The whole church knew and loved her, and we are all mourners with her own."



EARLY PASTORS OF MARY C. NIND WHO CONTRIBUTED TO HER RELIGIOUS GROWTH

1 Rev. S. N. Griffith 2 Rev. Chauncy Hobart 3 Rev. Wm. McKinley

At the memorial services which were held in Detroit, one of the speakers was Mrs. A. W. Patten, president of the Northwestern Branch. It had been the intention to reproduce the remarks made by Mrs. Patten on that occasion. In reply to the request for a copy of what was said, Mrs. Patten wrote: "My remarks, which were spoken at the time out of a full heart, I did not write out and preserve, and have no memory of now. However, nothing that could have been said could have adequately expressed my sense of the value of your mother's life. She was a monument of what God's grace can do in making a disciple of Him great. She yielded herself to Him, and she became a prophet. It always seemed to me when she spoke as if an angel had placed a live coal taken from God's altar upon her lips."

Mrs. L. H. Jennings, recording secretary of the Northwestern Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Chicago, writes: "None was more truly or generally loved than your sainted mother. No doubt clouded the clearness of her vision and duty or damped the ardor for its faithful performance. Her faith was pure, simple and strong. Her life, like a garden of flowers, was most beautiful, and shed the sweetest fragrance on those who came nearest to her, and though Mother Nind is no longer in the body, she lives and will ever live in the memory of those who have been so fortunate as to know her."

Miss Sophia Blackmore, writing from the Mary C. Nind Deaconess' Home in Singapore, during November, said: "How ready she was to go home! She lived on the borderland, and assuredly as the Master sent for Elijah in the chariot of fire, so He sent for dear Mother Nind by the fiery flame, and now how she must be enjoying it all! Singapore and all Malaysia owes much to dear Mother Nind because she was willing to take a plunge of faith and open woman's work here, and all through she has been interested in our work."

Mrs. John Legg, president of the New England Branch, wrote: "We are all greatly bereft, for your blessed mother had such a big heart she could take in everybody she knew. I do not believe any

woman could be loved by more than she was. She has gone from us in body, but her influence cannot be removed."

Mrs. Bemis, of Warren, Pa., wrote: "Her counsel was so freely given, and was invaluable. She was very dear to me. I delight to revert to those happy months spent in her society. Her Christian influence over me will never be forgotten and will be with me through all my life. Though gone from us, she daily speaks to me, and her precious counsel will never be forgotten. I prize most highly a fine photograph of her that she gave me about a year ago. She came to me one day and asked me if I could keep a secret, and when she gave me her fine picture I was perfectly delighted. The months spent with her last year at Castile were most precious to me. She was an inspiration to me. Each morning while dressing I was cheered by hearing her in her room singing some of the beautiful hymns. She was such a happy Christian! The remembrance of her many kind and cheering words of comfort will never be forgotten by me. Methinks her crown will be thickly studded with stars. How faithfully she labored to regain her lost health!

Mrs. James H. Alling, of the Northwestern Branch, Evanston, Ill., wrote: "You have our prayers and sympathy. She was so dear to us all. We all called her mother, for she was our mother in Israel and of our Branch, and how we do miss her!"

Mrs. Charlotte Prentice Hayes, of Winona, Minn., wrote: "What a life was hers! and how many there are scattered about the world who are better and happier simply because she lived and had the courage to follow the life as she saw it! The strength of her character showed in all she said and did. I can hear as if she were speaking now the full, rich tones of her delightful voice. Then, her carriage—how full of dignity it was! I remember being especially struck by it one of the last times I saw her. I had often read that Queen Victoria, though short of stature, was very impressive in her bearing. I could never understand it, but this particular evening, as I saw your mother in the Methodist Church parlors, standing there in all her quiet, simple dignity, with her crown of beautiful gray hair, I felt I knew about Queen Victoria."

The Rev. E. S. Fairchild, of Chicago, a member of the Presbyterian denomination, wrote: "The precious memories which not only you but the whole church preserve of steadfast and self-sacrificing devotion which your mother gave to the people of God will continually abide as a support and inspiration for years to come."

Louise Manning Hodgkins, editor of *Woman's Missionary Friend,* wrote: "Few can feel more personal grief outside your mother's own family than I. I believe I had the last written word from her, dated September 2d. God has given you great sorrow. May He also give you great comfort."

Mrs. Charlotte Wilder, of Manhattan, Kans., wrote: "I cry as a hungry child cries, a child who cries at the loss of the most precious thing it has. Your mother was the truest, the most loving, friend I had. She called me Charlotte, and always when her letters came my gray hair changed to a curly brown and I was a child again, helped and fed by one who loved me. I sometimes think her love, thoughtfulness and genuine helpfulness saved me after the awful flood of 1903." Mrs. Wilder also wrote, concerning the meeting of the Topeka Branch: "I wish you could have heard the expressions of love for your mother and of purposes to try and live as she did, work as she did, and love as she loved."

Mrs. Jennie Calvert Phillips, of Ontario, Cal., wrote: "Your dear mother for many years has been 'Dear Mother Nind' to me. I always read everything in connection with her name in any of our papers. What a grand woman she was and what an inspiration to others to work for God and humanity and never falter and grow weary! I thank our Father for having known her."

Miss Annie W. Lamson, of Bangor, Me., wrote: "Your dear mother's presence was always such a blessing and benediction at the Wesleyan Home at Newton, and her words and prayers, morning and night, such an inspiration as I never shall forget."

Mrs. L. W. Crandon, secretary of the Northwestern Branch, of Evanston, wrote: "I have known your sweet mother for years and counted it one of my greatest privileges to have been associated with her in Christian work. A visit or a letter from her was a benedic-

tion. My last letter from her was written only last week, and I was looking forward with so much pleasure to seeing her at our annual missionary gathering in Battle Creek next month. Her death will bring many a heartache to thousands of people around the world, and wherever she was known, for every one loved her. In one of her recent letters she referred to one of her intimate frinds who had died, saying, 'This is the third friend and fellow worker who has gone to glory within a month. Our friends are passing over, and we shall soon follow.' "

Henry S. Ninde, brother of Bishop William X. Ninde, with whom she had spent many pleasant days during the latter years of her life, wrote: "After all, it is not for her we mourn. How well prepared she was to go above in a chariot of fire. I imagine she went in quietness, probably never waking out of sleep. Full of years and good works, she has been called up higher to that reward she had so richly earned by a long life of devotion to her Master."

A niece in England, Mary L. Searl, wrote: "She had led a most useful life, a life consecrated to Christ, and many, very many, will bless God that they have known her and heard the sweet words of Christ's love flow from her lips."

Alice P. McKinstry, of Worcester, Mass., wrote: "Her loss here will bitterly be felt the world around, as her holy living has blessed and uplifted those of many nations; and how dazzling must be her crown! For thirty years I have counted among my great blessings her acquaintance and love, and as she came repeatedly to my Minnesota home, it was ever as a benediction."

Bishop J. M. Thoburn wired to Mr. George B. Nind: "Deep and earnest sympathy. A modern Deborah has fallen."

Nellie D. Yerkes, of Ypsilanti, Mich., wrote: "Dear Mrs. Nind always spoke of 'going home' as if it were only stepping into another room, and it is beautiful to think that she has solved the mysteries of the beyond and come face to face with the dear Master. Do you remember the night we came down from the St. Clair Flats together, as we came into port into Detroit, it was so glorious, with

the many lights, and your mother said, 'We will be sailing into Heaven some day like this'?"

Mrs. R. H. Cook, of Buffalo, wrote: "Your mother was almost as dear to me as my own mother was. She had done so much to mould my life since I knew her. She had taught me so many lessons of trust and submission, and now I feel as though I want to live as closely to the ideal she had cherished as it is possible for me to do."

Gertrude E. Angell, of Buffalo, wrote: "Is there not a hint of comfort in the knowledge that she, the honored and beloved princess of Methodism, was taken away in the zenith of her glory. Never laid aside to wait with folded hands to be called home in her chariot, and O what an abundant entrance into her heavenly home! and O what a brilliant crown is hers!"

Miss Rose Weidman, of Glen Ellyn, Ill., wrote: "I have always thought of your dear mother as one of the sweetest and purest of His children. Her very face showed the Christ-life she lived. I can never forget her sweet words of love to me,—always to be true to God. Her life shall always be one worthy to be followed. May I be as true and holy as she."

Mrs. Laura C. Dunn, of Detroit, wrote: "How I loved and honored your dear mother. She was so dear to me in the time of my early widowhood. She did much to soothe and comfort me, and I know you will be comforted."

Mary E. Foster, writing from the sanitarium at Clifton Springs, said: "Your mother's presence here was indeed a benediction, and her memory is blessed."

Mrs. Emma E. White, of St. Paul, Minn., wrote: "She was such a cheery Christian it made one feel as though Mrs. Nind's religion was so lovely and infectious that one must live near to God."

Mrs. J. M. Stevens, of Detroit, wrote: "She was a gifted, noble, estimable woman. In ideals and aims she towered above most women as the mighty oaks of the forest tower above the undergrowth, and she was great-hearted, lovable, tender with all her strength. God help us all, we shall not soon see her like again."

Mrs. Roe, of West Webster, N. Y., wrote: "I feel too orphaned,

for your mother was to me spiritually all that a mother could be. No one can ever know what she was to me during the years of my trial and deepest disappointment. Through her help and inspiration she made my disappointment His appointment. To have lived her life is more than to have achieved the highest position or greatest fortune the world has."

Dorothy Leavitt, of Columbus, Ohio, wrote: "She will be greatly missed and hundreds will mourn her, as she inspired and cheered many hearts all over the land."

Carrie I. Jewell, writing from Foochow, China, said: "Her glory in Heaven will not be less for the way she went from earth up to the gates. What an abundant entrance must be hers! How glad and well she is today! 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.' I can almost hear her say it as I write the words."

Dr. Genevieve Tucker, of Davenport, wrote: "Our lives fell often across each other in the years she lived in Minneapolis and was president of the Minnesota branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. I was then in that state. Then I went to the mountain heights of Colorado, and for fourteen years we had not met; but she was a mother to my hungry heart, for it has been my portion to be motherless for a quarter of a century, and as a young woman it was not easy for me to learn 'As long as there are mothers here, no child can be quite motherless.' How she hoped and tried to persuade me I was the one to open her beloved Singapore work, but my work as a physician has been to American mothers. I see her now in her plain black dress, so artistic in its touch of white in the chemisette; her beautiful white hair as a crown of glory to her animated face; her strong personality and unwavering faith as she sat in my office one winter morning 'to discuss some phase of the Master's work.' Those were the days she would touch my shoulder with her hand and call me 'daughter,' little knowing how she comforted my mother-sick heart, hungry for one more caress of a mother's hand, a sorrow too great for any one to know but my Savior. May He comfort your heart likewise. I see her standing one Sunday morning in the pulpit preaching, as if inspired, from

Josiah 14:7. How she dwelt upon how the Lord sends out to spy out His work, His land, and 'I brought Him word again as it was in my heart.' How much she made of the thought that the Lord's work suffers from our hearts, our lack of faith. How much brighter heaven must be at her entrance, and what a privilege it was to know her!"

MARY C. NIND AND LYDIA P. NIND

Taken September, 1902, in front of the Wesleyan Home, Newton, Mass.

CHAPTER XXXIII

TRIBUTES BY ORGANIZATIONS

There were many formal tributes by organizations with which mother had been connected or with which she had labored, some of which have been preserved. These are given here:

Adopted at the twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Northwestern Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for the year 1904-5.

MRS. MARY C. NIND—TRANSLATED SEPTEMBER 2, 1905.

Hidden by the pillar of fire at night one of the Israel of God has passed into the promised Canaan. For more than the three score years and ten Mrs. Nind has lived a high life of hope, love and holiness, to which death was nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud and the letting of the soul out to its completion. The tidings of her translation will bear to thousands of homes in this and distant lands the sorrow of bereavement. With the poignant sense of human loss will mingle the uplifting Spirit of hope of the eternal reunion which to her was always certain, sure, abiding. While others bring their tribute of love concerning her rare service in home and church, it is in that department of foreign missionary service assigned the women of Methodism that Mrs. Nind wrought most wisely and will be longest remembered. For more than a third of a century she has been officially connected with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The earliest records of this society in the Middle West bear frequent evidence of her interest and activity, and later records attest her desire to perpetuate its activities. When the branch was organized, in 1870, Mrs. Nind became identified with the work, serving as the assistant corresponding secretary. She was also elected a delegate to the third General Executive meeting, held in 1872 in New York City, and in 1882 was elected to the presidency. Mrs. Nind traveled extensively from the Mississippi to the Pacific and to many is the memory of her visit a holy benediction, as with towel and basin she helped the humble hostess in the tiny cabin of logs or on the platform of an annual conference held the preachers in rapt attention as she presented the need of heathen women. Later, when three branches were carved out of the great Western, she was chosen corresponding secretary of the Minneapolis branch and filled the office until 1888. In 1894, with Bishop and Mrs. Nind,

"Mother Nind" visited Japan, China and India, and the interesting record of travels is preserved "In Journeying Oft," by Miss Baucus.

Since then, while free from arduous, exacting official responsibility, Mrs. Nind has redoubled her diligence in righteous undertakings and counted all toil for the Master a precious privilege. The increase of years served to mellow and enrich the beauties and spirit which won for her the non-transferable title *Mother Nind.* Her tender, devout heart seemed to possess the infinite extension of worship and love.

Joy, larger than happiness, was hers. In work, co-operating with God, she found joy however lowly or monotonous the task, and this joyous spirituality was of the sort that sees God in common things and shows God in the common tasks. So her life moved always unfalteringly forward, neither diverted by pleasures nor daunted by perplexities or difficulties. It was enough for this dear disciple that she be as her Master. How strong, peaceful and deeply joyful her life, because sacramental; and thus continually lived "in memory of Jesus." The central current of her whole being was her deep determination, like that of her Christ, to do the will of our Father. So vigorous was her Christian living it cannot be interrupted by death. "Sacred places or times have no superior advantage for the dying." Sacredness is in the motive of the heart that would do everything unto the Lord. To her, every place was hallowed ground, for everywhere she would sing, "Oh, Thou in whose presence my soul takes delight." "As heaven is still the glad doing of God's will, where can there be any interruption by the transition of a moment?" Her life, a transition of years, reaches out in a sweet, tender story for, always to be continued, never to be concluded are the life and love that are founded in Jesus Christ. Of all her rare qualities of mind and heart, perhaps no one stands out more clearly than her marvelous, strong *hope.* It seems to be the basis of her potency in reaching human hearts and lives. It stimulated her zeal; made her undaunted in courage; supplied her with abounding cheer; gave her sustained eagerness for soul progress; added contagion to her enthusiasm, and made her contact with other lives instinct with vital energy.

Hers was a large soul, so filled with love that she would always attend to small things as well as great, and "unveil the grace of gentleness in kindly deeds, however humble." Her real life is so great, so deathless, that the time and manner of her embarking on the tideless sea are closed up on the far-away shore lines where sorrow and sighing flee away forever, when the redeemed of the Lord reach home.

THINE.

"Whose eye foresaw this way?
Not mine.
Whose hand marked out this day?
Not mine.

A clearer eye than mine,
'Twas Thine.
A wiser hand than mine,
'Twas Thine.
Then let my hand be still
In Thine.
And let me find my will
In Thine.''—M. D. B.

With loving memories from childhood's hours this tribute is affectionately submitted.

GRACE FOSTER HERBEN.

Adopted at the Session of the Foochow Conference held October 18-25, 1905.

The older members of this conference will recall with pleasure and affection the work of faith and labor of love of Mrs. Mary C. Nind at the conference session of 1894, and afterwards in various parts of the conference. Therefore it seems most fitting, on hearing of her translation, that the following resolutions should be adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Father of all good to take unto Himself our beloved sister, Mrs. Mary C. Nind, we, the members of the Foochow Annual Conference, desire to express our high appreciation of her work, not only while in our midst, but during all these years of long service on behalf of the missionary cause; also our sense of personal loss in her passing away, and our deep sympathy and earnest prayers for her daughter, Mrs. Lacy, of our mission, and the other members of her family. May the fragrant memory of Mrs. Nind's life be as healing balm to their sorrowing hearts, and may the glorious hope of a reunion hereafter be an inspiration to all of us to renewed zeal in the Master's service.

Adopted by the New England Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Whereas, Our beloved mother in Israel, Mrs. Mary C. Nind, spent the last few months of her life within the bounds of this branch and gave to us her last public service;

Resolved, That we mourn with the bereaved family and extend to them and to her fellow workers, who have so long received the inspiration from her royal leadership, our heart-felt sympathy. We rejoice in her instant translation. The chariot of fire came for the Lord's prophetess to bear her into the presence of the Lord God of Hosts, for the coming of whose unending kingdom she so ardently labored.

SARAH C. LEGG.
CLEMENTINA BUTLER.
MARY L. MANN.

Mary F. Hamblin, secretary of the County Street Auxiliary of New Bedford, Mass., in reporting the action of that association, said: "We recall with much appreciation the very earnest and interesting missionary address which Mrs. Nind gave to our auxiliary when in New Bedford, and feel that in her death the society has sustained a great loss."

Mrs. W. M. Stevenson, corresponding secretary of the Meridian Street Auxiliary, Indianapolis, wrote of the action of that body: "No one in the society was held in higher esteem or was more dearly loved than this dear woman."

Mrs. S. E. Atkinson, corresponding secretary of the Wyandotte Auxiliary of Wyandotte, Mich., reporting the action of that auxiliary, said: "She was very dear to many hearts in Wyandotte, and we can never forget her cheerful, willing spirit in our mission work. Her faith and her prayers have been an inspiration to us as a society to do better work along this line."

Many other similar expressions which have not come to the attention of the authors of this work were undoubtedly adopted by the various organizations which mother had upon different occasions addressed.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A SERMON BY MARY CLARKE NIND

REV. XXII., 17.—"*And the Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely.*"

* This precious book abounds with invitations, it is decked with grand and glorious invitations free and full; but it seems to me this one I have just read is the best of them all; as if the Holy Ghost had wound up the blessed truths of the gospel and had put the best at the last, and given to us one so full and free, so bright, so deep, that everyone might feel they were included in it, and that it was meant especially for them. I have thought sometimes this wonderful gem was the rarest of all, and of all the grand stars that shine in the firmament this one was the first in magnitude. Listen to it again! "And the Spirit and the Bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, let him that is athirst come, and *whosoever* will let him take of the water of life freely." Oh! that we all might accept this blessed invitation with all our hearts, as it comes from the great Teacher himself.

The first question suggested by the text is, "Who is the Spirit that says to us, come?" and we answer, "It is the Holy Spirit," that same Spirit we read of in the early parts of Scripture, where it says my Spirit was with you; that Spirit which was given to the inspired; that Spirit which lighteth every man that cometh into the world; it is that Spirit about which Christ said, "Tarry ye at Jerusalem until ye be endowed with power from on high;" and they waited and were all endowed with the Holy Ghost. As they waited, it came if you remember, as a mighty rushing wind; and they all spake with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance, and Peter now preached repentance to all. That same Spirit has been

* Preached in Loughton Chapel, Loughton, England, Sunday afternoon, May 21, 1876.

moving on the hearts of men and children, and every one of you here have felt this power, have heard its voice, listened to its whisper; all have heard it in thundering tones. There is not anyone here this day who can say earnestly he has never heard or felt the Spirit's influence, for that Spirit is given to every one of you. You have felt and heard that Spirit moving in your childhood's days. I can remember when we were little children how we were told of the Savior's Cross, of Bethlehem's Manger, and of Bethany's Mount, how often did our little hearts grow tender, and the whispering Spirit said to us, Come! Come! Come! But as in childhood's days we listened to the faithful Sabbath school teacher's earnest tones, how the Holy Spirit whispered to us, Come! Come! Come! When dark clouds gathered in our habitation and some sickened and died, or when our hearts bowed with sorrow, we heard the blessed Spirit say, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" or when in the giddy maze of pleasure we have tried to forget the pleadings of the Spirit and drown the voice of that Spirit, that voice has been heard saying, Come! Come! Come!

If I talk about this, this afternoon, you may hear the Spirit calling you. There's a wondrous meaning in that word Come; there is a wonderful pathos and tenderness about it; it is from the loving voice of Jesus. Oh! how often that word fell from his lips, but never in sweeter tones than in the verse I have just read. He said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Oh, that you may hear His precious voice this Sabbath day as it says to all here gathered, Come! Come! Come! But not only does the Spirit say Come, but the Bride says Come. And who is the Bride? The Church is the Bride. "Come!" said one of the Angels to John when he was on the Isle of Patmos, "I will show you the Bride." By giving this invitation we are made co-workers together with the Holy Spirit in the salvation of men.

She is saying to all, Come! Come! Come! Every father and mother ought to be saying to their children, Come! Come to Jesus; and to every faithful Sabbath school teacher let me say, you are, I trust, saying to your classes every Sabbath, Come! Come! Come to

Jesus. In the home, in the shop, in the street, or wherever you find one unsaved, it is your duty, your privilege as a Christian to say Come! Come! Come to Jesus; you are unworthy of the name you bear if you are afraid, as you have opportunities, to say to those about you, Come! Come! Come to Jesus, the Spirit and the Bride say Come.

All you that have come to Jesus can know the joys of salvation. If that joy is in your hearts you cannot be still, you cannot see your neighbors and friends rushing down to ruin, you cannot be a Christian and be inactive and unconcerned, or neglect to lift your voice and say Come! Come! Come to Jesus. Oh! that God may breathe upon all here today the Spirit of earnest labor for souls, and fill your hearts with intense desire that you may everywhere be heard to invite souls to Jesus.

I remember to have heard D. L. Moody say that he met a young man in the streets of Chicago and said to him, "Are you a Christian?" "That's none of your business," he replied. "But it is all my business." "Why, sir!" said the young man softening his tone, "you must be Mr. Moody." "I am, and I am seeking to save all the young men I can." My friends is it not your business? It is mine, and is it not yours to seek and to save sinners and to give the blessed invitation, Come! Come! Come! And therefore let him that heareth come and catch the glad sound, and send it along that all may hear the joyful news and accept it. I suppose this part of the text, "let him that heareth say Come," refers to the travelers crossing the sandy deserts of Arabia. They often gather themselves into companies, into fours and fives together. If the company in advance finds water they shout to those behind; they then send word back, "water," and these would re-echo it to the company farthest in the rear, and they will then gather up fresh courage. You ought also to gather up fresh courage and come to the living waters and live. Let him that is athirst come, for there are thirsty souls everywhere. Everyone is athirst. As you walk up the streets of the crowded city it seems to be written on everyone's face—thirsty—thirsty. Everyone is seeking something; every day there is a continual thirst.

What! is everybody thirsting for happiness? God intended that everybody should be happy, from the time he breathed into man's nostrils He intended we should be happy. He has written it on the works of His hands,—every bubbling stream, every bud, every leaf tells us, God is love! Who can look on these beautiful hedges, who can look on these grand landscapes, who can cross the mighty ocean without seeing his richness everywhere? Then by his love he has made us to be happy; he has purchased salvation for us that we may be happy. Everyone is athirst for happiness as the little child that finds the happiness in the playthings set before it. But where are you seeking this happiness? Let him that is athirst come to the Savior and drink. But some of you are seeking to find this happiness and slake your thirst in streams where it cannot be found; some will seek it in riches. "Oh, if I were only rich," says one, "I should be happy." "If I had all the luxuries of life, surely I should be happy." But there comes from millions of the wealthy the cry, "Happiness is not here." Some would seek it in friends gathered about them. Yes, the friends that earth can give possess attractions and charms very powerful, but all these do not bring happiness. Some would seek it in learning and books, in colleges, and halls of science. But the poor, weary student says, "Happiness is not here." Oh! where is it to be found—can I not find it in pleasure? Sinners! it is not to be found in the dance and ball room, in the theater, in the opera, or in the giddy maze of pleasure. There comes from all those that seek it in such places the same sad words, "Happiness is not here." Let me ask all of you who have sought happiness in such places as these, if it is not so.

A young woman who had been the gayest of the gay said to me that with all her gaiety and round of pleasures she was still unhappy. When she came to Christ and yielded her heart to the Savior, she said: "I have had more solid happiness these last two days than in all the former years of my life." And this testimony may be learned from a multitude, that you cannot find it in such places as these. You may seek the wide world o'er and you will never find it. This happiness can only be found when Jesus has

CHILDREN OF MARY C. NIND

1 J. Newton Nind
2 Louisa M. Nind
3 Emma Nind Lacy
4 George B. Nind

provided it; it can only be found in the water of life which is freely given to all who ask for it. Jesus said to the woman, "It shall be in thee a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." There's where you may slake your burning thirst, here's where the thirst of your soul can only be met. Oh! hear the voice of the Holy Spirit from the letter of the Prophet Isaiah. "Oh, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" Oh, how many hours some of you have had in trying to find happiness where it can never be found, when, if you will come, you can satisfy your thirst in one short moment out of the wells of salvation. Oh, ye thirsty souls, come this afternoon and drink of the river of the water of life. But there is one word in this promise that makes it so grand and comprehensive, it is the word—*whosoever* will, let him take of the water of life freely. Do you seek this privilege? In this word whosoever there is such height, width and breadth. Little children, you may come to Jesus, none of you are too young to come, the smallest of you, none are too young or too small. Young men and young women, in life's beautiful springtime, you may come as well as the hoary-headed sinner who has passed life's noon and turned away from this water, and has been drinking at the streams of sinful pleasure. You all may come, the rich, the poor, the young, the old, the educated and the illiterate, the monarch and the subject, the savage and the civilized, the Marthas and the Marys, all may come. The proud blasphemer, the haughty Pharisee, all may come. From Africa, from Greenland, and from the islands of the sea, all may come. *Whosoever* will may come. The man who is on the brink of hell, if he will hear the voice, may come and take of the water of life freely.

Some years ago in America, in the Sunday school in connection with Mr. Moody, I heard him tell a little incident which I shall never forget. He had gone down to the army with the Christian missions, whose duty it was to visit the camps and hospitals to scatter the seeds of the kingdom of heaven and seek to lead soldiers

to the Savior, and it was his privilege to point a great many dying soldiers to the cross. One night when he had retired to rest, wearied with his labors, some one came to him saying, "There's a poor dying soldier in such a ward wants to see you; will you come to see him?" He said "Yes." He found his way to the dying soldier, who said, "Chaplain, in that book I have heard you read from so often, is there a promise for a dying soldier?" He then took out his book and read promise after promise, but to each one he said, "That does not mean me." He then got down upon his knees and prayed the Holy Spirit to light up the dying man's soul; and he then opened at the third chapter of John and read from the 16th verse, "For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him——" "Stop," said the soldier, read that again;" and he read it again, "For God so loved the world——" He said, "That means me, *whosoever, whosoever, whosoever,* that means me—read it again." And he anchored on that word whosoever. Mr. Moody then bowed in prayer. Life was fast fading away and the lips were getting cold in death. Before he left him he heard the soldier in a whisper saying something. He put down his ear and heard him say *"whosoever,"* and he was gone. Have I talked this day to anyone who has neglected Christ, rejected his salvation, and spurned the offers of mercy? It has been presented to you by loving ministers and teachers. *Whosoever* will may take of the water of life freely.

I have one word more before I have done; forget not the word in the text, it is "whosoever" *will.* You can will to be saved, my friends; you can will to be lost, you can will to come to this water of life. The Savior will not force you to accept his mercy. Some of you have been rejoicing as you have drank and found it satisfied the longings of your soul; some of you have been invited hundreds of times, but you have willed to turn away, willed to drink the streams of earthly care and business. Will you accept this invitation this day? Will you come to Christ today? He says Come, the Spirit says Come, the Bride says Come, I say to you Come. Why am I here this Sabbath afternoon? Not to gratify your curiosity.

Only as the servant of Jesus. I am here because I love this salvation better than anything else; to live and work for Jesus is my mission here below. In the name of Jesus Christ, whose messages I bear, I offer to you Jesus Christ. Life! Life!! Life!!! Eternal Life he offers, will you come and accept it today; if you do not you must perish, there is no other salvation except through Christ. Come to Jesus and be saved! Will you turn away to be lost? If the blessed Holy Spirit is here this day, may it help you to say *I will, I will* come. Amen.

CHAPTER XXXV

A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, NOVEMBER 30, 1905.

How God awakened noble impulses in the hearts of some of His most honored servants, and how He brought influences to bear upon them in childhood which gave direction and success to their whole lives, will be ever a matter of interest to the students of Christian life and service.

The following experiences reveal the secret of the useful life of the late Mrs. Mary C. Nind. This was her testimony at the great Missionary Convention in London in 1888, and by these earnest words she, being dead, yet speaketh. At a meeting devoted to the consideration of the subject of "Home Work for Missions" she said:

"It is from a mother's standpoint that I want to speak. First, then, I am indebted to God for the great deal of missionary enthusiasm I have, so that I am sometimes called a missionary cyclone. It began with the instructions of my father and mother in this land, for I was born in this country, though now I am really an American. First, then, with regard to the instruction received. Early led to Christ—that is the great bottom, basal thought. Then the great truth taught that I must be all the Lord's, not a half Christian, but entirely His. Then instruction on great missionary themes in the home and around the family altar. Then I was taken to missionary meetings when I was very little, and sat on my mother's lap and listened to great missionary speeches, which I have not forgotten to this day. Then missionary literature was put into my hands. I never read a novel, except Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin; but before I was twelve years old I had read some religious books, such as Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, Baxter's Saint's Rest, and all Angell James's

works. My first pastor was an exiled missionary from Madagascar, John Joseph Freeman. My mother used to invite to her home very often the six Malagasy refugees, at whose feet I almost adoringly sat, and listened to the recitals of their persecutions.

"Then we were early taught to save our money from candies and superfluities of naughtiness, in order to put it into the missionary box. We saved the rags, we picked up the pins, for which we were paid, and we faithfully saved the old bones, so that we could sell them for missionary purposes. We dressed plainly and lived plainly, and the house was furnished plainly, in order that we might give more to the cause of Christ. That is good bringing up. I recommend it to all you mothers and all you fathers. Teach your children that they ought to save to give. Our immortal Wesley said, 'Get all you can'—of course he meant honestly and righteously—'save all you can; give all you can.' That is good doctrine.

"The next thought is, teach your children that the great aim of life is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever, and make the last, the enjoying Him forever, only the blessed end of gloriously living here. I do not care, I think, much about the 'hereafter,' but I taught my children as my mother taught me, to live for God and souls, and to find a niche in the great spiritual temple. We should be earnest, consecrated Christians, and go anywhere the Lord sends us. Some mothers teach their daughters that the great end of life is to marry a man with lots of money. That is a miserable doctrine. I am glad I was brought up on the Westminster Catechism, and that I am a Methodist. I do not believe in predestination, mind. I want to impress this upon you. First, get the children to Christ early. I was converted before I was five, and all my children before they were twelve. Secondly, get them to realize that their consecration must be complete. Thirdly, attend to the divine call, whatever it is, and wherever it calls them. Then, let us feel that all our money is His. I desire to be known as a walking, living collection, gathering money for Christ, and I have brought all my children to feel that at least one-tenth of every dollar they have belongs to the Lord, and if He should ever give them abundance—I do not

know that He ever will—one-fifth. If we begin with enthusiasm, pray it at the family altar, live it every day, we shall not have so many stingy Christians as we have."

With such principles there is no wonder that two of her children became missionaries—Mrs. William Lacy, of Shanghai, and the Rev. George B. Nind, of Madeira. She lived to help save the world and to spread missionary enthusiasm until her eightieth year. May the great Head of the Church raise up many such workers and many such mothers!

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